

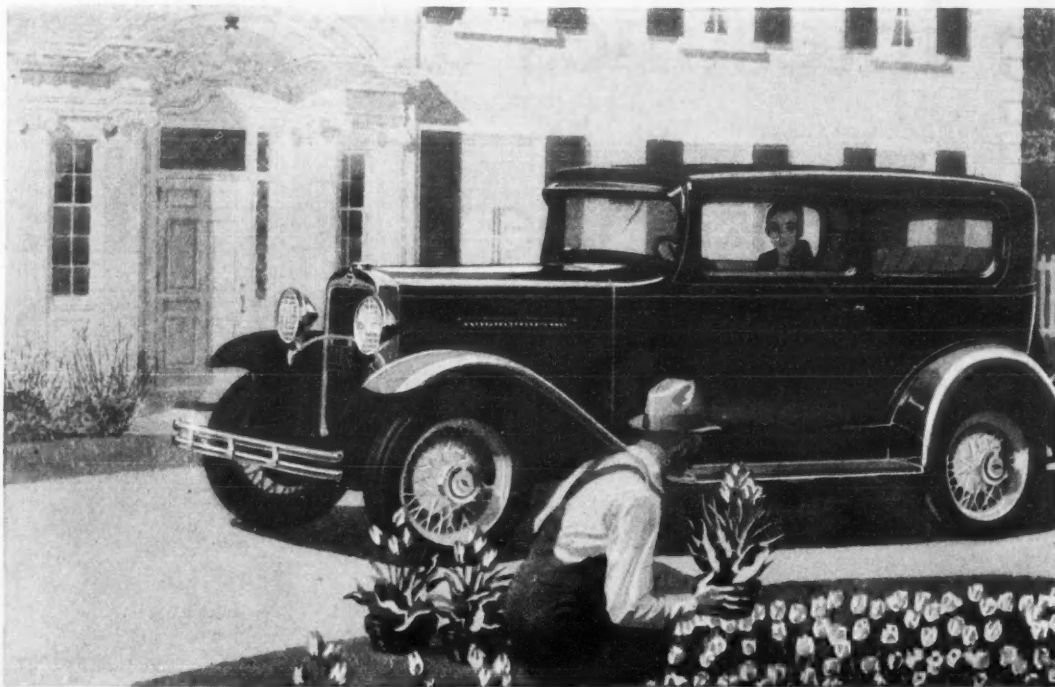
The
Chatelaine
A Magazine for Canadian Women

Vol. 4, No. 4, Toronto, April, 1931



In This Issue:

The Chatelaine Interviews Lady Bessborough Wife of the new



Women are finding the Chevrolet Six Unusually Easy to Drive.

IT is a real pleasure to drive a car so alert and capable in performance—so quick to respond to your fingers' touch—as the new Chevrolet Six.

Due to the new steering gear, and the slim, easily-handled, 3-spoke wheel—you can guide the car effortlessly with your fingers—even in turning and parking where space is restricted. Other reassuring features include a silent, easily-operated clutch—a smooth-shifting transmission—and a quick-acting four-wheel braking system.

Because it is a six-cylinder car, Chevrolet is always velvety smooth and quiet. And because it is an unusually powerful car, the new Chevrolet accelerates easily from slow speeds—climbs even steep grades "in high". As a result, you can avoid much of the customary gear-shifting.

All driving controls are well within reach. The driver's seat is instantly adjustable. You will appreciate the safe, clear vision provided by the Fisher non-glare windshield.

Call the nearest Chevrolet dealer and learn by a demonstration the exceptional handling ease of the new Chevrolet Six. Know, too, how easy it is to own this modern, Fisher-body car at its *new low prices*.

The Chevrolet dealer near you is listed under "General Motors" in the advertising section of your 1931 telephone directory. Ask him about the G M A C plan of deferred payments—and the General Motors Owner Service Policy.

**The NEW
CHEVROLET SIX**
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Beginning April 10, "Canada on Parade"—a contribution to Canadian progress—comes to you over radio stations from coast to coast every Friday evening.



Priced from \$610 at factory, Taxes Extra

Interior Decorators
when planning rooms
invariably start with the **FLOOR**



DOMINION INLAID LINOLEUM

The floor, interior decorators say, is the keynote for all decorative schemes. It is the background . . . that can either lift a room to heights of distinction or chain it to the commonplace.

With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you are offered wider decorative scope than with any other floor covering. As the sole floor or supplemented by woven coverings, it permits a catholicity of choice in

furnishings and drapes, a smartness of arrangement, a scope for striking colour schemes that interior decorators have been quick to seize upon.

It will give YOU the same inspiration to work out charming, yet inexpensive room effects.

Dominion Inlaid and Jaspe Linoleum is permanent and easy to clean. It comes in designs, many of them new this season, suitable for every room.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL

*Design illustrated is Dominion Blue
Jaspe Linoleum, made in Canada by
the makers of the famous Dominion
Battleship Linoleum.*



*Sold by house furnishing,
departmental stores and
general stores.*

Silk Stockings and Sapphires

*She was fabulously lovely; yet she
was a thief and it was his duty to
prove it*

by
Ellen Evelyn Mackie



Illustrated by
CARL
SHREVE

when along came this confounded wireless from McCann's. It was in code and took some deciphering. But the gist of it was to drop Madam Kautsky and get on the trail of another woman . . .

"Later information—" read the wireless, "points to one, Bettina Brock, a red-blonde of about twenty-four—five foot seven, blue eyes and a slight lisp. Get acquainted in a social way; keep her entertained until boat lands, Southampton, where Carson of Scotland Yard will meet it."

Powers was more than a little puzzled over the wireless. Odd, that the infallible McCann's should have started him abroad with the wrong information. He began to regret having undertaken the job.

Shadowing women was not Powers' sort of game. A college man, he was rather well known among the polo-playing set in Vancouver. Only a few seasons ago he had figured in the calculations of ambitious mammas as the best bet on the matrimonial market. His bachelor bungalow and even his small yacht had been photographed and described a score of times in the press.

That was all in the past now, thanks to the idiosyncrasies of the stock market. A futile effort to recoup his losses and he was wiped out completely. Then he came east on his "uppers" as he picturesquely expressed it, and fate—with its tongue in its cheek—threw this job his way. McCann's wanted just such a man—one who got on with women, reserved and sufficiently elusive to flatter their vanity. Ability as a sleuth was scarcely required. His part was to make himself agreeable and with small gallantries gain their confidence; to get hold of whatever threads possible without

*She might have risen
from the silvery waves
. . . a white mist with
moonbeams in her hair.
Yet here he was a
prisoner, frowning,
rigid—the caveman
cowed by the modern in
his formal black dinner
clothes*

DAWSON POWERS read the wireless twice. Then with a puzzled frown his glance strayed off over the opalescent sea. It was on a gigantic liner bound for England with the most distinguished sailing list of the year. They were just three days out from Montreal.

Powers had gone slow in the matter of making acquaintances, for reasons of his own. A man well built, distinguished and immaculately groomed, he had that casual, easy aloofness of the much-sought-after bachelor. Even the rather dingy tweeds in which he lounged about the deck, were worn with an air. He flattered himself that it was his exclusiveness, his natural reserve, which had disarmed Sonya Kautsky . . . making his strategic approach easy.

There was no mistaking this woman. Even if she had travelled under an assumed name, he would have recognized her from the photographs in his possession. Madame Sonya Kautsky under any other name, would still be the tall, striking Russian, with those oddly long dark eyes, the wide, sensuous mouth etched in vivid red, which so accentuated the ashy whiteness of her skin. Her face bore a rather weary look . . . one who had played the game too desperately . . . and often lost. There was about it a hardness, echoing itself in the deep, husky voice, which had not escaped Powers.

The man had just been telling himself that for one who was new at this racket, he was managing rather well . . .

"When intestines are sluggish I prescribe Fresh Yeast..."

reports the noted
DR. HENRI VIGNES
of Paris

YOU know you can't cure constipation with violent cathartics and pills. You know they are temporary expedients at best . . . that ultimately they actually aggravate your trouble.

Then why not adopt a simple, *natural* method . . . a method that brings really lasting relief from internal sluggishness . . . the regular eating of fresh Fleischmann's Yeast!

Here is what the famous Dr. Vignes of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris says about this method. Dr. Vignes has one of the most distinguished medical practices in Paris.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "is a food. It excels as a means of reestablishing normal bowel action . . . I prescribe yeast for constipation . . . because of its gentle laxative action. I have also used it successfully in cases of skin disorders."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast gradually "tones up" the sluggish intestinal tract . . . helps your body rid itself of accumulated wastes.

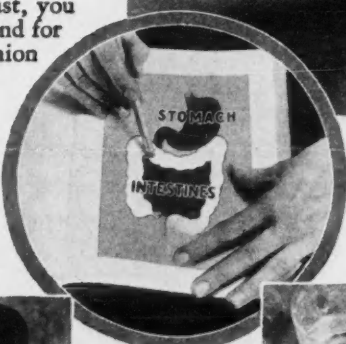
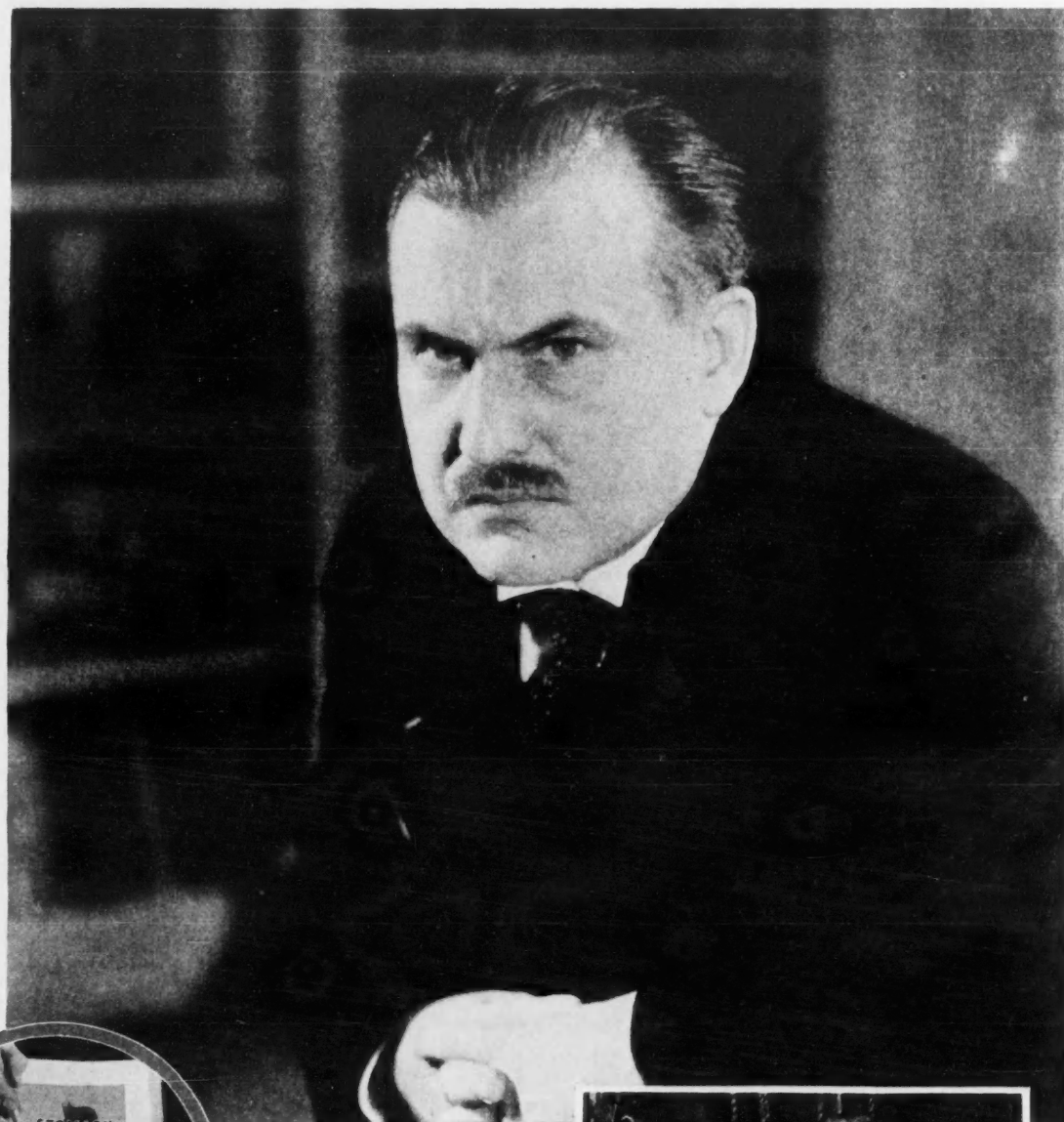
And when normal elimination is restored, your whole health responds! Color returns, digestion improves, headaches are less frequent.

Try it! Each cake of *Fleischmann's Yeast*, you know, is rich in vitamins B, G and D. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN YEAST BENEFITS:

PROFESSOR DR. CHERUBINI, of the University of Rome, explains: "Yeast brings about better elimination and assimilation of food."

DOCTOR BERZELLER, Austria's great nutrition scientist, says: "Science recognizes the value of yeast as a food for correcting constipation."



(LEFT)
When intestines are sluggish, food wastes stagnate and poison the whole system, doctors find. Eating fresh yeast keeps this vital region clean—tones up your entire body.

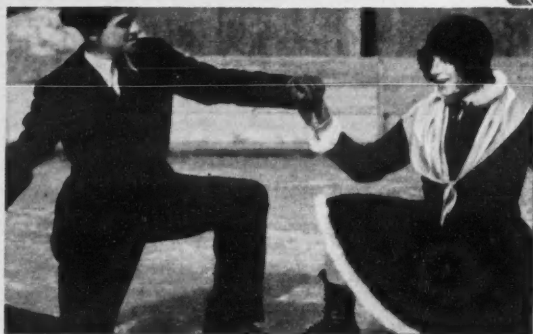


(Right) Why not try it? Ask for *Fleischmann's Yeast*. At grocers, soda fountains, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.

(LEFT)
Just eat three cakes of *Fleischmann's Yeast* a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other way you like.



"I lost weight . . . my complexion was sallow . . . I was also troubled with constipation," writes Wilma Carmichael, of Montreal, P.Q. "My mother advised me to take *Fleischmann's Yeast*. My complexion cleared, I was able to resume my dancing again."



Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

(Left) "My system felt sluggish," writes Gordon Casey, of Winnipeg, Man. "Pimples started to break out on my face and chin. I spent a long time worrying about what to do for myself. One day, a friend suggested *Fleischmann's Yeast*. I started taking 3 cakes a day. My skin cleared up almost immediately. I pitched into my work with new enthusiasm. I haven't had a bit of trouble since."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!

mixed with Lady Diana Clydebrook? They say we're alike."

The captain laughed uneasily. "Tush and nonsense," he protested. "Lady Diana should be flattered . . . seeing she's at least a dozen years older."

The girl seemed about to pursue the subject, then checked herself, glancing across at Powers.

"Shall we have some bridge tonight?"

"I should be delighted. Have you made up a table?"

"Not I! I don't know a soul on board."

"I'm a stranger here myself," he said humorously.

"Couldn't you get that Russian woman? I saw you talking to her. She looks quite intriguing."

"Possibly," he admitted a bit reluctantly. "I can ask her, anyway."

"And a fourth," she turned to the captain. "Won't you ask that adorable youth you introduced me to?"

"You mean that young scamp, Don Campbell?" he grunted goodnaturedly. "I don't know! You see I'm responsible for the scawag. He's a bit impressionable—and with a girl like you—it's tempting providence."

"Come, come captain, don't be so pure," she chided, smiling. "The boy's on his way to Paris."

"Even so. I doubt if he'll meet a woman more dangerous."

Powers glanced surreptitiously at the older man to see if there was anything back of his words. But the captain was laughing heartily. Then in more serious mood he promised to look up Campbell, rising abruptly from the table with an apology for having to leave them.

A silence fell between the other two . . . a slight restraint for a moment. Miss Brock picked up her vanity bag, producing from it an odd antique-gold cigarette case. Snapping it open, she offered it to Powers.

Instantly he whipped out his silver case.

"Have one of mine," he begged.

"Trade! I'll take yours and you take mine. Both smoke the pipe of peace," whimsically.

Powers seemed awkward in extracting a cigarette from her little gold case. Surreptitiously he was studying a monogram on the lid. He made out the letters D. C. Instantly the name *Diana Clydebrook* flashed to his mind. What was this girl anyway? A sort of feminine Raffles? Audacious, certainly, flaunting Lady Diana's cigarette case. What next? Perhaps she'd come to dinner some night wearing the sapphires.

AS THEY sat down to the bridge table, Dawson Powers sensed that these two women were antagonistic. Madam Kautsky drew young Campbell as a partner, and when she saw the other two take places opposite, she lowered her strange bluish-white lids, raising them a minute later to glance at Bettina with smoldering hate.

Each of the women played an excellent game. Madam Kautsky with cool deliberation, Bettina in a brilliant, impulsive way, aided by extraordinary good luck. Her manner toward the older woman was politely impersonal. Though indeed she could afford to be tolerant. Bettina Brock easily held these two men in the hollow of her beautiful hands. She was clever enough to take advantage of the situation; playing one against the other even while she kept all her wits for the cards.

Powers was restive throughout the game. Every time the girl spoke to young Campbell he was conscious of a flame within him. And yet he was furious at himself for being an easy prey to Bettina Brock's fascinations. It was ironical that he should have fallen to the woman he was to shadow. Quite after the manner of the "best sellers," he told himself bitterly, and vowed he would nip it in the bud. She was not going to make a fool of him. At that moment he saw young Campbell gaze ardently into Bettina's eyes and she flashed him one of her most enchanting smiles.

Powers' face clouded, the color deepened under his tan. From somewhere back in the dark ages, a cave man stirred. He wanted to drag this girl from the bridge table, dash out into the moonlight with her in his arms, crush the sweetness from her lips . . . It was madness, he knew. A devilish insanity possessed him. He had not believed there was a woman on God's earth who could do this to him. But he must keep his head . . . they were just finishing the rubber. He would make a

plausible excuse and get away from the card-table decently.

He found himself out on deck. A crisp night breeze, with the tang of salt, blowing cool and fresh on his flushed face.

Beside him was a fragrant presence in white fur cloak, a nymph—a fey. She might have risen from the silvery waves; a white mist with moonbeams on her hair, her eyes reflecting the opalescent tints of the sea. Guilty or not, he knew she was the most enchanting creature he had ever seen.

It was a night made for delights, moonlight . . . a night fantastically silvered with moonlight. They two were alone. Now . . . now he might have done it. His soul cried out to her, calling over the crashing billows. His arms yearned for her, his whole body ached to touch her. Yet here he was, a prisoner—frowning, rigid, outwardly cold; the caveman cowed by the modern in his stiff, formal black dinner clothes and suave white shirt-front.

He was on duty, he reminded himself. A man on an important mission; a mission to trap this girl, this smuggler of sapphires, and drag her to justice—

"A man wouldn't stop at anything," she was saying in that low, musical tone which set his pulses throbbing. "Nothing would stand in his way. That is, if he really loved a girl."

Strange that she should utter these words. They had, neither of them, spoken since leaving the bridge table.

"At least the kind of man I could love, wouldn't hesitate," she finished, stopping abruptly in her walk to look at him.

His gaze clung to the two starry eyes almost on a level with his own.

"The kind of man I could love—" she repeated softly, tilting her lovely mouth upward till he caught its sweet fragrance like the breath of a flower.

It was a poignant moment. He had but to bend his head, and his lips would close over hers.

"Who are you?" he cried out desperately. He thought he saw the blue eyes wince. But now she was returning his look with clear steady gaze.

"Does it matter?" she said evenly. "Does it really

matter whether I'm reeking with riches, or a pauper . . . It wouldn't to the kind of man I could love."

The up-tilted lips came nearer . . . challenging, tempting him. Then she closed her eyes as though to shut out all but his presence.

Suddenly a flame within Powers, leaped up sweeping all else out of his mind. His blood sang in his veins like golden wine. He snatched her in his arms, crushing his lips against hers. A full minute he held her, as one who would bruise a flower to drink the perfume from its heart. Then he tilted her head backward, gazing into the starry eyes—

"Darling, you've bewitched me. I'm under your sweet spell. The moment I set eyes on you I went a little mad. You're right, it doesn't make any difference who you are. I love you—my sun-goddess—my silver lady of the moon."

She put her small white hand to his lips, her slender fingers tracing the firm, masculine lines of his mouth. It was a futile, childish gesture, but somehow it savored of the innocence of a babe. It touched the man more than anything she could have said. He kissed the tips of her fingers reverently.

"And you won't desert me—no matter what comes up—even though I may be—"

Swiftly, with a vague fear, he stopped the words, smothering her mouth with his.

DURING the days that followed, Powers ran the entire gamut of human emotions. When he was with Bettina playing deck games, swimming in the pool, dancing in the moonlight, they lived as it were on an island of enchantment—a garden of youthful dreams.

But at night, after she left him, when he paced the deck alone—too disturbed to sleep—fear gripped him; a nightmare of apprehensions; strange forebodings.

Each night he told himself he must help this girl to escape. He was living in a fool's paradise. Bettina Brock was in the grip of the law. He must tell her his mission on the boat; if she were guilty, get the gems from her and help her get away. Guilty? This girl? His beautiful sun-goddess? Never! The thing was a frame-up. Then he would remember the initials on the cigarette case . . . Again that stab of fear. He would drag himself wearily to his stateroom . . . baffled.

[Continued on page 54]



Bettina Brock, a red-blond of about twenty-four, was a girl made for silk stockings—and sapphires. All the easier then, for her to get away with murder—or smuggling gems as the case might be.



Sonya Kautsky, the Russian, had the look of one who played the game too desperately . . . and often lost. There was about her a hardness echoing itself in the deep husky voice.

arousing suspicion; then leave the rest for McCann's wizards to unravel.

Dawson Powers swore softly to himself as he again conned the wireless. He had made some headway with Sonya Kautsky, and now, to have to begin all over again! Play up to some henna'd blonde, who would probably outwit him in the end . . .

THEY had tramped the deck together for half an hour, before he noticed her hair. As yet he had scarcely got past her eyes. He had been trying to decide ever since they met—which was purely by accident, while Powers was on the lookout for an entirely different sort of girl—whether they reminded him most of those great purple violets which cost such fabulous prices in February, or the dark blue of a dewy iris. No doubt their color was deepened by her blue beret. Even so, they were eyes to give a man pause.

While she stood chatting in a light, informal way, a riotous wind jerked off her tam, sending it merrily along the deck. Then he saw her hair. It fairly bubbled over her head in glistening curls. "Red-blonde" . . . the words of the wireless flashed to his mind. He rescued the tam, handing it to her with an odd, puzzled look. She thanked him in her rich, low voice full of modulations—a voice with rather a fascinating catch in the words. Somehow it gave Powers a rather unpleasant turn, as he realized that this charming trick of the tongue, was what might be called a *lisp*.

The words of the wireless stood out boldly before his mental vision—"red-blonde, blue eyes, a slight lisp."

Suddenly an icy hand seemed to be playing tattoos up and down his spine. But he told himself the thing was impossible. This girl the mysterious Bettina Brock? Never—he knew her type! He had met her duplicate at many of the most exclusive homes in Vancouver. A thoroughbred. It was sacrilege to even suspect her as the person smuggling Lady Diana Clydebrook's stolen sapphires. After all, it had been discovered that it was Lady Diana's

own personal maid who had loaned the gems to a man she met at a dance. Fell in love with the fellow and lost her head. They were returned a few days later—or so the maid thought. But Lady Diana found that it was only *duplicate imitations* of her sapphires that were returned. Then the maid confessed . . . and the case was handed to McCann's. They had got wind of it, that a woman in league with this gang of counterfeiters, was smuggling Lady Diana's real sapphires to Europe on this boat. Madam Kautsky, they thought at first . . . now, according to this wireless, suspicion pointed to Bettina Brock. But, this girl? . . . Never!

DAWSON POWERS watched her pull on the beret, crushing it down over one sparkling blue eye. His admiring gaze strayed to the exquisite lines of her figure which even the chic blue leather sports coat could not quite efface. He conned the slender ankles in their sheer silk hose, the slim, shapely navy suede shoes. Strange he had not seen this young modern Circe on board till just now. They had been three whole days at sea. He must have passed her a dozen times. Of course, his concentrated interest in the Russian might account for his blindness to other women. He must find out her name and end this ridiculous suspicion . . . just because she was fair and had the adorable lisp!

"Haven't I seen your picture somewhere?" she asked suddenly, scrutinizing him under level brows. "Was it with a western polo team?"

"Possibly!" Power evaded. He wanted to hide his identity. Supposing this girl should find out the ignominious errand he was on.

"Yes, it was your picture I saw," she insisted. "Now, I suppose you're wondering who I am," with a low, rather musical laugh, "I'm going to let you guess."

"Perhaps I've heard of you," he ventured.

"Then you know my name?" she asked quickly, a bit apprehensively, Powers thought.

"No. Although you answer to a description of someone I've—er—read about," he finished lamely.

A shadow in the late afternoon sunlight fell across their path. A woman's shadow, but both were too engrossed to notice. A black garbed figure, tall, dark and Russian-

looking, halted in her walk for a second. After a momentary glance, she turned her face toward the sea, but anon, her gaze stole covertly in their direction. She continued to watch them beneath half-veiled lids—then resumed her pace back and forth along the deck.

The dinner-gong jangled noisily in upon their talk. The girl glanced at her wrist watch.

"Must be off, to make myself presentable. I'm dining with the elect, you know," she boasted with charming naiveté. "Captain's table. Just to mark the difference 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

They both laughed.

"It's been jolly barging into you like this," she confessed with disarming frankness. "The nicest things do happen like this, don't they?" Throwing him one of her most bewitching smiles, she was gone.

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER as Powers entered the ship's dining room, he was vaguely conscious of a confused scene of fashionable frocks, jewels, black dinner coats, white linen, flashing lights, music . . .

He walked leisurely to his table at the far end of the room, many feminine eyes following him, some with interest, some with speculation. Men of his type were rare, even on Atlantic liners.

Unconscious of the attention he attracted, he sought out his place in rather a preoccupied way, and was just about to seat himself, when the head steward intercepted.

"The captain—" the man began in a low, confidential voice.

Powers paused, glowering at him rather impatiently.

"The captain would be pleased to have you sit at his table, sir."

"Oh!" ejaculated Powers a bit disconcerted. "Thank you very much," he added more affably.

"If you'll come this way, sir. They've just sat down to dinner."

She was at the captain's right. A radiant sun-goddess in golden yellow, her head of incorrigible curls, like a flaming chrysanthemum.

She and the captain were in animated conversation. But as Powers approached the table, she glanced up, smiling.

"Captain, this is Mr. Powers, our ace of polo players, you know." It came to him as rather a shock that this girl was so sure of his identity. However, he gripped the captain's outstretched hand in his easy, informal way.

"Had no idea that Powers the star polo player was on board," boomed the captain, waving him to a seat at his left. "Usually I make it a point to know what celebrities are on the ship . . . don't quite know how you escaped me."

"Mr. Powers is very elusive," explained the sun-goddess as casually as though she had known him all her life. "He even eluded me for three days."

"Then he must have something weighty on his mind," said the captain heartily.

Powers flushed under his tan, but rose to the occasion with his usual *savoir faire*—

"I'd almost swear that you landed on this boat by airplane just a minute before I met you. I couldn't be on a boat with you for three minutes and not see you—much less three days."

She flashed him one of her enchanting, exciting smiles, and the young man felt his pulses stir.

"You deserve the truth after that," she rippled. "I've been lying low for a change. Captain Harvey himself just discovered me this morning. He's still trying to remember where he met me before."

"Oh I remember well enough. There's only one Bettina Brock."

At the name Powers started. His eyes sought his plate, lest his expression should betray him. *Bettina Brock*. The discovery threw his mind in chaos. With superhuman effort he managed to maintain his casual manner. If this were the girl, and there was now no doubt of it, fate had tossed her quite neatly into his hands. Now he allowed his glance to meet her clear, level eyes. Was she studying the effect her name had produced? At her continued gaze, a million electric volts seemed to pass through Powers. He strove to get a grip on his emotions. Naturally this sort of girl knew her power, and was using it. Obviously she had hoodwinked the captain, who seemed a little vague as to her identity. Of course she was lovely, radiant, fabulously expensive, a girl made for silk stockings and—sapphires. All the easier for her to get away with murder . . . or smuggling gems as the case might be. But her next remark disarmed him completely.

"Are you quite sure, captain, you're not getting me

A gay story of Hollywood hokum, concerning a pretty girl who wanted to be a movie star, a man in love, and a piece of good showmanship gone wrong

Then the other side of the picture presented itself, and his heart sank. Pretty—yes. Beautiful, gorgeous even; but there were fourteen thousand girls in Hollywood trying to become stars, and surely two or three—or twenty or fifty—were as lovely to look upon as Rose. Some of them could dance too. Some might even be able to act! Whether Rose could or couldn't, he didn't know. He hadn't thought to ask her. But granted she could, how was he going to make a star of her. "Overnight," he remembered having said.

His problem was insoluble. He shut himself up in his little apartment over the week-end and denied himself to everybody, including Bernice. She phoned and finally came round, but he sent her away, and gave himself up to his agony. Tuesday she would arrive. By Wednesday she would discover that he was merely a secretary. By the end of the week, her hopes would be blasted, and she'd loathe the very sight of him.

He thought of Barnum whom he believed to have been one of the great men of history. And he kept asking himself what Barnum would do under similar circumstances; if Barnum had promised what he had promised, and if the girl was actually on her way out. The only answer he found was that Barnum wouldn't have made such a fool of himself in the first place, and, if he had, he would be in the same wretched predicament as Tommy Wynne was!

On the Monday night, however, as he tossed sleeplessly in his bed, the spirit of Old Barnum crept into his room and whispered in his ear. What he whispered was so quixotically Barnumesque, that Tommy sat bolt up in bed.

The following morning he went to meet Rose. Not at the station in Los Angeles, however. He got up two hours earlier, drove to San Bernardino, which is fifty miles from Los Angeles, and made her disembark there.

"What's the idea?" she enquired.

"Never mind—now. Tell me—who did you meet on the train?"

"Nobody but a lot of old tourists."

"Well, that's the idea," he told her, as he led the way to his car. "I didn't want you to be seen by any of the picture people—and if any star is on the train, there'll be a crowd down to the station to meet her, reporters, cameramen and all that."

"What harm would that do me?"

"Plenty. Get in." He helped her and, taking his place beside her, paused for a moment to get a good look at her. "Gee," he said, his eyes devouring her, "I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad to see you too, Tommy. You don't mind if I call you Tommy, do you? It seems as if I'd known you for much longer than I have. I guess it's thinking about you that makes it seem so."

If she was beautiful in the night-time at that dance she was loveliness itself in the soft light of the early California morning. He scarcely knew what he was saying—for looking.

"I've been thinking about you too, Rose."

"Have you, Tommy?" she echoed, her smile tender, inviting.

"Have I! And how!" The memory of how much thinking he had devoted to her since her letter snapped him back to business, and, slipping in the clutch, he drove back to Hollywood and by a circuitous route arrived at his house.

"Now, Rose," he said, as they sat down to breakfast in his little apartment, "you got to understand that about the hardest thing to do in Hollywood is to put a girl over in pictures."

"But you said you could!" She stopped spooning her grapefruit and looked at him with alarm.

"Sure I did. I'm just telling you."

"Oh!" She fell to again with her spoon, and listened.

There were fourteen thousand girls, he told her, who were trying to get in pictures—and be stars. You couldn't just bounce a girl in to a director or producer and say "See! Look what I got! See for yourself!" You had to be, as he had said once before—presented.

"Well, that's all right with me, Tommy," she said agreeably, "I don't mind. Any way you say so long as you do it. You can, Tommy?" Again that note of alarm crept into her voice. "You're not tryin' to sort of tell me maybe you can't—after all what you said?"

"I can," he assured her stoutly, "and I will—providing you do everything—everything I tell you."

"Well, that depends," she said, reservedly.

He became Barnum and outlined his plan.

"You gotta be somebody," he told her, "from the start. Somebody different. You gotta be met at the station with a brass band, and get your picture in all the papers. Now you're nobody, so we gotta make you somebody."

"Who?" she enquired.

"Nadya Jurgsen — the beautiful Danish stage-star!" "Danish! I don't know a word of Danish."

"You don't have to," he told her. "Now listen, Rose—and don't interrupt."

It was as simple as that! There was a little apartment similar to Tommy's across the hall. Rose would move in there and keep under cover for three days. In the interim Tommy would see to it that the newspapers heralded the coming of Nadya Jurgsen, the Danish stage-star. On Friday morning she would arrive, via San Bernardino, at the Los Angeles station. There she would be met by reporters, cameramen, and all that constituted a figurative brass band! The rest would be easy—comparatively. All Rose had to do was to keep her mouth shut, act dumb. That oughtn't to be hard! Pretend she didn't understand a word of English.

"But what if somebody speaks Danish to me?" she argued.

"There aren't any Danes in Hollywood," he assured her. "That's why I picked it. There's never been a Danish star either. It's new, d'you see? Something to talk about! 'DANISH STAR ARRIVES IN HOLLYWOOD,' he quoted conjured-up headlines. 'NADYA JURGENS SIGNED BY PINNACLE PICTURES.' 'DANISH BEAUTY NEW PICTURE FIND.'"

"Yeh," she said dubiously, "listens all right, Tommy, but—gee!" Fears assailed her, but Tommy assuaged them.

ON THE Friday morning, Nadya Jurgsen stepped off the train at the Los Angeles station and was accorded a reception befitting a stage-star of her magnitude and fame in Denmark; and was whisked away by Tommy Wynne to occupy the little apartment that Rose Healy had vacated.



The full significance of what it meant to her hopes and dreams impelled her to words, hot, rage-swept, bitter words. Hot and heavy they lashed out at one another in their direful disappointment until Rose in a frenzy of rage vowed that she hated and loathed Tommy and never wanted to see him again.

And the Sunday press, just as Tommy had predicted, carried large pictures of Nadya and designedly conflicting stories as to her presence in Hollywood. One said that she was just passing through Hollywood on her way to Honolulu. Another, that she had been signed in New York by an important film company. And yet another, that she was here to marry a great male picture-star who had met her on a recent visit to Denmark and had fallen deeply in love with her.

When Rose read those articles, and saw the magnitude of the pictures of herself, her opinion of Tommy Wynne climbed like a thermometer in the sun. She hadn't thought it possible! And she looked upon Tommy with new, admiring, almost awesome, eyes.

Now, Reginald Yates was, and still is, the biggest director in filmdom. One of the pioneers of the industry, he rose to such heights that a "Yates Picture" was an event. He made only two a year, sometimes even only one.

Several weeks prior to the advent of Nadya Jurgsen in Hollywood, Mr. Yates had announced the title of his new epic. BELOVED, it was to be called. Just that one simple all-embracing word, BELOVED! Like all the Yates Productions of recent years it was to be a colossal picture and to cost not less than two million dollars. Some said five million, but that doubtless was an exaggeration! And rumor had it that the girl, the heroine, of BELOVED had not as yet been decided upon. Mr. Yates wanted someone new, a face fairer than all in filmdom and one that hadn't been pictured on the screen before.

Tommy didn't put much stock in this rumor. Mr. Yates probably knew just whom he was going to "star" in BELOVED and when he got ready he would announce it; this talk of using an "unknown," of "discovering" somebody new, was just the bunk—the usual Yates publicity. But with the idea of diverting a little of this publicity to Nadya—a story perhaps that would hint of a foreign star recently come to Hollywood to play in BELOVED—Tommy armed himself with a dozen of Rose's photographs and went to see the great man.

After waiting two hours, he succeeded in seeing Miss Condor, whose chief business it was to guard Mr. Yates from contact with the outer common world as though he were the Holy Man of China.

Tommy stated his mission and showed his photographs. Miss Condor told him to leave them and in due course Mr. Yates would see them. At that moment, however, Mr. Yates emerged from his temple-like office, and happened to glance at the pictured loveliness of Nadya.

"Who's this?" he demanded curtly.

Tommy enlightened him.

"And who are you?"

"My name's Wynne, sir," Tommy said deferentially. Behind his back, Tommy called him "Reggie" of course. "Tommy Wynne. I'm sort of—well, representing Miss Nadya."

"Well, bring her in and I'll have a look at her. Or better still," and here he turned to Miss Condor, "have a test made of her. Tomorrow. At eleven," he told Tommy, and, retaining the photograph he still held in his hand, he returned to his office.

SO A test was made. Tommy stood by quaking with fear lest, in the excitement, Nadya Jurgsen forget her rôle and burst out suddenly in her slang. But Nadya proved that she was far from dumb by remaining dumb throughout the nerve-wracking ordeal, and Tommy felt very proud of her indeed as he drove her home. His hopes were soaring now, but this was too good to be true, and he pretended not to expect anything from it. Yates was having tests made of hundreds of girls. All he was counting on was the publicity he'd get out of it, and that part of it was done now. Anything that Yates did, found its way into print, and making a screen-test of a Danish star was—well—news!

Still, he wasn't surprised, four or five days later, to receive a phone-call from Miss Condor saying that Mr. Yates would see Miss Jurgsen and himself tomorrow at noon. He refused even then to be over-sanguine, and, driving to the studio, he cautioned her not to put any stock in it.

They were shown in at once to Mr. Yates' temple-like office where, in a dim religious light, the Great Man sat behind a sort of altar converted into a desk. He rose, as they entered, bowed them graciously into chairs, and his voice when he spoke—he addressed Tommy of course—was as friendly and as sweet as honey.

[Continued on page 86]

Shades of Old Barnum



Illustrated
by
W. V.
Chambers

by
Ernest Pascal

A LITTLE squirt of a chap was Tommy Wynne, with sandy red hair, angular blue eyes and a pert shiny button of a nose. He worked for the Inca Film Company which one day he intended to own. He had given himself until he was thirty to do it, and, as he had seven years yet to go, he wasn't worrying!

He loved pictures, and loved Hollywood, but loved most those occasional trips he made east to New York and north, to Canada.

It was upon one of these visits to Canada that Tommy met Rose Heally at a party. She was a professional dancer in the special cabaret entertainment of the evening.

He managed to dance with her. Told her of course that he was in pictures—in the production end, he gave her to understand. After studying her with the dispassionate eyes of the connoisseur, he came to the conclusion that she was as pretty, if not the prettiest girl he had ever seen. His type, naturally. Baby doll. Blonde with big blue eyes and a soft lisping voice.

"Ever thought of going into pictures?" he enquired.

"No. I wouldn't like it down there."

"How do you know you wouldn't?"

"A girl-friend of mine went out and she didn't like it and I guess I wouldn't either."

"Who's she with?"

"What company, d'you mean? I dunno. The last I heard she wasn't with any company. Tryin' to borrow the money to get back."

"That's why she wrote you, eh?"

"Yeh."

"Well, maybe she wasn't in right. Didn't know the right people. Didn't have nobody to show her round, hook her up right. That wouldn't happen to you—not if I was there. It's all the way you're—well—presented. Like a film, y'know. Like 'most anything. You got to present it right. That's show business"

"Think it over," he admonished. "You'd make a hit out there. I'm on the level, Rose. I'd make you a star overnight. It's been done before and it can be done again."

"Maybe so," she agreed.

"Think it over," he admonished. "You'd make a hit out there. I know. I could put you over like nobody's business. If you ever do get out, look me up. Inca Film Company. Here, take my card. Wynne's the name, Tommy Wynne. I'm on the level, Rose. I'd make you a star. Overnight. It's been done before and it can be done again!"

"Yeh," she returned, "that's what some guy told that girl-friend of mine!"

That made Tommy sore. "Think I'm handin' you a line, girlie! All right. Your loss. S'long!"

"S'long," she sang back. "Glad to 've met you!"

Tommy walked out of the place in a huff. He was so huffed, in fact, that he walked all the way back to his hotel.

The next day he left for Hollywood. Which was just as

well. Because if he hadn't, he would have looked for Rose. Rose Heally had got under his skin. Her scoffing incredulity when he had been so sincere prodded him like a goad and, awakening a desperate desire to prove his boasts, challenged all that constituted the "showman" in him.

At any rate, all the way home, Rose insinuated herself into Tommy's consciousness. He heard her clear uncultured accent above the rhythmic roar of train-wheels. And he kept seeing himself (having successfully "put her over" in Hollywood) crowing over her triumphantly, and saying:

"And you thought I was handing you a line, girlie!"

BUT a month back in Hollywood and he forgot her. That is to say, he ceased to think of her. Bernice Rudd drifted into his general scheme of things, and nelped.

Then came a letter from Rose. It ran thus:

"My dear Mr. Wynne—
"I guess I didn't tell you of my Aunt Maggie, who always brought me up ever since my own mother passed away. Well the other day she died and left me the insurance money, it isn't much but remembering your kind offer, to make a star out of me in the movies am coming to Hollywood, arriving there Tuesday morning at 8.30 a.m. Am looking forward to seeing you as you will be too I hope.
Yours truly,
Rose Heally."

offer, to make a star out of me in the movies am coming to Hollywood, arriving there Tuesday morning at 8.30 a.m. Am looking forward to seeing you as you will be too I hope.

Yours truly,
Rose Heally."

Tommy read it over several times. It disturbed him tremendously, emotionally and otherwise, but not altogether unpleasantly. A cowardly impulse urged him to wire Rose and tell her to wait, but today was Saturday and she was already in Chicago. That frightened him somewhat, but truth to tell he was glad. The image of her smiled up at him from her ill-written letter. Something deep and troubling inside him made him tremble a little, and his lips murmured the days that still had to pass: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"



Typical of the Molyneux collection of afternoon suits-- of black wool voile with a simple white blouse which has short, slightly puffed sleeves.

Sports clothes come first. I saw a tremendous number of frocks of the old-fashioned cotton piqué and of coarse linen. There were plenty of tussors and shantung, excellent fabrics for they are so easy to launder and not too easily crushed. Silk piqué were used in a few dresses, but being rather expensive they usually form the vests and blouses of costumes. Silk piqué makes very pretty tailored jackets for the sleeveless sports dress, and all of them are sleeveless or have quarter sleeves. All of them have jackets in a sharply contrasting color. These are like cardigans in that they are collarless. The flannel ones choose fine weaves and a light weight. There are many in fine basket cloths and of the coarser heavier tussors.

It came to my mind that we have in Canada an excellent material in the finer French-Canadian homespun, for these bright little jackets. Some find these homespun irritating to the bare arms. Why not remove the irritation by lining the sleeves with a light washable silk, for the homespun launder beautifully.

Short linen jackets are very fresh and smart. I saw such a pretty navy blue on a white tussore silk and a deep rose on the lightest green.

There are many tweed suits and tweed dresses, and the best French dress-makers are using fine English tweeds as well as light-weight French ones.

English tweeds are made on the simplest lines, youthfully fitted at the waistline and with nifty man-tailored shoulders, and broad short lapels. Molyneux showed me a smart little trick in the making of tweed skirts. I pass it on to you. The back is lined from waist to hem with a panel of fine firm silk. It is cut absolutely on the line of the skirt and stitched smoothly. This will keep a fitted tweed from bulging where it shouldn't and it is an excellent idea for making a skirt shadow-proof.

A lovely suit in a tawny and brown mixture had a double-breasted fitted jacket. The skirt, straight in front, back, and one side, had the fullness concentrated on the right side in front, in three pleats stitched down to the knees. There was also a narrow slightly flared panel inserted [Continued on page 59]

A very smart afternoon ensemble by Lelong. The coat is of navy blue material and the dress is in printed yellow and blue tussor.

What are they wearing in Paris?

What fabrics are smartest?

How is the Parisienne combining her fabrics?

What are the little touches that make
her costume so chic?



---Eustella Burke, the Canadian writer, visits the Paris Openings, for the Chatelaine---and in this letter reports the absorbing story of the new fashions.



The Paris Letter

by EUSTELLA BURKE

The Chatelaine's Canadian Correspondent in Paris



Pale green wool with dark brown Astrakhan---a particularly good color combination this Spring. Dress is also of pale green. From the Worth collection.

DURING those mornings, afternoons and evenings that I watched the French presentations of spring and summer clothes, I wished that every one of you nimble-minded, nimble-fingered Canadian chatelaines could have been there to see for yourselves.

The fashions for the seasons to come are so individual and varied, so graceful and lovely to look at, so comfortable to wear. What is more, they are economical fashions.

Standardized clothes have made an exit before the advance of diversity of type. The new styles are made for the woman; the woman will not have to make herself over to suit the styles. They will be required to express her individual self rather than to express a current trend. It has been a bit tiresome making ourselves over every year or so to certain fashion ideas. We have shifted our waistlines, have had boyish figures one summer and been Venus the next. Whether we were tall, medium, or short, blonde, auburn or brunette we all wore the same colors and the same styles. We have adopted the same complexion and even the same shape of mouth. There has been much drab uniformity. Now comes the renaissance of individuality.

It will be a great blessing, for it means that you will be fashionable with the skirt length that suits you; with colors and lines that heighten your particular good points and reduce the poor ones . . . in fabrics that harmonize with the spirit of the wearer as well as the occasion for which the particular garment is intended. The desire to appear modern, youthful, lithe, feminine and comfortable will be sufficiently restraining to keep this new freedom within bounds.

Add to this varied loveliness a touch of simplicity, the result of a great economical wave that is crossing the world, and you have the fashions for 1931.



Black lace and mousseline are very fashionable for evening wear. This model by Lelong is adaptable because of the short, flaring jacket which accompanies it.



In his most professional manner Henry managed, "Very well, Miss Anderson." When what he wanted to say was "Please have lunch with me Eva darling, and forget easychairs and dining rooms for a little."

It was to a sharp rapping sound that Henry awoke. He sat up in the great bed and looked in the direction of the sound in a dazed manner. He saw Eva directing a man in overalls who was apparently trying to demolish his fireplace. He held a heavy iron poker and was knocking each brick in turn viciously. The bed creaked and she turned.

"Well!" she said. "What would Mr. David Stedman think of you? Asleep in his bed when you're supposed to be helping me work for him! See how hard it will be to tear out this awful brick stuff."

Henry tottered to his feet. "I—I wouldn't tear that out," he said, sleepily. "I don't want—that is, I think maybe—er—Dave likes that old fireplace."

"But he's going to have a much nicer one," Eva gazed around the room. "You know they say he's quite interesting," she confided, "but I can't believe it when the full significance of this stuffy room breaks upon me!"

"Yes—it is rather horrible, isn't it?" Henry disappeared into his dressing-room as quickly as possible. He frowned at himself in the mirror listening to the vicious raps still resounding from the region of the old fireplace which had been revered at one dim time as a hallowed hearth—had not Santa Claus himself been known to slide down into it?

"Come on down," called Eva from the bedroom. "I'm going to tell the men to go ahead on those bricks and move all this furniture out. We'll do these rooms as soon as we finish downstairs."

WHEN Henry joined her downstairs, a professional-looking note book under his arm, she was directing a group of men in overalls who were stacking the portraits of his grandmother and grandfather in the hall. "We'll use them for the keynote, though they aren't very handsome." The men then proceeded to take up the old florid rug and move the great grand piano into the hall.

Eva turned to Tingley, who had been standing near in helpless wrath. He was completely outraged. "Did you call the auction people, Tingley?"

"Yes, madame, they are waiting." Henry looked up to see one of his mother's ponderous old mahogany and plush chairs start on its perilous journey into an unfriendly world.

When the long erstwhile "parlor" had been cleared they and the workmen and the wrathful Tingley proceeded to the dining room. Henry had never liked the dark forbidding dining room. From childhood he hated its austerity. It seemed to resent the fact that people sometimes made merry within its walls and did its best to nip any such ideas they might have, in the bud. Its walls were dark paneled mahogany, its furniture was heavy and its one painting—a still life which contained, among other pale things, an undeniably dead and goggle-eyed fish with its tail lopping off a blue platter—was extremely lifeless.

"What a cold room!" Eva shivered mentally. "It's small enough to be cozy and intimate and the silver is really lovely. Don't you think, being a bachelor, Mr. Stedman should have an extremely cheerful dining room? It's rather beastly eating alone. I'm going to get the poor soul cheery things and colorful blocked linen and the brightest English

hunting prints that Mr. James can find. Don't you see it already?" she cried enthusiastically.

"It sounds very feasible" answered Henry, "and how about a warm-toned chenille rug? Something in a deep brick red about the tone of the hearth. I'd even like two easy chairs before that fireplace to help make the room intimate—with a tiled coffee table between."

"Exactly!" Eva was elated. The golden eyes shone and the bronze hair was charmingly disarranged. "You're really a great help. Of course a man would want easychairs—even in his dining room!" She became subdued and businesslike again and looked at her tiny wrist watch. "Time to go," she announced. "I'll be back in an hour." And she began to pull the smart little hat over the bronze, cloudy hair.

In his most professional manner Henry managed. "Very well, Miss Anderson." When what he wanted to say was, "Please have lunch with me, Eva, darling, and forget easy-chairs and dining rooms for a while."

BUT later he had occasion to whistle as he selected and tied a bow tie. Its jauntness came near expressing his mood. In spite of the fact that his house looked the picture of desolation and all its ancestral furnishings had been ignominiously carted away before his very eyes, he was extremely happy. In spite of the fact that he was spending huge sums of money and working hard and skating on thin ice and being in love, he walked among the clouds this evening.

He and Eva had worked seriously on the house for a week and had torn down, dug up and fired out everything to which she objected. All that time Henry had been extremely professional. When they discussed the outside of the house and Eva asked him for suggestions as to the door—they must make it interesting—he remarked judiciously that "an informal entrance should make an easy transition from the interior to out-of-doors." On another occasion he had ruminated to the effect that in his opinion "the guest bath-room should have cream, yellow and brown marbled walls, ivory and pumpkin-yellow wood and porcelain reliefs of sea deities." These observations impressed Eva with their extreme *savoir faire* but when he suggested that the small room which had been his mother's dressing-room be made into a "boudoir of the modern feeling, with walls of mirrors in hexagonal shape and pilasters of violet amaranth wood" he became a person to be respected. Oh, he was getting on all right. He found this interior decorating stuff incredibly easy.

Thus it was that he was able to look forward to an evening of bliss. Eva had accepted an invitation to have dinner with him.

They were very merry and once she sipped audaciously "To our new partnership!" After that Henry hardly knew that he lived so dreamily did he consume ambrosia and so enchantingly did he float upon the dance floor with Eva in his arms. Discreetly held—but there!

But the morning dispelled dreams as morning will. Eva had trouble with plumbers and Henry fell off a stepladder giving his ankle a painful twist. Toward noon a blizzard began and the antagonistic Tingley had to be persuaded to produce a makeshift luncheon which they ate from a card table in the evacuated and cheerless dining room. The mood was hopelessly banished by these petty calamities.

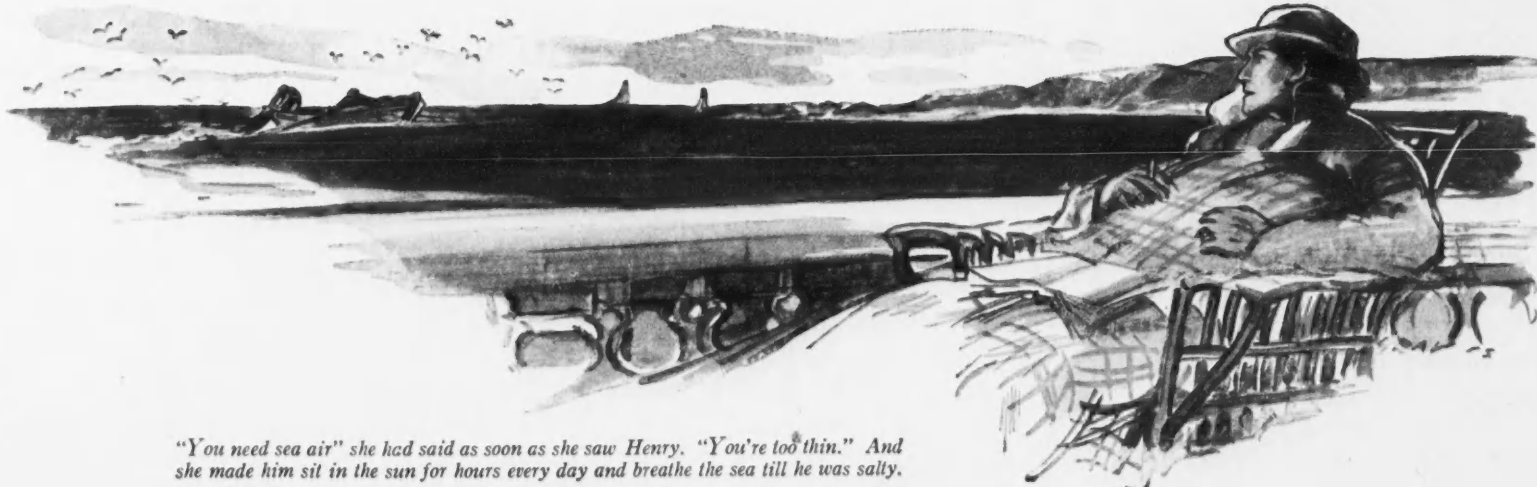
In spite of an inauspicious beginning, however, the luncheons became daily affairs. Sometimes there were even dinners. Henry carefully arranged [Continued on page 50]

know." And she looked at Henry with interest. "And you are Mr. Stedman's friend. Tell me, will he like an English house with a dash of the modern?"

I SAY, Tingley, I'm going up for a snooze in my own bed—those confounded beds at the club! When Miss Anderson arrives you come up the back way and call me immediately. Don't let her come up."

"Very well, sir," said Tingley doubtfully, knowing that Miss Anderson would go up if she so desired. "I hope she does," he remarked to himself. "I'm a clod-footed clown if I don't! The idea of Mr. Henry bein' in love with that pesky red-headed girl and lettin' her turn us topsy-turvy." He snorted softly as he went down the hall.

Henry's room had not been touched. There were still things here which welcomed him. The furniture was heavy and old—it had been there ever since he had been moved years ago to this room from the nursery upstairs. He remembered how lost he had felt the first night he had slept in this big bed and how terrifying the shadows had been. He walked about while removing his coat and vest, looking at the room with critical eyes. The carpet was positively worn away before the fireplace, he discovered, and there were all sorts of old-fashioned leather chairs about. You fairly stumbled over the easychairs and foot stools. The leather divan was an atrocity he decided. He had once thought the room spacious and of a certain elegance for the things in it had been good things. Now it seemed absurdly hodge-podge. He was glad that Eva wouldn't know—at least for a long time—that it was his room.



"You need sea air" she had said as soon as she saw Henry. "You're too thin." And she made him sit in the sun for hours every day and breathe the sea till he was salty.

Illustrated by
Henry Davis

To Jamie, she was a pesky, red-haired girl who turned them topsy-turvey; but to Henry she was all that is beautiful in life—which proves again that it all depends on—

A MAN'S Point of View

by JANE TREADWAY



were in the taxi going back to her studio. "I shall have to throw away every stick he has. He won't like that—they never do. I wish I knew the man—you must tell me every single thing you know about him. I usually like to do interiors rather according to personalities, you see."

"Well, I think I know someone who can help you," said old James, observing her slantwise. "Henry Briscoe—he knows David Stedman well, went to college with him and can tell you a lot."

MALICIOUSLY, he decided to bid a few dollars after all. If he bid against her she would at least become aware of his existence. That was how it happened that Henry D. S. Briscoe acquired a perfect Duncan Phyfe card table. For the lady, flashing a look of scorn at him, had mutely refused to top him after he had bid, what to him was a few dollars. She had promptly walked out the door, plainly in a rage, leaving Henry with a very silly feeling and a lovely old table. He had no use for the table but an even more urgent desire to make the angry young lady notice him.

I GO to all the auctions in New York," Henry told old James Coulter sadly—"She's always there—a decorator, you see. Do you know her—Eva Anderson?"

"Yes. But we were discussing a silver bowl a moment ago."

"You actually know her!" Henry exploded. "What luck—good old Jamie, you'll have a dinner party and present me right off?"

"My dear boy, you must not shout at those past seventy! Of course I know Eva—lovely girl but you could never get her to a dinner party. Won't come that's all."

"Why not?"

"She's very modern and very stuck on decorating. She won't have anything to do with marriageable males and prefers her work to social life. Extraordinary young person!"

"Sounds terribly solemn—but she doesn't look modern, Jamie—I mean no high collars and round hats and sensible shoes. She's simply swell to look at! Is she really so unapproachable? She's so lovely. I'd let her decorate all sixteen rooms at my old house if I could watch her do it!"

Henry paced up and down before the fireplace looking very intense and handsome, his blue eyes and crinkled black hair warmed and lighted by the fire's glow.

"Decorate your house? That's an idea though it wouldn't get you far with Eva. Unless—I have it!" The old man chuckled and babbled in his excitement. "We'll really give Eva your house to do over. She'll have a certain sum and a free hand—while you're in Europe."

Henry's face showed his disgust. "I say!"

"But—you will not go to Europe. You shall become an interior decorator yourself—a very good one whom I insist Eva get to give her a man's viewpoint about a man's house. You're to be the view point. Is it not excellent?" Old James executed the dance step of a forgotten decade upon the hearthrug.

"We'll pretend that the house belongs to a wealthy young bachelor—a college friend of yours. And we'll give you a new name."

"After that for a sendoff you'll have to make the lady fall in love with you yourself."

"We are practically engaged to be married then," Henry announced. "But how can I be a decorator. Just a minute—your ideas are almost too swift, Jamie!"

OLD JAMES gave Henry a great stack of books and two days in which to become a first class, topnotch decorator. Then he laid his plans warily and took Eva to see the house.

"Oh, it's brick," cried Eva. "I like that! It shall have a white door with brasses and little evergreens in tubs and green shutters. Oh, it's going to be a lovely house, Mr. James!"

"My dear, done by you—of course it is."

She ran up the steps, rang the bell and was confronted by Tingley, the old butler. His aspect dampened the spirits of most people, but Eva walked past him remarking, "This is Mr. Stedman's house? I am to redecorate and wish to be shown about."

Tingley gulped and looked at old James. He was betrayed into confusion and could barely manage, "Very good, madam" and led the way through the rooms.

Eva's joy became tempered as they proceeded through room after room. "It's the Naughty Nineties to the life," she wailed. "I can't use anything he has!" Tingley coughed protestingly. "It'll be frightfully expensive."

"There's some rather nice silver in the dining room," suggested old James (Henry had bought most of it from him) "it seems to be a collection, in fact. Rather good."

"Oh, yes, that. It is nice."

"It's going to be an awfully hard job," she said, when they

Eva's face hardened. "Oh, no, I don't want some conceited man popping in with advice and invitations all the time. I'll have to do it alone."

"But, my dear, this man is a decorator like yourself. He would be extremely serious about this work I'm sure. And I do think you need a man's viewpoint."

Old James cajoled and reasoned—but mostly he stressed the Man's Viewpoint.

Thus Henry was summoned. "Can he be here soon then? If I like him I'll offer to pay him a certain percentage and he can go and take measurements for me this afternoon."

Henry was there soon, his head swimming with periods, color schemes, the moderne influence, the early French tradition and the strident angles of the Contemporary Aspect. Within his brain whirled a haze of color tiles, window treatments, antiques and cottage interiors.

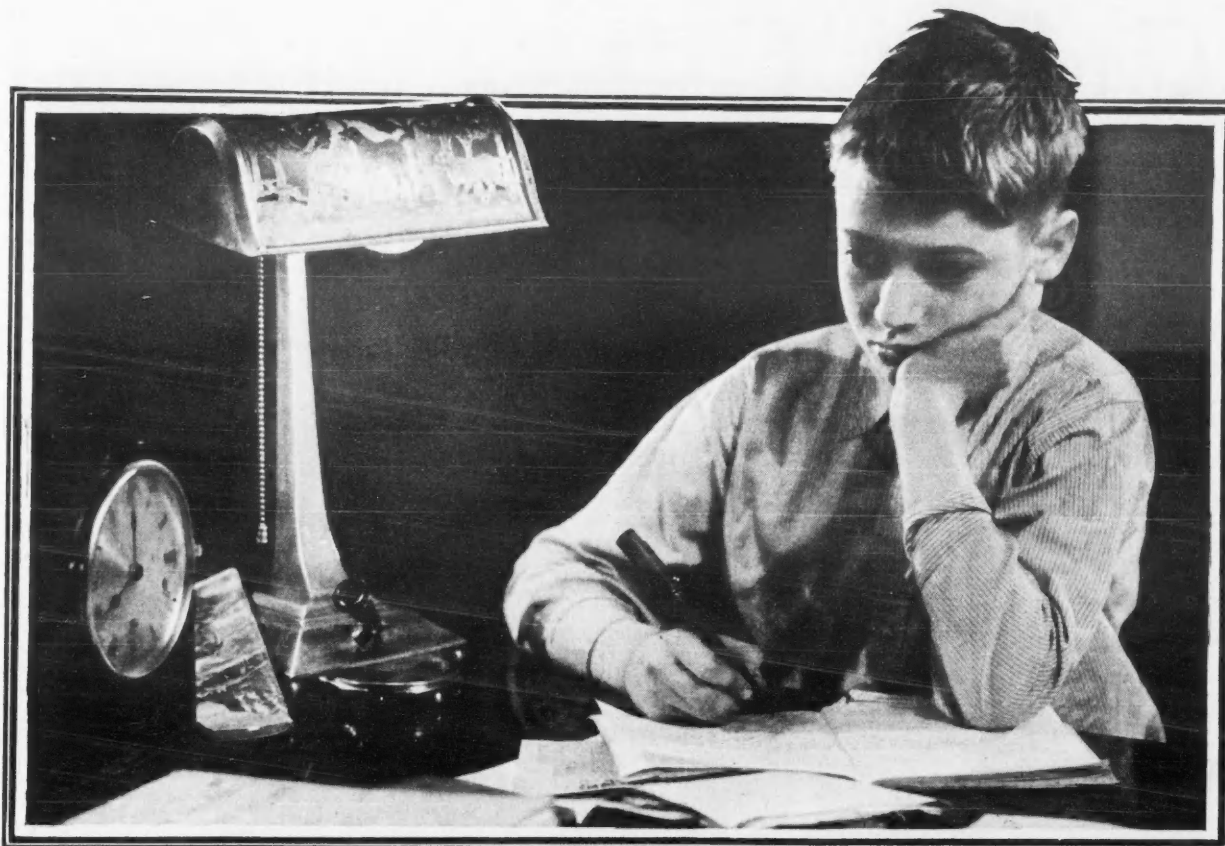
Going up in the lift he tried to remember a few phrases he had memorized. "In keeping with the unpretentious character of this old house, the living room walls are finished in rough plaster and the decorations are kept to gay flowered chintzes and well chosen pieces of old English furniture that lend dignity to the room." He remembered that one all right. And the one about "an informal entrance should mark an easy transition from interior to out-of-doors." It was like cramming for an exam in college except that this was vastly more exciting than any exam!

But when he opened the door and stood before her, Henry forgot the cramming and became his natural friendly cheerful self. He gave the impression that he knew distinctly that he was being presented to a lovely-to-look-at and charming lady. He smiled at her in frank admiration.

She smiled back but rather remotely. "I still remember a time when you paid too much for a Duncan Phyfe table," she remarked, putting a slight edge on the words.

"I simply had to have it," Henry explained with the utmost glibness, "it was so in keeping with the unpretentious character of an old interior I was doing. The walls were finished in rough plaster and I kept the decorations to flowered chintzes. Of course I had to have a few well-chosen English pieces to lend the room dignity."

"Of course," agreed Eva, slightly snaken, "I didn't



A mother and a school teacher discuss the value of homework in the life of a school-child.

IS HOMEWORK A NECESSITY?

No! says this Mother

FOR many years I have been convinced that our children are given too much compulsory homework. I believe that our present homework assignments are too heavy because I have watched the effects of them on my children and on the children of my neighbors.

We will all agree that the days are past when teachers were content with assigning lessons, and listening to parrot-like recitations in school hours. Today we are realizing more and more that the great lesson which the public schools can teach our children is *how to study and think for themselves*.

Education means just that—to lead the minds of children out into the paths of wonder that lie between the covers of books. We don't want to ram facts into children's heads any more, or teach them to learn by rules alone.

We must teach them how to study. And that is where my first complaint lies.

There is too much of a tendency to spend the time in class in hearing lessons that have been prepared at home, and assigning new ones. The children, by the system of struggling with lessons during the evening are acquiring a mass of undigested facts, and learning methods which are going to recur to them all their lives.

The best time to study is during the day. The best place to study is the well-ventilated school. The best person to supervise is the trained teacher, who through experience is familiar with every phase of a child's difficulty. A teacher in addition knows just where and when to give help. A doting father will do the whole question and then pack his son off to bed.

Modern home conditions are not right for studying. The child is trying to learn his lessons in the majority of cases, when either heating, lighting, ventilation, or all three are bad.

Which brings me to another question—that of health. I believe that five and a half hours of steady school work at the high tension that is necessary for the child to keep up with the class is quite long enough. Particularly when you realize that adults regard an eight-hour working day as long enough to admit of every form of recreation afterwards—movies, motoring, golfing, bowling and anything else that is interesting.

For five and a half hours we put our children in school. They must sit there at a high tension. Any minute they may be called to the board to demonstrate a problem. Any

minute they may be called on to answer a question, or read the lesson. They must be constantly on the alert; constantly in fear of public disgrace. For fifteen minutes morning and afternoon, they are turned loose to dash madly through the games of recess. A day at school is a pretty hard day's work for the average child.

All day they are crouched over their desks; why should they rush back to that position immediately after supper? Children should be free for at least an hour after supper. And they should be in bed by 7.30 or 8.30. Since the average father does not get home from work until six, what time is left for the children's studies? What else can result but the haphazard, worrisome, unmeaning tasks that homework devolves into in the average home?

CHILDREN need exercise. They need time and opportunity to be taught how to skate well; how to play games well. Unless one's boys have time to go out in the backyard and play games properly they will be handicapped all through the school years.

There are the music lessons which take such definite practice. In some homes there are dancing lessons. In other homes there are hobbies and [Continued on page 60]

Yes! says a Teacher

PARENTS are never agreed about homework. Periodically somebody proclaims, in as public a place as possible, that children are given too much homework. It is as regular a part of the year's curriculum as the Christmas concert.

But for every group of parents who complain that their youngsters are being overworked, there is another group who protest that they can see no visible signs of progress in their children because they do not have any homework at all.

I wish I could have a dollar for every father who has said to me, "Make the little beggar work! You know what happens to idle hands. He's eager enough to be off with the gang down the street—give him lots of work to keep him busy!"

The sooner that parents realize that education cannot be successful without the co-operation of the home, the sooner will education improve. Too many mothers think that their duties end with the dismissal of the children for school, clean-handkerchiefed, washed carefully behind the ears, and warmly wrapped. They have been sent to school—

and that ends the matter. It's up to the teacher to teach them, think these mothers, and if he doesn't teach them successfully, then why does not the Board hire one who can?

But education cannot be attained within the four walls of a school. Just as the pupil passes regularly every day from his home to his school and back again, so the influence of the two is inextricably woven in his life.

No teacher in the world wants to give too much homework. Every man and woman in this thankless profession of mine, realizes the need for a definite amount of well-planned work to cover the syllabus. But classes are large, and the ideals of private tuition cannot possibly be attained in a class of thirty or forty imps of darkness.

Throughout Canada, the responsibility of homework is left to the discretion of the principal of each school, who discusses the matter regularly with his staff. Undoubtedly the homework in public schools is lessening, as there has been a great deal of agitation from time to time.

But remember that each teacher has a definite syllabus of work which must be completed each term; and that without homework it is impossible to complete this work. The teacher's job is to bring as many of his class as possible, through the examinations every year. The year's syllabus, in the public schools is being planned more and more with the idea of minimizing homework as much as possible.

But homework of some kind is an absolute necessity.

For one thing, the art of studying must be cultivated from earliest childhood. We all know that when a child reaches high school and college, it will be absolutely necessary for him to study. He cannot be taught to study suddenly, as if a tap were turned on. He must learn concentration, initiative, and perseverance little by little. That is why I believe that every child who starts at school should have a certain amount of work to do himself.

The problem is more simple in the public school, where the great majority of classes have just the one teacher, who realizes the total amount of homework being given. Where the difficulty lies, in the majority of cases is in the higher forms where a number of teachers throughout the day each add their quota of homework, making a total which is, in some cases, more than the child can handle.

But the year's work cannot be covered without homework. And the child should be taught a certain amount of it from his youngest years. The responsibility on the principal of a school is very large, as he will determine the general amount of homework given out by his staff.

Definite tests, of course, have been made. In one school the principal agreed to try out a class, and an experiment in geometry was planned. The children were divided into two groups, with those of high, low, and average ability, as judged by previous examinations in each. One group was given homework in geometry [Continued on page 60]

The Woes of a Society Editor

An amusing revelation of the trials and tribulations of a social editor, who, in this most trying "game," says this writer, must be a cross between a book agent and a private detective

By
One of them



Telephonitis" might be regarded as the social editor's most persistent trouble. When the public is not calling her, she is calling the public. She literally takes her town for news.

BUT what are the trials of a social editor?" ask many people enviously. "I thought they had a lovely life. They go everywhere and see everything."

That in itself is the beginning of many a social editor's woes, for she has no more frequent insult than that from ladies who look at her from head to foot, and say: "It must be wonderful to have your job. You go to so many places, you'd never get into it if it were not for your work!"

Most women have found that the only gate through which they could enter journalism has been the social column; but wise women have not lingered at the gate. They have gone through it to green pastures, where tribulations are fewer and rewards greater.

Some social editors might confess that it is the casual comments that stand first on their list of tribulations. As one successful woman declares:

"What you need most is the skin of a rhinoceros, for in this game you have to be a cross between a book agent and a private detective, and above all you must keep your sense of humor as well polished as military buttons under the sternest sergeant."

Wise newspaper directors know that the most valuable social editor is the one with the widest contacts and finest background, who can mingle with all the types who make up modern society. But today's social editors are as varied as the people. Each paper's choice depends on whether it goes in for quality or quantity on its social page.

THERE are only two occasions in a woman's life when her name should appear in print, when she marries and when she dies." So a famous man decreed but a few generations ago, and society bowed to him.

How many tired women of today's zealous

press might sigh for the era when her sex was so secluded. For some twentieth-century society pages even chronicle: "Young Mr. and Mrs. Smart Set have a new daughter," and turn the spotlight upon her from her very birth. Many a paper now builds its circulation on its "Social News," and a hound dog has a quiet life compared to the daily twenty-four hours of a society editor. She is never off duty. Even after midnight her telephone may ring and a voice say:

"I knew you were a night-owl. I've just come in from a dinner party and I wanted to talk to you about something, for I'm not getting up until eleven and I knew you were out so early in the morning."

Not even a country doctor ever had a more continuous job than a modern society editor. As one of them exclaims: "I go everywhere and nowhere." She means that she follows the world and his wife, but to her personal invitations

though many can protect themselves with a message to leave a number, the society editor's office and home are as open as a fire hall. She never knows when a tinkle will change her next twenty-four hours.

"Old Money-Bags is going to marry some young woman. Get the story." A message from the chief—and out on the merest sniff of a scent she goes.

For hours she may be chained to telephone, or she may be rushed to a royal function. On a modest newspaper salary she must be ready to mix in throngs of women with millionaire incomes and yet not look like a poor relation. Few feminine wardrobes have such a strain. In street-cars or occasional taxis, she keeps up with women who have their own cars.

Not only do the social editor's telephone calls mean items for her columns, but she is more and more becoming an

information bureau between editions. Telegraph companies with congratulatory wires from out-of-town, ring her up at strange hours to ask her who some mysterious people are. Wedding fans who have forgotten the hour of Miss Millionaire's big church ceremony telephone to enquire when it takes place. Brides-elect interrupt office hours to ask everything from "What shall I wear at a quiet wedding?" to "Where shall Papa stand at the altar?" or "How does he walk up the aisle?" Grooms' mothers, even before the ceremony, get into polite disputes with the brides' relatives and each tries to prove their superior background, by telling each other they are mistaken as to some point of wedding pro-



If her paper goes in for lists of names she has a toilsome life. You see her at chilly entrances to concerts or weddings, feverishly writing the names of those she knows.

[Continued on page 58]

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

This month the special little book for the children tells how the Cookery Kitten tried to make a cake. This children's feature can be taken out of the magazine without spoiling it for the grown-ups. Cut the page along the margin, fold along the dotted line, doubling

in half from top to bottom, then from left to right, so that the large picture of Luella and the Cookery Kitten comes in front. Cut neatly round the edges, pin or sew in the middle.

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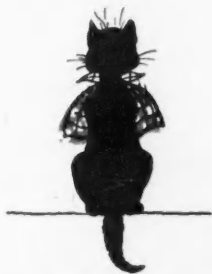
Her face was all smiles, and she poked him lovingly just as she did her cakes to see if they were done. Then he remembered it was all right if a cake didn't fall too suddenly, and he knew she wouldn't be cross.

She took off his apron and stroked him and even kissed him. "If I hadn't spanked you, my darling," she almost cried, "this never would have happened. And I'll never put you down off your paper again!"

She set him up on the table and gave him a candied cherry. But the Cookery Kitten was ashamed. He put his paw out apologetically.

"Never mind, Kitty," she said comfortingly, "there are not many cooks can say that their cakes are so light that they float right out the window. You're a better cook than I am. And there are not many cakes as light as that, that ever come out whole!"

The Cookery Kitten ate his cherry with downcast eyes and thought how very fortunate it was for him that Luella had taught him exactly how to bake.



hind legs rose up off the shelf entirely, leaving just his His tail seemed to be tugging at him. At last, both that he could hardly keep his hind legs on the shelf. He lapped and lapped until he noticed to be a cake. He lapped and lapped until he noticed furiously, thinking how very tickly inside it must feel. It tasted very fuzzy, but he kept on lapping he could at the fizzy foam.

Luella clapped her hands and said "Scat!" but he back on the pantry shelf and began lapping as fast as her to begin beating the new eggs, then he climbed just scampered around the open door long enough for Luella clapped her hands and said "Scat!" but he bowl.

Its top flew off and half of it spilled into the foamy and knocked down the can of thistle-down powder. to the open cupboard door. He jumped up in his naughtiness knew no in a fresh bowl, and then her snickering eggs again. He waited until he heard



the table and set the bowl on the pantry shelf. sneezed in." So she spanked him, put him down off cake. It wouldn't be nice to bake a cake that's been did a very naughty thing. He deliberately sneezed. "Ah-ah!" scolded Luella. "Now you've spoiled my

So the next time Esmeralda began snickering eggs on the edge of the bowl, and beating the whites until they rose up in a big white puff, the Cookery Kitten

recipe of your own? cooking, and be a Cookery Kitten, if you never tried a

was always talking about. And after all, why learn or thistle-down, or one of those things that Luella surely you'd just float away like an angel or a feather of that powder on some of that foam, and then ate it? would happen, he began to wonder, if you put some time. It must be thistle-down powder! Now what The Cookery Kitten thought about that a long

thistle-down!" time, "and this would fly. Oh, it will be as light as

"A little more of that," she remarked to him this very carefully as she measured it out.

Then Luella had another kind of cake, and into it she put a white powder from a tin. He watched her

CROSS CURRENTS

by
JOAN
SUTHERLAND

Tania watches the man she loves married to her enemy in this installment of a powerful and gripping love story of modern life

THE threatened blizzard wore itself out as a storm which ceased about ten on the morning of Christmas Eve, and *White Ledges* looked out upon a world of dazzling snow tinged with gold to the south where the sunshine bathed the country, and blue where the trees flung their shadows upon its glory.

Every window looked out upon beauty, and the children with a new toboggan were wild with excitement. Emily's new secretary, Miss Dodge, small, bony and very earnest, with pince-nez nipping a thin enquiring nose, trotted at her heels with notebook and pencil, sent endless telephone calls, ran endless errands about the house and proved herself quick and willing. Ross calling for Tania, proposed a tramp round the place.

"D'you mind the snow?" he said glancing at Tania's sheer stockings, "I want to go to the stables and round the farm. Got any boots?"

"Yes. I'll be ready in five minutes," she said and came back, punctual as ever with knee-high rubber boots and thick short tweeds.

"That's better," he said approvingly. "Thank heaven for a quiet hour or two. Who's coming d'you know?"

Tania named one or two old friends of whom he approved, and heard herself say in quite a normal voice.

"Mae Langley and the man she's marrying are coming too!"

"Larry Cardross? Oh yes, I remember. Why does he want to tie himself up to a painted doll like that? She's empty-headed and empty-souled. Why didn't you marry him yourself Tania? He's worth taking."

Tania caught her underlip between her teeth, her eyes focussed with a kind of desperation on the great oak shading the stable yard. Try as she would she could not frame an answer and Ross suddenly thrust his arm through hers and spoke with assumed roughness.

"There's time yet," he said and Tania at such an unexpected sentence managed to laugh.

"You immoral parent! Are you suggesting I snatch him away from Mae?—Even if I wanted to I might not be able."

"You not be able to take any man from that little fool? Don't be absurd!"

"But—I suppose he loves her as he's going to marry her."

"If he does he's not the man I take him for," he said grimly.

IT WAS an hour before they had completed their inspection of the stables. Tania believed her father had entirely forgotten Cardross as a subject of conversation, but she discovered herself to be wrong, for as they tramped across the meadow that separated the house from the farm he referred to it.

"Tania—remember what I said just now about Larry Cardross?"

Tania, apparently very interested in the lovely landscape before her, the trees laden down with their weight of snow, every leaf and twig aglitter with a million points of fire, answered as carelessly as she could.

"I told you darling, you were most immoral."

To her discomfiture he took her up on the word.

"I wonder what immorality really is? When one thinks of the couples one knows—of the married lives where there is only meanness and neglect and coldness—well I wonder if that doesn't count as cheating just as much as actual infidelity."

"Meaning it's better to stop a marriage that's likely to turn out wrong at all costs?"

"That's it. And other things. Tania—" he spoke a little awkwardly, keeping his gaze fixed like hers on the glorious panorama of dazzling snowy hills and woods beneath the azure sky, "If anything worried you—seriously I mean—you'd tell me wouldn't you? You see—" he glanced at her a moment and meeting his eyes she saw they were strangely tender, "I feel you elder two have had rather a rotten deal. I was as much to blame—more—than your mother. We just argued and quarrelled and disagreed so much that home life couldn't have been very edifying for you. And these last two years I feel you've had to get

Their eyes met and held for a moment, and despite all that had happened the bitter anger in his stabbed her like a physical blow. She had meant to match indifference with indifference, but this blaze of fury took her utterly aback.

Illustrated by
Hubert Mathieu



along just as best you could. Judy had you. But you had nobody."

A queer little pain twisted in Tania's heart. Slipping her hand in her father's arm she spoke as lightly as she could.

"Don't be worried. I quite understand. You were always there I knew, for me to come to if things had gone wrong."

"Was I?" He spoke with irony in his voice. "I wonder. You're very generous Tania—but you've not answered me."

"Did you ask a question?"

"Perhaps not—in words. Funny how life plays with us. But if—if there had been anything wrong—difficult I mean—if you were really worried by anything in life—you'd come to me now wouldn't you?"

There was an urgency in his tone that disturbed her. It was not possible that he could know anything of her marriage to Blakiston and yet his manner as much as his words would almost lead her to think so. Never in her life had he spoken to her in such an intimate manner and she was at a loss how to answer him. She longed to respond, to tell him the whole miserable story of her marriage, but it seemed useless. After all what could he do? Neither condemnation nor sympathy could undo what had been done, and she knew his horror of scandal and to what lengths he had gone to protect both Emily and himself from it. Now that he had a long-delayed chance for happiness, was she to destroy it all and pile trouble on trouble by confessing her stupid folly?

An annulment in the English Courts would mean the publicity of two continents, headlines in all the papers and titbits of gossip for every wretched little rag in the country—and to what purpose? What object had she in obtaining her freedom now that Larry had turned from her in disgust and anger? He was to marry Mae, her confession to him had destroyed his new-found love for her. Why then upset her parents and cheapen her own good name? So after a minute or two she answered her father as easily as she could, pressing his arm against her side in a little gesture of affection.

"Dear, I know you'd always be ready to help me. Of course, I know that. Why should I have anything to trouble me with you and such a home?"

"Me!" he laughed shortly. "I've not been much of an asset Tania. Still things will be different now. Well—" he paused thinking miserably of that conversation with Emily, fearing she was right, yet unable to be certain. "You know that whatever you did, any of you, we'd stand by don't you?"

"Yes dear. Thank you. Don't you think we'd better be getting back now? It's nearly luncheon time."

She was not going to tell him; Ross realized with a dull little pain that here he had failed as he had failed with his wife in those earlier years. Tania did not trust him.

Tania glancing sideways saw by [Continued on page 81]

The New Woman of Russia

by
James H.
Prichard

(The writer of this article, a resident of Prince Edward Island, was formerly Secretary of the Canadian National Silver Black Fox Breeders' Association. He recently returned from Russia where he spent eleven months in the employ of the Soviet Government in connection with the establishment of the fox ranching industry in Siberia. Mr. Prichard's headquarters were at Cedanka, twenty miles east of Vladivostok. He tells of the new status of the Russian woman under the Communist banner, her complete equality with man, economically, politically and morally, how this sex independence works out in practice, and of its effect on the home and children.)

THE drama of the new Russia is being worked out to its yet uncertain denouement on a gigantic stage, comprising one-sixth of the land surface of the world, and the actors number 150,000,000 women, men and children. Women here are mentioned first, not because the sexes actually have been transposed in degree, but just to put the reader's mind in proper perspective. One must view the scene along a definite, unwavering line of equality. Perhaps the most striking consequence of the Russian revolution is this complete "emancipation" of women. They have broken free from age-old bonds of prejudice, repudiated the sanctity of sex that centuries had thrown about them, snapped asunder the ties of masculine domination, and have driven Mrs. Grundy, bag and baggage, out of the country. The new freedom is not merely one of doctrine and theory; it is real and effective, and to anyone who witnesses the passing show in Russia at close hand, it is evident on all sides. The women of Russia have attained what they believe to be the ultimate in status.

One must banish the terms "lady" and "gentleman" when talking of Russia. No Communist will complain of disrespect. When coupled together we are accustomed, for reasons of chivalry, to put "lady" first; also it is the distinctive label of a class, implying privilege and superior social environment. Communism has no use for the kind of chivalry that has its roots in the Middle Ages; and the lighter and restricted definition of "society" has no place in its dictionary. If there are any communistic approximations of the term "lady" and "gentleman" they are applied exclusively to the manual workers of both sexes, those who toil with their hands. It is they who are the aristocracy—the "upper crust." The Intellectuals, on the other hand, are the "inferiors"—the "outsiders." One has to turn to Alice in Wonderland for anything, in our view, more topsy-turvy. The dividing line, though, is not a social one; Communism doesn't allow for such discrimination. It is purely political and economic. The Worker alone votes and enjoys concessions in point of living conditions; the Intellectual is the servant, paid to do the "white-collar" chores.

It is an axiom that the more one acquires riches, the wider



Everyone is talking about Russia these days—that is why we asked this Canadian, who has just returned from an eleven months' sojourn there, to tell us just exactly what has happened to the Russian woman.

There are mills to be found which are practically woman-controlled and woman-operated from top to bottom. According to the figures if the great army of Workers and Intellectuals were mustered on parade the feminine roll-call would represent about thirty per cent of the total

the field of responsibility. This applies with equal force to the Russian woman and her new-found freedom. Having attained a status of parity with the male, she has inevitably been obliged to assume her share of the burden of government in all that the word implies. Women, indeed, hold important posts and commands in the Russian army, and it is not unusual to find them serving on the tribunals of justice. But these members of the sex are the exception. To discover what the average woman is doing in Russia one must turn to the Five Year Plan—*Pyatiletka*, as it is called in Russian. A little background is necessary to explain what this means.

Not fourteen years have passed since the streets and gutters of Russian cities ran with blood, and the countryside flared with destruction, pillage and rapine. Hordes of illiterate workers, peasants and soldiers paraded the country, proclaiming mob rule. The women marched with them, waving the red banner, as fanatic and savage as their men-folk. It was their revolution as well. There was no law but

chaos and confusion there developed the Communist Party and something akin to order and authority was evolved. But in the process the country was beset with civil war, remnants of the Czarist forces striving to regain a foothold. This threat disposed of, the spectre of famine and plague arose to confound the forces of restraint and constructive thought; the seeds of anarchy found new ground and fresh rebellions broke out in widely separated areas. Hostility of foreign governments and intrigue by "White" elements abroad added to the perplexities and difficulties.

It was not until 1926 or 1927 that the newly organized Soviet system was able to catch its breath long enough to survey the wreckage and ruin wrought by nearly ten years of upheaval, strife and disorder. Gathering about them the intellect and genius of the country, the Communist leaders grappled with the prodigious task of repairing and reknitting the shattered fabric. Out of their consultations emerged *Pyatiletka*, a far-reaching scheme, involving every aspect of human activity. Its schedules call for the complete reconstruction of the country, industrially, politically, socially, in point of education, public welfare, and even in the realm of artistic endeavor—all within five years. Put into operation in the spring of 1928, the sponsors of the plan declare that the programme to date has been more than realized and predict that the full objective will be reached, even before the fixed time has elapsed.

Denied credits abroad, the Soviet Government had adopted a policy of payment in kind for the vast quantity of machinery and equipment of all kinds it requires to reconstitute its industrial and social life, to build and furnish factories, workshops, railroads, docks and other public works, schools, hospitals and public institutions of all sorts. So, with the exception of the barest quantity required for home consumption, everything now produced in Russia in the shape of finished products or the output of field, forest, mine and stream is being exported abroad. This process has entailed great privation, endurance and discomfort for the Russian people as well as calling forth their maximum of effort. Every necessity of life is strictly rationed, men and women sharing alike, according to their status of Worker, Intellectual or Nondescript. Articles which we call ordinary luxuries are unobtainable.

In performing their share of translating the provisions of *Pyatiletka* into reality, Russian women, by droves, have invaded spheres of occupation and activity which in the past have been deemed essentially masculine. There is not a factory, whatever its type, that cannot produce its nucleus of feminine labor, nor a steel works, [Continued on page 71]



Somewhere on this farm in Russia something funny was happening. A typical group during the noon rest.

the primitive code of vengeance and self-preservation. Self-constituted local committees of revolutionary leaders assumed oligarchic powers but there was little vestige of central control. This was Bolshevism. Out of the welter of

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups.

A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift.

There will be another story about the Bad Little Bear next month.

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The Cookery Kitten

by Anne Elizabeth Wilson

HE WAS just an ordinary grey striped kitten with a white bib and four white paws, but when he stood up on his hind legs, he had on a snow-white apron. That was how Luella knew he was a real Cookery Kitten.

He looked so sweet and clean that she did not mind his being in the kitchen, and even sitting on the table on a special paper while she was making cakes. For while the other kittens played with catnip mice or chased a piece of paper that hung by a string on the dining room doorknob, the Cookery Kitten preferred to help Luella. And if the flour sprinkled from the sifter on his eyebrows and whiskers, giving him a most surprised look, he didn't seem to notice; or if sugar fell on his paper and got his white paws sticky, he just licked them clean very quickly and went on watching.

Sometimes Luella would feel sorry for his nice white front when she was shaking in spices and browned flour, and then she would pin a little napkin



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oughly, but it was getting rather warm. It was a very bright spring day and the sun was scorching hot. Suddenly, he felt himself bubbling and sputtering inside, and then he had a terrible thought. "My goodness," he gurgled, "I must be baking! I never thought it would feel so exciting to be a cake. I wonder if I'll get brown."

He sputtered and puffed and his little sides heaved, and then he rolled right over on his back.

"That's it," he thought desperately, "I'm done to a turn."

Gradually he began sinking down. "And now," he shuddered to think of it, "I'm falling. Luella says

that's the worst thing can happen to any cake." He closed his eyes and tried not to be frightened, but falling he certainly was. He was much relieved when he landed on something nice and soft. It was Luella's apron that she was holding out to catch him.



around his neck to keep him clean. He loved that almost better than anything, because then he felt that he was really helping, with a real apron on, like Luella. But most of all he loved it when she made angel cake. He liked to hear the eggshells crack "snick" on the edge of the bowl, and then watch the white foam rise and rise and rise as she beat it until it was like a cloud. "This cake will be as light as a feather," she told him happily. "I doubt if I'll be able to keep it on the plate. That's why," she tweeked his whiskers playfully, "it's called angel-food cake. I think the angels have to eat something very light, you know, or they couldn't fly." And she whipped off a fleck of white foam from the end of the beater as she lifted it out and tipped the end of his nose with it. He could just reach it with his tongue. He and it tasted delicious. He didn't wonder that the angels liked it.



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She wrung her hands and ran about throwing her apron over her head. Then she tore through the pages of her cookbooks trying to find the places marked, "When Cake is Too Light"—but there wasn't any. She looked out the window and there he was, flitting his tail this way and that as though he were steering through the air, with his apron all billowed out like a balloon. "Kitty, Kitty!" she called tearfully, but he only waved his paw at her and floated higher. "If he only would catch on that tree!" prayed Luella. But he passed it by and went even higher. The Cookery Kitten was enjoying himself thor-

shall I do?" "Oh, Kitty, Kitty, my poor Kitty!" shrieked Luella as he floated right past her out the window. "Come here and take off your apron anyway! Whatever just what he did. thought—and that is until I float away!" he kept on lapping just of the bowl, but he forepaws on the edge



Page 6



The Chatelaine
Interviews

by
EUSTELLA BURKE

LADY BESSBOROUGH

EVERY letter from Canada these days opens with the same question: "Do tell us about the Countess of Bessborough . . ." which is quite natural, since in April she will arrive in Canada as first lady in the land.

Every Canadian will be keenly interested in knowing something about Lady Bessborough, particularly during the excitement of her arrival. So I journeyed through the streets of Old London, to 93 Eaton Square, the town house of Lord and Lady Bessborough, where I was graciously granted an interview for *The Chatelaine*.

The first thing I learned was that there is no vice-regal road to moving. For Lady Bessborough is having feverish days of planning and packing, of visits to dressmaker, of farewells and entertainments. Her domestic upheaval is ten times more complicated than one of our dreaded May the first migrations.

Extensive alterations had just been completed in the beautiful old house at 93 Eaton Square. A new staircase, which gives a fine hall approach, had been built, and general redecorating has been completed. The country estate will be closed.

Servants are another problem, but not in the way Lady Bessborough expected. Her difficulty is to discover a sufficient number willing to remain behind in the English town house. She confessed that she was surprised at their eagerness to go out to Canada, and at the willingness of their families that they should go, for many are young and neither they nor their families have had experience out of England.

This exclusive interview with the new chatelaine of Rideau Hall, was granted during the busy days in London prior to Her Excellency's departure for Canada

This will be the Countess of Bessborough's first official diplomatic experience. It is a rôle for which she is most admirably suited. There is a calmness and sweetness, a distinct poise about the chatelaine destined for Rideau Hall. To come within range of her smile and of her lovely voice, is to sense calmness and an air of tranquility, back of which works a most alert mind.

Probably because the cheerful rooms were filled with white and yellow freezia, the conversation drifted naturally into gardening channels. It is evident that the gardening traditions surrounding Rideau Hall are to continue. Added to them will be the personal touch of another Lady with the inherent flair of her race for things beautiful, and for gardens and flowers in particular.

Here I was the interviewed. Lady Bessborough had heard of the gardens at Rideau Hall. Was there a wild flower garden? How was the rockery arranged? Most important, were there English flower borders? Her Excellency loves the informal borders with their tangles of color. She had heard that our trees were beautiful. Did they compare with the English beeches? Had I snapshots of Rideau Hall? Through all these questions there was a note of eagerness to get a clear picture of the country to which she is so happy to be going.

Her Excellency told me that her childhood was spent in Chantilly which is just north of Paris, a medieval town that achieved its greatest fame in later years, the 17th and 18th centuries. She is the only daughter of the late Baron Jean de Neuflize, C.V.O. and a

member of an old and aristocratic Alsatian family. There was a town house in Paris for the winter months; but it is the glorious forest, the chateaux and gardens of this Paradise in the valley of the Oise, which are her dearest memories. Not far from Her Excellency's former home are the huge royal stables with their glorious marble stalls labelled with gold plates bearing the names of the thoroughbreds of the Renaissance. Racing is still a tradition of this ancient town and the annual Meets are a fixture in the English as well as the French social calendar.

Chantilly had its grim days in September 1914 when it was occupied by German troops from the 3rd to the 9th. From October until the end of the war it was the French G.H.Q. and a mark for raiding planes. Lady Bessborough had left her father's house two years before the war opened as the bride of Viscount Duncannon. Until she was married she had never been in England. In fact she could not speak a word of English when she arrived in London.

Those who worked in the Victoria Station canteen during 1914, will remember the Viscountess Duncannon's unflagging energies which she later transferred to the cause of the Officers' Family Fund and remained there until the end of the war.

Growing up in the midst of a col- [Continued on page 70]

When I Flew "Down North"



The author standing at the cabin door of the airplane which took her North.

by Helen Gordon Mattern

ON A golden morning in early autumn my telephone rang for the fifth time since I had set myself sternly to the task of trying out a new recipe. Not being a very good cook, I particularly dislike the hazards of new recipes, and it seemed to me that everything was conspiring to distract my so-ready-to-be-distracted mind.

"Hello?" I queried coldly.

"Hello!" said a voice. "It's such a lovely day. How would you like to go places?"

"No thank you," very firmly. "I'm busy."

"Not even a little trip North?" the voice persisted.

I fluttered; but not again was I going to be led away by that will o' the wisp promise of a journey North by air. For a whole year it had danced tantalizingly just beyond my reach, so clutching a guide to cookery tightly for moral support, I sniffed sceptically: "Out to St. Albert, I suppose!"

"No, not St. Albert. Fort McMurray tonight and Resolution tomorrow or next day if you're lucky. Can you be ready in fifteen minutes?"

The cookbook dropped to the floor with a plop. Could I be ready? Could I be ready? Wouldn't you know a man would ask a question like that? As a matter of fact, I was ready in less than an hour.

Over the hills to the right the sun was just making its appearance the next morning as I scurried down the path that leads from the village of Fort McMurray to the snye,

backwater of the meeting of the Athabaska and Clearwater rivers, and in summer the busy base for incoming and outgoing air traffic.

But early as it was, there were others who were earlier. Two airplanes belonging to a rival commercial company were already in the air, their scarlet birdlike wings cutting vividly through the morning mist. Above us they circled, and then like great medieval falcons screamed off into the North, the throb of their engines mingling with the roar of our own plane warming up, echoing and reverberating between the steep river banks.

Four hours of unaccustomed flying the day before, and the crisp clear air had made me ignore the first warning of the alarm clock. I was late. A little guiltily I announced my arrival ten minutes behind schedule, for there is a good deal of friendly rivalry between the two companies as to which shall be first in the air. But I was not delaying the take-off. Another passenger had still to arrive. I greeted our sturdy

Five hundred miles from the nearest railroad, yet only nine hours from the city no wonder the people of the North are air-minded

Indians at the outposts gather to watch aircraft come in and go out just as village loungers meet the daily train.



monoplane, great pontoons lapped by the current of the snye, as an old friend. If the rival planes were scarlet falcons, this one was a blue eagle. We lingered on the banks, watching a matronly-looking scow struggling out into midstream, and presently my enthusiasm boiled up and overflowed. Turning to the blue eagle's pilot, Walter Gilbert, soon after to be the pilot hero of the dangerous Franklin Arctic exploration flight, I babbled, "I can hardly believe I'm really going up North at last!"

"Down North," he corrected me.

"Down North," I murmured hurriedly.

Like all travellers going into the North West Territories for the first time, I found it a little difficult to adjust myself to the realization that at McMurray North ceases to be "up" and commences to be "down." For McMurray, 300 miles north of Edmonton, is on the Arctic slope. It is there that the Athabaska, the first link in that mighty chain of waters known as the Mackenzie River route, stops flowing east and northeast, and turning sharply, heads for the Arctic Ocean 1,600 miles away.

It is there that one first sees the husky sleigh-dog, for the railroad comes at last to a bumpy end three miles south of McMurray at Waterways. And it is there too, since McMurray in spite of its size is reputed to be the busiest airport in the Dominion of Canada, that air-mindedness in its most acute form is first encountered.

Sudden activity greeted the arrival of a young woman carrying a tiny baby. I stared a little, but refrained from comment. Not yet had I grasped the nonchalance with which the North accepts the airplane. Feeling very brave and adventurous, I climbed in and took my place.

Swiftly the blue eagle skimmed the water, spray from her pontoons beating back in an ever thickening cloud until we were in the air. Banking, we circled and started north in the wake of the two scarlet falcons. Below, the Athabaska wound snake-like, the early morning mist at times almost obscuring it from view. Mile after mile unrolled with no sign of human habitation; a vast, never-ending wilderness of forest and water, and I knew that for thousands of miles it was so. An hour out of McMurray the Hudson's Bay steamer, *Northland Echo*, crawled along, the smoke from her funnels a thin purple-grey haze half a mile below us. She would take two days to complete the first lap of our journey which we would do in four hours.

Above the roar of the engine a thin [Continued on page 31]

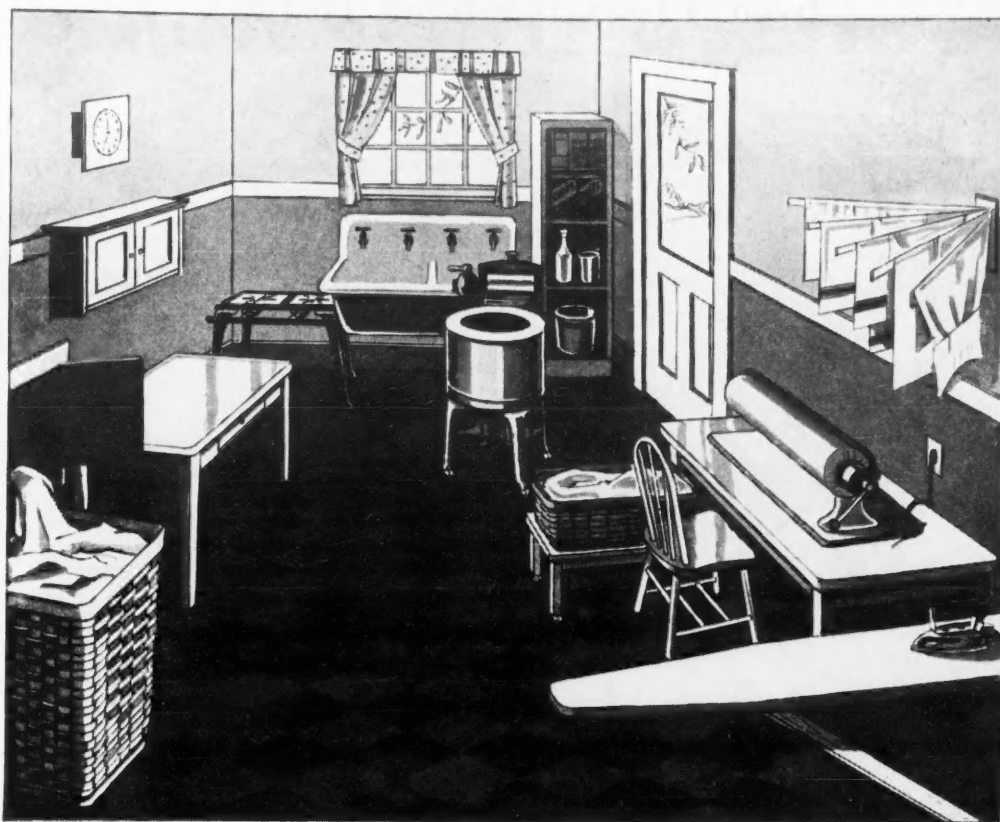


Going "outside" in an arctic winter once meant a several weeks' battle with trackless wilderness. Now the trip can be counted in hours.

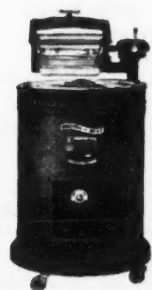
Equipping the Home Laundry

by
Helen G. Campbell

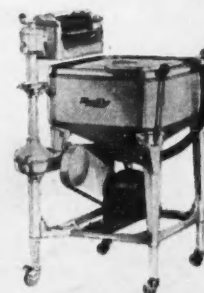
Director of
The Chatelaine Institute



A model laundry that could easily be adapted to any home—A place for everything and everything in its place

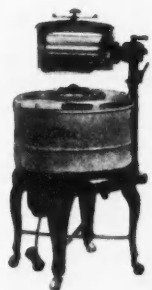


Locomotive Gyrator



Maytag Washer

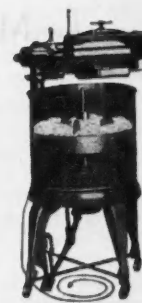
The modern laundry is a room to be proud of, where labor-saving equipment is carefully grouped to allow efficient work



Eureka Washer



Connor Thermo



Beatty Washer



Maxwell DeLuxe

SCIENCE has banished the "blue" from Monday. The time was and not so long ago, when this work could be faced only in a spirit of fortitude. And small wonder, for tired backs and aching feet followed the drudgery of scrubbing and boiling the family wash. Nowadays, Monday is often a red-letter day in housekeeping, so easy and even pleasant is the task of restoring soiled linen to snowy whiteness, and of cleansing all sorts of fabrics in such a way that colored materials retain their brightness and woollens their soft fluffiness.

No longer does the housekeeper retire, martyr-like, to a dimly lighted, poorly ventilated cellar, to stand on hard, not-too-dry cement and bend for wearisome hours over the wash tub. The

modern laundry is a pleasant place, airy, bright and convenient. It is a room to be proud of, where labor-saving equipment is carefully grouped to allow sufficient work.

In a recent survey of home laundering, The Chatelaine Institute found housekeepers keenly interested in every phase of this work, and eager to take advantage of the up-to-date equipment and improved methods which scientific study has evolved.

Laundry may be done in the basement. But, today, in many newer homes, a small room on the first floor is arranged for the purpose. This location has several advantages; there is usually better light and more air, it is more convenient to the telephone and front door, and the clean clothes can be hung outdoors to dry without carrying them a considerable distance. If the laundering must be done in the kitchen, it is well to group the necessary equipment in one section, making the two work centres as distinct as possible. Better appearance and greater efficiency result from this arrangement.

A separate room for laundry work is advisable, and in the building of a new home or the remodelling of an old one, it is often possible to provide space adjacent to the kitchen with an entrance from it, and a door opening on to a porch or platform, from which the clothes may be hung on the line. Such a room can be fitted attractively without much expense; it need not be large, but should accommodate the equipment necessary to accomplish the weekly washing and

ironing, with ease and speed. Washable paint, in a light color, is excellent for walls, and linoleum of harmonizing shades in well chosen pattern, is a most satisfactory covering for the floor; it is comfortable to stand on, easily cleaned and attractive. An all-over design is desirable, as large plain spaces show spots more readily. It is important that the linoleum be carefully and evenly laid, and the seams should be finished with waterproof cement to prevent moisture getting underneath.

A basement laundry may be very satisfactory, if care and thought is given to the planning and equipment. Plenty of air and light should be provided. Light-colored walls, finished with washable paint, are sanitary and practical. Wooden flooring, laid on the [Continued on page 75]



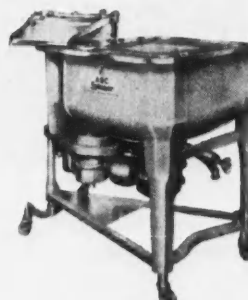
Coffield Gyrator



Easy Washer



Portable Whirldry



A. B. C. Spinner



Gilson "Snow-Bird"



Thor Washer

THE CHATELAIN INSTITUTE

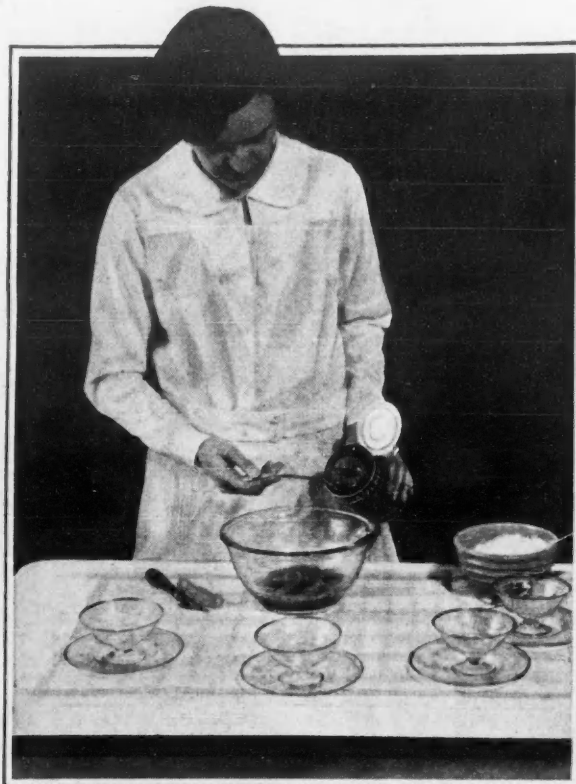
Helen G. Campbell, Director

WE EAT WHAT WE CAN

*The woman who does not use
canned foods is not making
the most of her opportunities*

by
Jessie Allen Brown

*Recipes from
The Chatelaine Institute*



*Many commercially canned foods contain a
higher vitamine content than those same foods
cooked at home.*

place in the regular diet of an inland living people.

Vitamines are a recent discovery. They have always been present in our foods, but we knew nothing about them. People cannot maintain good health, without a plentiful supply of vitamins. Fruits and vegetables are one of the chief sources of supply.

Considerable research work has been done on the effect of canning on the vitamins. Some of the discoveries have been rather surprising. It was known that cooking destroyed a good many vitamins, and it was supposed that subjecting foods to such a high degree of heat as is necessary for canning, would be very destructive to the vitamins. However, that is not the case. Experiments have proved that it is not the degree of heat to which foods are subjected that destroys the vitamins, but the oxidation. It was found that many commercially-canned foods contained a higher vitamin content than those same foods cooked at home in the open kettle, and in direct contact with air.

Experiments showed further, that fruits and vegetables lost some of their vitamins in storage. The fresher the food the more vitamins it contains. Foods are canned commercially as fresh as possible. This was done before anything was known about vitamins, because canners found that the freshness of the food to be canned had a great deal to do with the results.

Foods which are canned when very fresh are found to have a higher vitamin content than foods which have been stored. It was surprising to find that apples stored from October until April, had less vitamins than apples canned from the same lot, and opened in April. Peas that were kept in storage for several days and that appeared to be quite fresh, contained less vitamins than canned peas. It is a very usual proceeding to buy peas on the market, that are shelled. This is not a wise proceeding, as the flavor is affected, and the vitamin content lowered by contact with the air.

Freshness is one of the first considerations in canning, and in order to get this, the majority of canning factories are situated right where the food is grown. If the food to be canned is not absolutely fresh, it is either refused or canned under a low classification. For instance, if a farmer allows his peas to stand over night on the wagon, they will be put in the lowest class, and the farmer will get a lower price for them, as their contracts call for the peas to be at the factory an hour or two after cutting.

Spinach and tomatoes can very successfully from the vitamin standpoint, as very few are destroyed. Tomatoes and all acid foods have a particularly low vitamin loss. Orange juice has been found to be very rich in vitamins, and for that reason is extensively used in infant feeding, one of its chief uses being to add vitamin C to the infant's diet. Canned tomatoes are richer in vitamins A and B, and only slightly lower in vitamin C than orange juice. Quite a number of pediatricists advise the use of tomato juice for babies under their care.

NUTRITION experts are convinced of the necessity of including leafy vegetables in our diet. These are classed as "protective foods." In some sections of the country, it is a very difficult matter to obtain leafy vegetables during the winter. If it is not possible to get fresh leafy vegetables, it is always possible to get canned ones.

Spinach has come into great prominence as a food in recent years. There are a good many reasons for this. In the first place it is, as we have just [Continued on page 42]

MOST of us are familiar with the old story of the man, who when asked what they did with all the fruit, answered, "We eat what we can, and what we can't we can."

We are still eating what we can, but what a difference! The development of the canning industry has taken place so gradually that we do not always realize, just what amazing developments have taken place. There is an enormous increase in the quantity of canned foods used, and the amount is steadily growing.

Formerly, the woman who used much canned goods, was thought to be an indifferent housekeeper. To "keep house with a can-opener" was a mark of opprobrium. At present that idea has gone into the discard, and the woman who does not use the many varieties of canned fruits and vegetables available, is behind the times, and is not making the most of her opportunities.

The enormous increase in the use of canned products is due to several reasons, one of the main ones being the wonderful improvement in the quality of the canned foods. It is no wonder that we did not use many of them years ago, because those that were to be obtained were not sufficiently attractive to warrant frequent use. That is all changed now, because commercial canning is so perfectly done.

Another reason for the increase in the use of canned goods, is the fact that women are studying the effect of food on health, as never before. They have learned that it is necessary to have an ample supply of vitamins and minerals, and that a large proportion of these must be obtained from vegetables and fruits.

Improved refrigeration and changing methods of marketing make it possible to use an increasing quantity of fresh vegetables each year. There are parts of the country where it is not yet possible to obtain fresh fruits and vegetables, but this need not limit the diet, as canned ones are a very satisfactory substitute.

Canned products compare very favorably with fresh ones from a nutritive standpoint. Canning has no effect on the calorific value, and a canned vegetable will give you as much nourishment as that same

vegetable would if fresh. It has no effect on the amount of roughage, and we all know that to add bulk to the diet is one of the important missions of the fruits and vegetables.

Minerals are a vital necessity in the diet. Their presence in our foods has been known, but until investigations of recent years, it was not known how important they are. We need calcium, phosphorus, iron, iodine, magnesium, sodium, and many others, all of which are contained in fruits and vegetables. Canning has no appreciable effect on the minerals, and you get exactly the same minerals in canned foods as you would get in that same product when fresh.

Some parts of the country lack iodine in the soil and in the water. Consequently, vegetables grown in those districts lack iodine. A shortage of this important mineral is the most frequent cause of goitre. Vegetables and fruits, which are grown in other parts of the country not lacking in iodine, may help to repair that deficiency. Sea foods contain comparatively large quantities of iodine, and as sea fish is the only variety canned, canned fish has a distinct



Only the freshest fruits and vegetables are used for canning.

The first of a series of articles by Mary Agnes Pease which will discuss

FURNISHING THE SMALL HOME SUCCESSFULLY

THERE is a delightful satisfaction in furnishing a house no matter at what age one undertakes to do so, or whether one lives in the dynamic city, in the growing town or in the ambitious village.

Many of us start housekeeping with a few "family pieces" which we have inherited or have had otherwise bestowed upon us and which have to be considered in adding to the household possessions. Others, unhampered by such considerations, are foot-loose and fancy free in choosing the form and color of their *lars* and *penates*. This latter condition, within certain prescribed financial considerations, was the experience of a young Canadian couple who had lost all their furniture by fire, and who were consequently obliged to move into new quarters and to again undertake the task of furnishing. Fortunately they had the sum of \$1500 as compensation for their loved and lost possessions.

This couple whom, for the sake of convenience, we shall call Alice and Bob, decided to buy goods made in Canada for their new home. On this second venture they announced that they echoed the sentiments of a modern Canadian rhymster, who wrote:

"I like my goods fresh from the store,
Goods none has used or owned before,
Whose history just starts with me,
Mine from the first beginnings—see?"

Profiting by their mistakes in their first bout of furnishing, on which occasion they spent all their money on luxuries and had nothing left to buy a kitchen stove and other mechanical requirements for cooking, Alice and Bob asked me to help them budget the precious \$1500 and give them some pointers in the selection of their furniture.

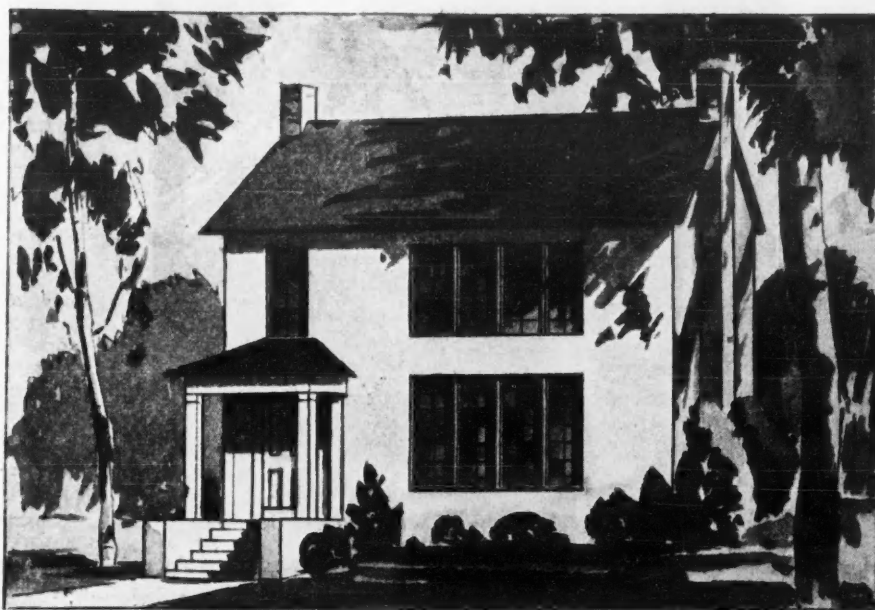
We first apportioned carefully the amount to be spent for each room. Our plan read:

Living Room	\$ 400
Dining Room	300
Kitchen	125
Hall	50
Upstairs sitting room	125
Main bedroom	225
Guest room	125
Maid's room or sewing room	100
Bathroom	25
Porch	25
	\$1,500

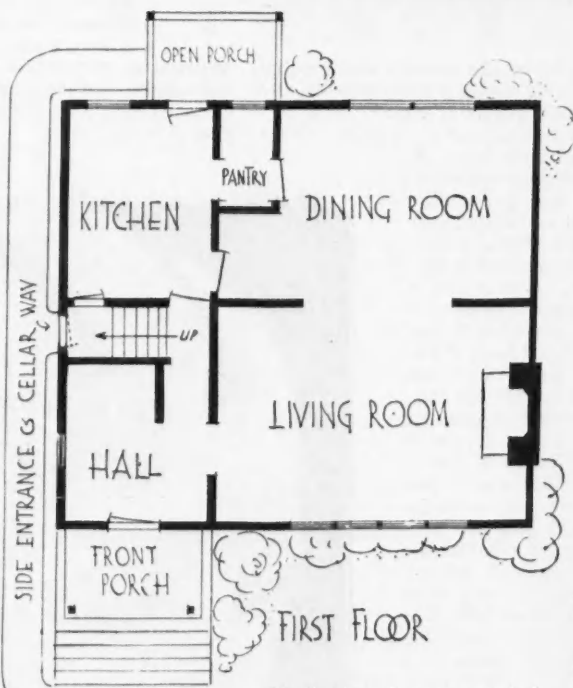
These prices included rugs, draperies, lamps and a few ornaments, but did not, of course, provide luxuries.

with a modern touch—not unlike the present trend of fashion in clothes. Not infrequently it will be found that such inexpensive pieces are quite as attractive as the more costly ones.

It is much more easy to get an effect of charm and comfort in a small house than in a large one. In restricted surroundings life is bound to be more concentrated, and consequently



This is the type of house suggested in this article. Small and compact, it has the charm of originality with plenty of light and compactness.



The first floor shows a convenient arrangement of the rooms to allow as much space as possible for the living room.

Since the entire amount to be expended, although adequate, was not lavish, we decided to follow the spirit of the modern designers and choose furniture with lines of simple dignity and lasting charm. Nowadays our manufacturers are making it possible for people of modest means to obtain furniture designed on traditional lines but

and the walls on the ground floor formed a pleasing background of warm buff with a faint pattern in apple green. This gave scope for color-scheming in orange and henna shades with gold and green for vital touches. The colors in the living room were done in tones a little lighter than those for the sunnier dining room. The buff wall tones were continued to include the kitchen, where paint had been used to get the required effect for this and also for the bright green accessories.

The Hall

First impressions are notably important and as the entrance hall in a house is an index to the rooms beyond, it should be carefully considered. As it is primarily a passageway it should not be cluttered up with furniture, but there are certain pieces that are essential. In our particular house, the hall was square and had a small casement window. It was furnished with one chair, a console table and a mirror, which latter was hung flat against the wall and in modern fashion, was frameless. The little window was curtained

in gold-colored theatrical gauze, and the chair had a cushioned seat of apple-green cotton damask flecked with gold.

Upstairs the walls preserved a neutral background except in the two larger bedrooms where flower patterns were introduced, in one case mauve and in the other rose. The upstairs sitting room paper was of the stippled type, the buff background brightened with touches of gold. Bob had stipulated that one room in the house should be done in blue—men like blue—and this room provided just the

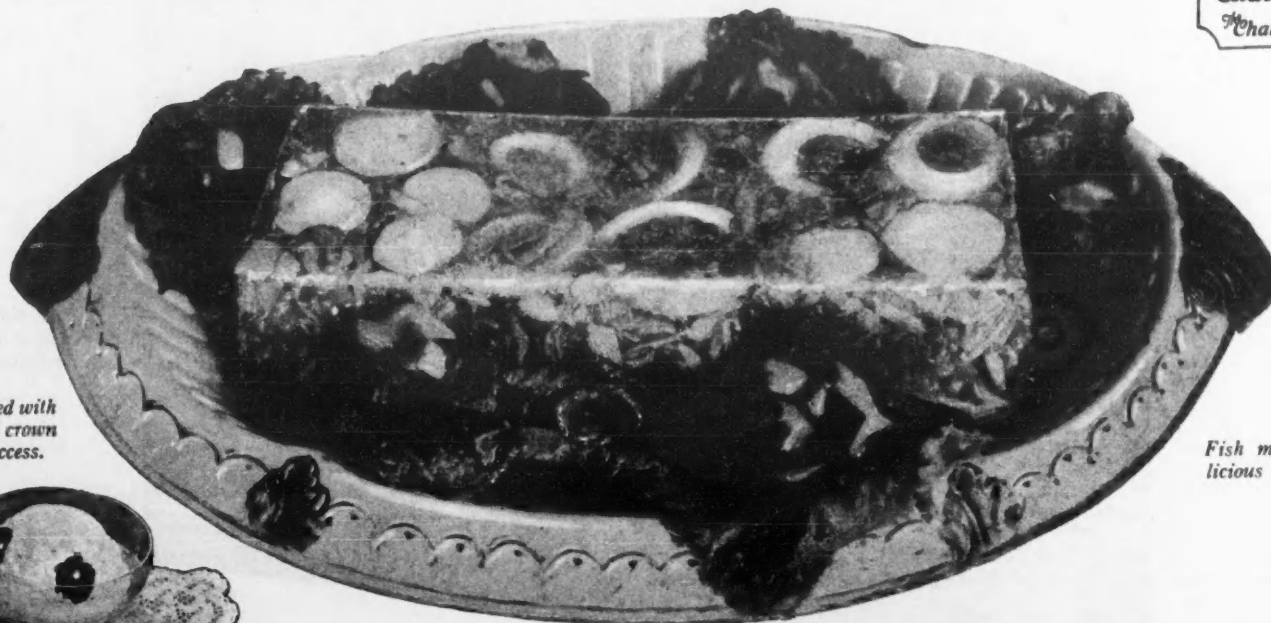
[Continued on page 70]



A bright living room upstairs, and three bedrooms are planned to utilize every inch of space.

Some Favorite Recipes— from The Chatelaine Institute

Tested and Approved by
SERIAL 6—NO. 66
The Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
The Chatelaine Magazine



Lemon foam garnished with green cherries would crown any dinner with success.



Fish mold is equally delicious served either hot or cold.

When the occasion demands exceptionally delicious food you cannot go far wrong if you use one of these especially selected recipes

by M. Frances Hucks

EVEN the most excellent housekeeper, whose carefully planned meals are never monotonous, often feels the urge to serve something particularly tasty for dinner or tea. And the busy woman who has many outside interests may retrieve a waning reputation for cookery by the timely introduction of some appetizing favorite.

Every woman's cook book shows more signs of wear at some pages than at others, and *The Chatelaine Institute* recipes are no exception. From our file of favorites we have chosen representatives of nearly every course, so that any one can be worked into your regular menu or used when the occasion demands exceptionally delicious food.

If you want to create a good impression right at the beginning of the meal, serve a tomato juice cocktail. This is our favorite introduction to luncheon or dinner, formal or informal, and in case you haven't the recipe we print it again. Vary the seasonings to suit your own taste, but be sure to serve it icy cold. Any fruit juice glass is suitable for serving this cocktail—the dainty-footed one or the small straight-sided one; and little glass cups with handles are appropriate and convenient.

Tomato Juice Cocktail

- 3 Cupfuls of tomato juice
- ½ Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped celery
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- ¾ Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- Few grains of cayenne

Let the chopped onion, celery and parsley stand in the tomato juice for at least one hour. Strain and add the other ingredients gradually. Be sure to chill thoroughly before serving.

Vegetable plate dinners are growing very popular, and now when the fresh new vegetables are becoming more plentiful, nothing is more welcome. A novel way of obtaining the protein at such a meal is by the use of a cheese soup for the first course.

Cheese Soup

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of paprika
- 2 Egg yolks
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Slices of onion
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese

Scald the milk with the onion. Remove the onion. Melt the butter, blend in the flour and add the scalded milk gradually. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings and the grated cheese and stir until the cheese is melted. Into this stir the beaten egg yolks, beat the mixture with a Dover egg beater and serve at once. Croutons or toasted saltines may be served as an accompaniment, a most delicious beginning to a meal.

on the city markets, or from the regular fillets which can be obtained anywhere.

Favorite Fish Mold

- 2 Cupfuls of flaked steamed fillet of haddock
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 2 Eggs
- 4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of green pepper, chopped
- 1 Chopped hard-cooked egg
- ½ Cupful of cracker crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- ½ Cupful of rich milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped sour pickles
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and seasoning. Add the milk and cook, stirring constantly, till the sauce thickens, and no taste of raw starch remains. Beat the eggs light, and pour sauce slowly into them.

Combine the crumbs, fish, pickles, pepper, pimento and hard-cooked egg; add sauce, and mix thoroughly. Turn into greased mold, and steam, or bake at 350 degrees in pan of hot water for one hour.

Serve hot or cold with tomato sauce, and garnish with parsley.

The vogue for serving ham with various fruits is a well known and popular one. Have you tried it with baked oranges?

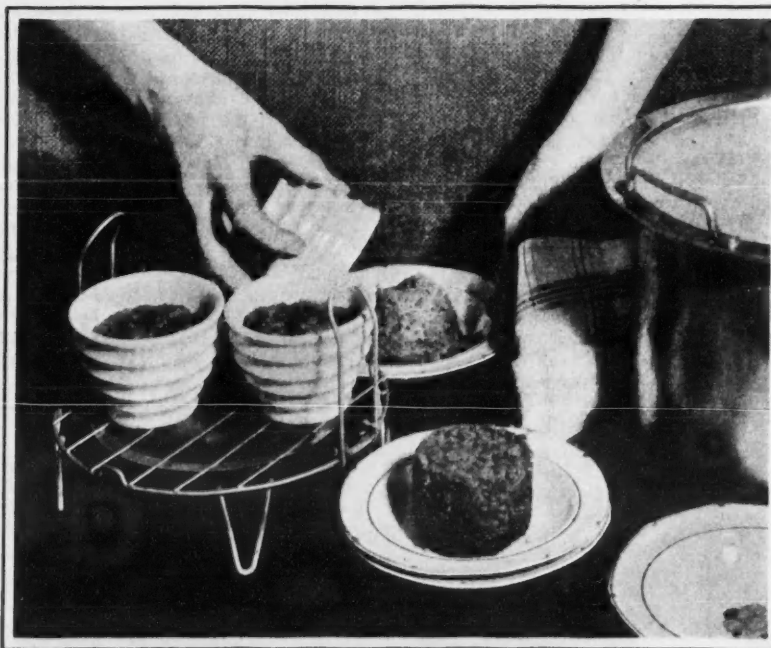
Baked Ham and Oranges

- 2 Pounds of ham sliced one inch thick
- 3 Oranges
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Cupful of butter

Cover the oranges with boiling water, and cook for one-half hour, or until a fork will pass through the skin easily. Cool.

Sear the ham on both sides in a lightly greased hot frying pan. Remove the slices to a baking dish, stick with cloves (use about ten cloves to a slice), pour around hot water (about three quarters of a cupful), cover and bake one hour. At the end of one hour, remove the cover, and continue baking for one-half hour longer, (oven 350 degrees).

When the oranges have become cool, slice in half-inch slices, crosswise. Butter a casserole lightly, lay the oranges in a single layer on it. Place one-half teaspoonful of butter on each slice, and cover each with two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Cover the bottom of the dish with water. Put a lid on the dish and bake in a moderate oven one [Continued on page 66]



Individual servings of steamed fruit mold make another favorite Institute dessert.

If fish is to be the main course, a particularly happy choice is the fish mold described below. This is equally delicious hot or cold and may be made from the iced fillets which are

Vanderbilt..



MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French can make anything to compare with Pond's Two Creams. The new Tissues and Skin Freshener are charming!"

Morgan...



MISS ANNE MORGAN, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, and president of the American Woman's Association, has dark eyes, silvery hair and a clear complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

Astor...



LADY VIOLET ASTOR, daughter of an Earl, is charming, a brilliant hostess. She has hair like spun gold, eyes violet-blue and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

Belmont..



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in much less time, at much less cost, than dozens of complicated beauty preparations."

Drexel..



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, Jr. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She always follows Pond's Method for the care of her lovely tea-rose skin and says: "Pond's is simply wonderful!"

du Pont....



MRS. ALFRED VICTOR DUPONT is a charming blonde with exquisite fair skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good, easy to use, readily obtainable and keep one's skin always at its best."

Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in their choice of Pond's in preference to all other beauty aids!

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly groomed complexion is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had, despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the

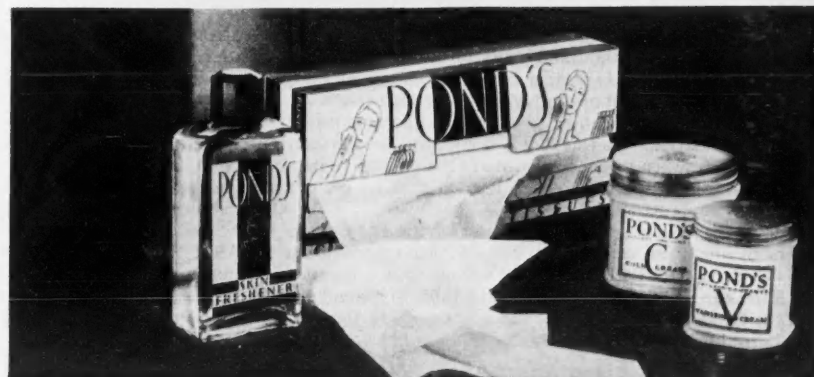
perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

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2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, which are so much softer, more absorbent. Parisian peach color or white.

3—Pat with Pond's Skin Freshener to



TO KEEP YOUR SKIN EXQUISITE... POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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Learn to Rule Your Waves

It is really quite an easy matter to set your own hair, and with a very little practice you will soon become expert

NEXT to the skin there is probably no single detail of a woman's appearance as important as the hair. Whether it is long or short it must be "set" or molded into shape after each shampoo. Those who are fortunate enough to have a natural wave, however slight, can achieve the most delightful results, but even those with straight hair can coax their hair to lie in a pretty shape around their head.

This sort of wave must be put in while the hair is damp, and after the shampoo is really the best time. But when a wave is desired at other times one may steam the hair lightly or run a wet comb through it.

To moisten the hair by the steaming method, comb and brush your hair perfectly smooth and then wrap your head in a towel wrung out in hot water. The towel is wound in turban fashion and allowed to remain until cool, when the hair is ready to be sprayed with a setting lotion. For this purpose there are some excellent ready-made lotions.

Apply the curling lotion evenly to the hair and it will be ready for the water-waving combs which can be bought from all hairdressers.

The first thing to do is to make a parting in your hair

where you want it to be in the finished coiffure, but remember that your parting makes a great difference to your face and that it must have a lot of consideration.

Study the effect of the parting from every angle with the

aid of a hand mirror. A centre parting exaggerates a long face and a high forehead, and should only be worn by those with a pure oval face and regular features. If your face is short, keep your hair off your forehead, but if your face is broad bring it forward on to the cheeks and keep it flat over the ears. If your face is thin, let your hair come down over the forehead and fluff it out over your ears to give a pretty roundness to the outline of your face.

Having decided on the position of your parting, comb the hair away from it and insert the first water-waving comb at a distance of about two

This sketch shows you how short ends should be arranged into flat curls, pinned with hairpins and left to dry.

Here you see all the combs arranged to hold the hair in pretty soft waves. The other side and the back of the head are set in exactly the same way.



Comb your hair flat and then insert your combs. The first one points away from the parting and the others toward it.

inches from the parting, with the teeth pointing away from it. Now bring the hair down toward the forehead and insert another comb with the teeth pointing toward the parting. Take the hair back again, put in another comb, and so on until you reach your side pieces. Each comb after the first one should have the teeth pointing toward the parting.

The easiest way of setting the ends or short pieces of the hair is to twist them into flat curls, pinning them into place with hairpins. You will find that side pieces or ends set in this way will do almost anything you want them to once the hair is dry. They can be coaxed to lie sleekly along the cheeks or they can be fluffed out into little ringlets.

While the hair is drying keep it securely tied down with a veil, and from time to time push the combs more closely together so that the wave will be nice and deep.

IF YOU favor a style of hairdressing which includes little curls on the forehead and round the ears, the setting lotion can be used each night. Damp the hairs with it, pin in place, and wear a cap while you sleep. In quite a short time you will be able to train these short ends into pretty curls.

When you want to freshen up your wave, fill a basin with hot water, put your head over it, and cover both head and basin with a towel so that the steam just damps the hair.

Pretend that your fingers are scissors, and place the second finger under the hair and the first and third fingers over the hair. Press tightly together, hold for a few seconds, and then slip the fingers out gently and insert a few hairpins until the hair is quite dry. This takes less time than the combs.

[Continued on page 35]





Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York *distinguished exponent of beauty culture*

tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

First, consult an expert

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care."

"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils."



"Indeed, those are the only fats used in Palmolive, analysis shows. We, of the beauty profession, have great faith in those particular vegetable oils. We know them to be both soothing and penetrating — two

known cosmetics firm.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. Its olive and palm oil content provides a lather that is soothing and beneficial for the entire body—just as it is for the face. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.



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THE STORY OF THE EASTER EGG

*Behind the custom of giving and eating eggs at Easter time lies
two thousand years of symbolism*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

SINCE the beginning of Christianity, Easter has been regarded as the "Sunday of Joy." It is then the thoughts of Christian peoples of every land unite in grateful happiness for the resurrection of Christ and for the promise of Nature's awakening.

One of the most interesting customs which have marked the celebration of Easter is the widespread use of eggs at this season. The practice is almost a universal one and is associated in our minds with Easter festivities. In nearly every country eggs are at this time the main food, the chief motif of decoration, and are made use of for sports and even in religious observances. Nor is the custom one only of modern times, for from earliest antiquity the egg was regarded as symbolic of the renewal of life. The idea was common to peoples of widely differing faiths; Egyptians, Persians, Romans and Greeks held this belief.

It is said that the Athenians held public services of rejoicing for the springtime, and the Persians still observe an ardent ceremony in memory of an old legend. A story in Persian mythology is of two brothers, one of whom, in punishment for harm committed against the other, was condemned to live a thousand years in darkness. On his release he found that his brother had made an egg containing good geni, and he immediately made one full of demons. As he broke the two together, good and bad became mixed in the new creation. To this day it is common for Persians to make each other presents of tinted eggs. Some writers think it is from this early Persian festival that we get our Easter Sunday custom.

The Hebrews use eggs in their Feast of the Passover, a ceremony held in commemoration of deliverance from bondage by the Egyptians. At the service, which is called the *Seder*, a roasted egg is placed on the table to remind one of "the budding life of spring" and in memory of the free-will burnt offering, a religious rite of the ancient Hebrews.

A hard-boiled egg is one of the first foods partaken of at the meal.

The Christian Church has added a certain religious significance to the eating of eggs at Easter. In Italy the head of the family sends on the eve of Easter great bowls of hard-cooked eggs to the church. These are blessed by the priest and afterwards carried back to the homes where they are used in the Easter celebration. As they are painted in all colors they make beautiful decoration for the gaily set table at which family and friends partake of the anniversary feast. For a week the table remains set

and all guests are invited to eat an egg with the host. It is a breach of etiquette to refuse the invitation.

RUSSIAN peasants dye eggs with a special red dye made from Brazil wood. It is customary for men and women on Easter morning to give one of these eggs to the priest. At the midnight service preceding, women carry plates and baskets of food to the church to receive the sprinkling of holy water by the priest, and on these cakes and eggs the household breaks the Lenten fast. In Russia Easter eggs are given as a reward to boys who sing from door to door and they are considered appropriate gifts between lovers.

Often for three or four days at this season the peasants carry a dyed egg in the hand as they go about. When two friends meet they greet each other and exchange eggs. The same custom of exchanging colored eggs is common in Germany, where they are used, too, for many sports indulged in at Eastertime.

The Easter egg, customary as a gift by people of wealth in Vienna, is described by one writer as of "silver and mother-of-pearl, bronze and other expensive material, and filled with jewels, trinkets and ducats." The Ukrainians employ many patterns to decorate eggs, among these being the fish—a symbol of Christianity in early times. Baskets of these eggs are blessed by the priest for the Easter meal.

EASTER was spoken of in Scotland as Pash Sunday, a name derived through Latin *Pascha* from the Hebrew word *pesakh*, meaning Passover. A search for wild fowls' eggs was one of the joys of this morning, and it was considered a happy omen if some were found for breakfast.

It is still customary in some parts of the country to give children hard-boiled dyed eggs to play with at Easter. Here and in many parts of England egg rolling on Easter morning was formerly an event. Young people carried initialled or otherwise marked eggs to a park and rolled them downhill—the victor being the one whose egg rolled farthest without breaking.

Certain service clubs in the United States report egg hunts as one of their recent activities for the pleasure and benefit of children. At an entertainment arranged by one club the admittance was

an egg for each child. These were distributed to needy homes. Egg rolling at the White House, the home of the president of the United States, is an affair to which the children of Washington look forward for weeks.

In Canada, eggs and Easter are as closely connected in our minds as turkey and Thanksgiving or plum pudding and Christmas. If you have never surprised mother on Easter morning with a great panful of eggs which you have been gathering and hiding for days, you have missed one of the joys of childhood. Canadian children, too, dye eggs, some beautifully patterned and designed in all colors.

Everyone eats eggs, prepared in various ways, and everyone associates this food with Easter celebration at the time when "the singing of the birds is come."

The Hawaiians believed their island to have been formed by the bursting of a large egg laid upon the water by an enormous bird. This is only one of the curious and interesting myths regarding eggs which exist. Though we do not attribute to them such importance, we acknowledge them the *pièce de résistance* of the Easter meal and an essential in our scheme for the commemoration of the chief festival of the Christian year.

THERE are many ways to serve eggs, for in whatever guise they appear on our tables they provide nourishment and good flavor. A great bowl of them cooked in the shell may be both the decoration and the main food of the day's first meal. Or they may be poached or scrambled, attractive on rounds of toast. Or again, they may be used for an omelet, light, delicately brown, and cooked to a nicety. Between the fold, may be chopped bacon, minced ham, cheese, tomatoes or a variety of vegetables. If we prefer a sweet omelet for our Easter breakfast, we spread it before turning with jam, jelly or marmalade, and we may even sprinkle it lightly with confectioner's sugar.

If served as a course at luncheon, eggs may be combined with a variety of other foods. Baked eggs in potatoes, poached eggs in spinach nests, or eggs jellied in aspic are suggestions for colorful and seasonal dishes. Creamed eggs, which are simply hard-cooked eggs in a cream sauce are popular and offer opportunity for variations. Desserts to round out any type of meal, have eggs as an ingredient. Tasty whips and soufflés, appropriate after a hearty main course, may make use of only the whites, beaten stiffly and folded into the fruit pulp to give lightness; the yolks may be used in the accompanying sauce.





Madame R. Lacroix, assistant director and professor at the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal.



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 Recipe for "Surprise Cakes"*

1/4 cup butter	2 1/2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 cup milk
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon Lemon Extract
1 1/2 cups flour	1/2 teaspoon Vanilla Extract

Cream butter, add sugar and the whole egg and beat well. Sift flour and baking powder, then add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add flavouring and pour batter into well greased muffin tins. Bake in hot oven at 400 F. about 25 minutes. When cool, take a ring off the tops, hollow the centres and fill with orange cream filling. Replace the rings, then ice.

Orange Filling

1 tablespoon butter	1/2 cup orange juice
1 egg, whole	Rind of an orange
	1 egg yolk

After mixing all ingredients, put in a double-boiler and cook until thick. When this filling is cool, garnish the small cakes and ice with your favourite frosting.



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Checking the Divorce Menace

by HELEN GREGORY MACGILL

That is the basic endeavor behind the new Ontario marriage law, which indicates the modern trend in marriage legislation

NEXT to British Columbia, Ontario has the newest marriage statute. Not only is it the next latest, but it is one of the most important in Canada. Ontario though one of the elder and most populous sisters in the comity of provinces is still in the throes of rapid growth. The province presents a rare combination of families settled for generations, and a continual influx of "New Canadians." The growth of great cities, industrial development and pioneering are all going on at the same time.

The new statute is of special interest because of its recent revision (1927), its careful, considered, regulations, the breadth of its scope and its detailed administration. Several outstanding regulations in the new British Columbia law are obviously inspired by the Ontario Act. But comprehensive as is the Ontario Act, there are several notable omissions, which are rather unexpected in legislation so carefully considered. Two of these are more or less technical, and will be discussed later—the lack of definite provision for civil marriage, and the lack of provision for the proclamation of banns on any other day than Sunday.

The other two, one regarding the status of the married mother and the low age at which marriage is permitted are more serious as they are questions of family ideals. In the case of the marriage of minor children the right of the married mother should be recognized and her consent be equally necessary with that of the father. If recourse to a County or Supreme Court judge may be taken if there is unreasonable opposition on the part of parents these rights are safeguarded and checked at the same time.

The age at which marriage is permitted should be of deep concern to all interested in child welfare. There is something shocking in the idea that a girl of fourteen can be married even though the father or guardian appointed by him consent. Some parents are eager to promote such a union because the suitor is wealthy, or to rid themselves of the girl's support. In the case of immigrant families, being accustomed to child marriages in their motherland, they may regard such marriages with complacency. When it comes, however, to issuing a license for a child under fourteen to "avoid illegitimacy" it is a question for very deep and serious consideration whether a marriage is not the greater wrong and more far-reaching evil than the illegitimacy.

Juvenile Courts hear much of these marriages. As judge I was often urged to assist in promoting the wedding of some girl of fifteen or less to the man who had wronged her. If he can find no other way of escape he will get his solicitor to press for a marriage. Often the parents feeling the publicity and disgrace, will agree, and the girl herself anxious to propitiate offended parents, fearing pregnancy or being sent to the Reformatory, is resigned.

As an alternative to a two-year sentence the man is forced to assume a responsibility he never intended. Often he deserts before the first child is born or stays long enough to desert before the birth of the second. Condemned while yet a child to the hard burden of wife and motherhood, with neither strength to bear children nor constitution to pass on to them, what is the effect upon the nation of such marriages? Left alone pathetically young, handicapped by the support of children, unable to earn a living or secure a divorce what is the child-wife's future?

The idea that she is better off as a deserted wife than as an unmarried mother is far from well founded. In British Columbia the deserted wife and child may sue for support but no matter how wealthy the husband or how many the children the magistrate can order no more than twenty dollars a week. But for the unmarried mother and her child the law instructs the magistrate to take "into consideration" the ability of the putative father, and his prospective means. The Court "shall fix such sums . . . as will enable the child to be maintained according to a reasonable standard of living . . . and the probable standard of living the child would have enjoyed had he been born in wedlock."

Saskatchewan which forbids marriage below the age of fifteen with no weakening or qualification for any cause has surely chosen the better part for the child and the State.

The age for marriage without consent of parents is twenty-one in British Columbia and eighteen in Ontario. British Columbia does not permit marriages below sixteen without an order from a judge. Ontario permits marriage under fourteen on a physician's certificate that it is necessary "to avoid illegitimacy."

Like British Columbia and New Brunswick, Ontario requires ministers and clergy who wish to officiate at weddings to apply to the provincial secretary for registration. This official may accept or reject or cancel, and all



ROMANCE BEHIND THE MARRIAGE LAWS

Helen Gregory MacGill, formerly judge of the juvenile court for Vancouver, reveals the pathos and humor, the romance and tragedy, behind the marriage laws of Canada, in her series presented in THE CHATELAINE.

This month, Mrs. MacGill tells of the legislation of Ontario—the second latest marriage law in the Dominion.

In a coming issue, Mrs. MacGill will tell of the marriage laws of Quebec, another dramatic picture, since Quebec still retains her historic legislation,

registrations and cancellations must be published in the *Ontario Gazette*. But the canceller has no right of appeal to the courts as in British Columbia, presumably if cancelled he is off until and unless the provincial secretary decides to put him on again.

The qualifications for ministers and clergy are that they have been "ordained according to the rites" of their respective religious bodies. But evangelists, elders, teachers, missionaries and Salvation Army officers must be specially designated by their church authorities for this duty. But lieutenants are barred out, none lower than captains may solemnize marriages. There is, however, no clause meticulously demanding that the sects must be "well established both as to continuity and recognized rites regarding marriages" as in the new British Columbia law.

As may be expected in an old settled district, Ontario has a long list of amendments passed from time to time to include among the elect who may be registered, the heads of various faiths and creeds. Beside ministers of the Church of God or of Christ, Disciples of Christ, Salvation Army, elders of Farrington Independent Church, Brethren and Quakers have all been taken into the fold.

The clergyman who does not live in Canada, but who comes to assist at a wedding, and the *locum tenens*, or "local devil," as the old sexton described his rector's substitute, may register temporarily. The Act does not say whether he is to share the honorarium or fee. Probably that remains to the generosity or otherwise of the stationary head. In all other cases except these temporary registrations, the applicant must be a British subject and resident in the British Empire.

Ontario barristers tell interesting tales of popular American clergymen, graduates of Canadian theological colleges, who spent their summers at Canadian resorts, officiating at the weddings of old classmates. Suddenly a bomb was hurled into numerous dove-cotes. Some one alleged that while these clergy were males and heads of religious denominations that they were not British subjects nor resident in Canada and the weddings were not valid. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The burning question agitating the bosoms of some of the best families became, are we or are we not married?

It is said that some of the numerous legislative validations of technical irregularities in matrimonial ceremonies

were specially aimed to ratify these marriages. Several incidents in the Bishop of London's visit in connection with weddings he hoped to celebrate will be recalled.

BEFORE banns may be published one of the contracting parties must have lived in the province for fifteen days. Ontario's church-going and religious habits show in requiring that the "calling" must be in the church, chapel, meeting place, or place of public worship which the prospective bride or groom has been "in the habit of attending" and with which the celebrant or minister who is to perform the ceremony is connected. In short it is definitely intended that the banns shall be proclaimed in the parish or circuit by the minister of the church which either the bride or groom usually attends. Unless there is a license the same publication of banns must be made under the same conditions for the other high contracting party. The bride or groom, presumably generally the latter, upon arrival at the place of the ceremony must bring with him a certificate that his (or her) banns have been fully and properly proclaimed.

One calling only seems to be all that is necessary in Ontario, and it is to be in an "audible voice" at a Sunday service. No provision is made for any day other than Sunday. British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and Quebec appear to be the only provinces which have thought of any other day as either necessary or possible. Unless the ceremony is performed within three months of the publication it is of no avail.

Licenses are issued from the provincial secretary's department, and every town, city, municipal clerk and every police magistrate is an issuer of marriage licenses. The Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council may appoint other persons in unorganized districts. Such curious, but not unknown customs as bargaining in marriage licenses, and jewellers and furniture dealers advertising to throw in the license with the purchase of the wedding ring, or the dining-room set are eliminated if only government officials may issue the licenses.

At least one of the contracting parties must have lived for fifteen days in the province previous to the application for a license. But just here Ontario offers a unique and simple method of overcoming a difficulty. If the prospective husband or wife or both have not been living in his or her "usual place of abode," if they can produce a newspaper published in or near the municipality where they customarily live in which they have advertised the intended marriage once a week for three weeks they may get a license. To the rural newspaper such a marriage notice would be as manna from heaven, and that desirable but rare combination a paid advertisement and good news. If the residence qualification is defective and no advertisement has been published the lovers still need not despair, there is yet a way out. If the applicant can persuade the issuer of his good faith the issuer may communicate with the provincial secretary, and if this official can be induced to believe that this form of publicity was not evaded for any nefarious purpose or from any "improper motive" he may get a license. The usual price of an Ontario license is \$5.00 but there is an extra fee of another \$5.00 in either of the aforementioned cases.

One of the most important safeguards in the Eastern Province law that might well be copied by other provinces is that which calls for the dating of all licenses and prohibits any solemnization of the marriage until a lapse of "three clear days."

AFTER eighteen years of age Ontario boys and girls do not need the consent of fathers or mothers to their marriage. Only Manitoba and New Brunswick have so low an age. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—known at home and abroad as The Island, make the age for marriage the same as the age for entering into other legal contracts—twenty-one years.

If the under-age bride or groom is already a widow or widower the permission of parents or guardians naturally is not necessary. Because Ontario has no Equal Guardianship law the consent of the father alone is required for the child under age. If the father is dead or living apart from the mother and child, and is not maintaining or contributing to its support the mother or the duly appointed guardian—if there is one may consent in writing. If the parent whose consent is needed is insane or not living in Ontario, and his whereabouts are not known and the child has been living a year in the province a license may be granted.

But the agreement of fathers and mothers or guardians is held to be so necessary in Ontario that those who marry without it if under eighteen may find [Continued on page 55]

When I Flew "Down North"

Continued from page 18

wail reached me faintly, and I turned to see how Miss Baby was enjoying herself. A true daughter of the North, already blasé and sophisticated in the matter of air travel, she was not afraid. She just craved a little attention, and having received it, subsided, clutching a bottle of sugared water. Quite obviously she had been born air-minded, for she was equally indifferent to altitude and the storm which presently arose to toss us about a bit. As first one wing and then the other tilted sharply, and the blue eagle bobbed about like a cork on water, I envied her her poise. Assuming a nonchalance I was far from feeling, I entered into conversation with her mother at the top of my voice. Our subject, need I tell you, was the baby, but at last having temporarily exhausted it, my companion asked me if this was my first trip into the Territories.

"Yes," I shrieked. "I've never been up North before."

"Down!" she yelled.

"Down!" I roared obediently, and muttering "down North, down North, down North," I sat back and gazed earthward at that other world beneath us. In an effort to escape the storm and find a less bumpy pathway, the blue eagle kept changing her altitude. From 5,000 feet the forest was a level, dark green carpet; from 2,000 feet the tops of the trees showed jagged and uneven. The river was widening out, becoming muddier and more sluggish looking. Every second little rivulets and streams were branching off, and all about and in between was a crazy patchwork of lakes and sloughs. Instead of a vast forest cut by water courses, the landscape was resolving itself into a great body of water dotted with forest islands.

"The delta of the Athabaska River," the baby's mother shouted in answer to my glance of enquiry. Leaning over she pointed, and I saw, a little lonely and pathetic because of its isolation, a pretty settlement on the far shore of Lake Athabaska.

IN A few minutes we had streaked down and were greeting the inhabitants of Fort Chipewyan. Indians gathered around, their silence accentuated by the chattiness of two of their number who were engaged in what seemed to be an exciting verbal duel.

"What are they talking about?" I asked.

And I was told they were arguing over which was the better plane, the scarlet falcon which had been there a few minutes before, or our blue eagle. Later I was to see a group of Indians chuckle mirthfully at the attempts of an unfortunate pilot trying to take off overloaded in a dead calm. To us their idea of what constitutes a humorous situation seems very strange indeed. They gather to watch aircraft come in and go out just as village loungers meet the daily train, usually silent, and for the most part apparently completely incurious.

A few minutes while the parcels and freight for Chipewyan were unloaded, and we were off again. Walter signalled me to climb up in the cockpit with him and I scrambled forward eagerly. For some reason or other I always feel so much safer in the cockpit than the cabin of an airplane. From high up behind the engine I had an even better view of the country. Picking up the Slave River out of Lake Athabaska, the nose of the blue eagle settled steadily on the northern horizon. Once more the sun was shining, the storm left fifty miles behind, and looking down I saw where fleecy clouds cast great dark shadows on the earth. On and on we flew, and presently looking far ahead, I saw Fort Fitzgerald, pigmy-sized from that height and distance, huddling close to the river bank as if for protection against the overwhelming forest. Walter shut off the engine and we glided down to get the direction of the wind from the wind indicator, a more than usually important precaution at Fitzgerald, one of the least liked landings on the whole river.

Nine aircraft were tied up along the water-

front—the two scarlet falcons, aircraft of mineral exploration companies, and a number of flying boats belonging to the Canadian Air Force. Several pilots came forward to meet us, brown and fit-looking from their hard life. They were distinctly amused at my not-to-be-controlled interest in everything, and I'm afraid some of the stories they told me were founded chiefly on a desire to entertain. After a stroll around the settlement, and a well-meant but mistaken effort to make friends with two magnificent husky dogs, we sat on an overturned boat and passed the time of day.

From where we were sitting we could see the bend of the river and the famous rapids, the only break in a navigable water course of 1,600 miles. They told me of the little girl who, although she had been "outside" several times by water, was making her first trip by air. Her astonishment was unbounded when the pilot, instead of making his passengers dismount and go over the fifteen-mile portage, flew straight over the rapids. She exclaimed: "Airplanes don't give a hang for those old rapids, do they?" And they don't, unless some pilot some day loses his rabbit's foot or lights three cigarettes with one match and has a forced landing on them. That would be just too bad for everyone concerned, for they are unbelievably vicious. Personally, both going in and coming out, I left them behind without regret.

Our freight had been unloaded, the blue eagle refuelled; we said good-by and taxied out into the river. Because of the rapids we spent some time gaining altitude over safe waters, and then headed for Smith, fifteen miles away. Walter pointed out the thin ribbon of the portage road. That little road enjoys a unique position in the world of roads. It has no rivals with which to compare its merits or demerits. Its nearest neighbor is 400 miles to the south, and to the north the only highways are the rivers and lakes.

Consequently cars are unknown beyond Fort Smith; yet airplanes are an everyday occurrence. There was one small boy on his way "outside" for the first time. Although he was quivering with excitement at thought of the wonderful things to be seen, his keenest anticipations were roused over the idea of seeing a real live car in action. When they reached Cooking Lake, the company's base, a taxi was waiting to take them to the city. Wide-eyed, he let himself be lifted in. Every car they passed on the road was food for fresh excitement. But when they reached the city itself, it was too much for him. Overcome, he subsided unhappily on the seat remarking, "There are too many cars. I can't look at them all. Why mother, there must be as many cars 'outside' as airplanes!"

We did not land at Smith, but Walter circled it that I might take some pictures. The afternoon was clouding up again, the Slave River below a sullen grey. I shivered a little as mile after mile of wilderness unfolded again; the mysterious North, changeless, ageless, an enigma to the men who know her best!

AN HOUR passed and I looked eagerly ahead. At last the river began to widen out, to twist and turn breaking up, the surrounding forest cut by an increasing number of tiny lakes and sloughs. This time I did not need to be told we were over delta country; the delta of the Slave River, and I knew that our destination was not far ahead. We followed the river around another series of loops and came out abruptly over Great Slave Lake.

Two thousand feet below us a settlement jutted out into the lake on a fan-shaped wedge of land. We were 500 miles from a railroad, 800 miles from automobiles and department stores and moving pictures. We had arrived.

For three delightful days of never failing interest I examined Fort Resolution at my



JEROME ALEXANDER,
B.S., M.Sc.

Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute of Chemical Engineers; author "Colloid Chemistry"; pioneer worker with the ultra-microscope; specialist Colloid Chemistry.

DR. ALLEN ROGERS,
Ph.D.

University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Graessly Medal 1920; author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry; Pratt Institute.



DR.
HARDEE CHAMBLISS,
Ph.D.

Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.



Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

THREE great scientists publicly approve Colgate's.

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and many outstanding scientists have examined, tested and analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. They agree that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why: "Colgate's," says Dr. Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces, "because it has the ability to get into the tiny crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to loosen and flood away impurities from the teeth and gums.

Why not accept this high authoritative advice and protect your teeth with Colgate's—the toothpaste whose cleansing power is truly magical in removing causes of dental trouble?

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's.

The price is another reason—since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c. the tube.

1667



MADE IN CANADA

FREE

COLGATE, Dept. Chat-4, 64 Natalie St., Toronto, Ont. Please send me a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with Booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

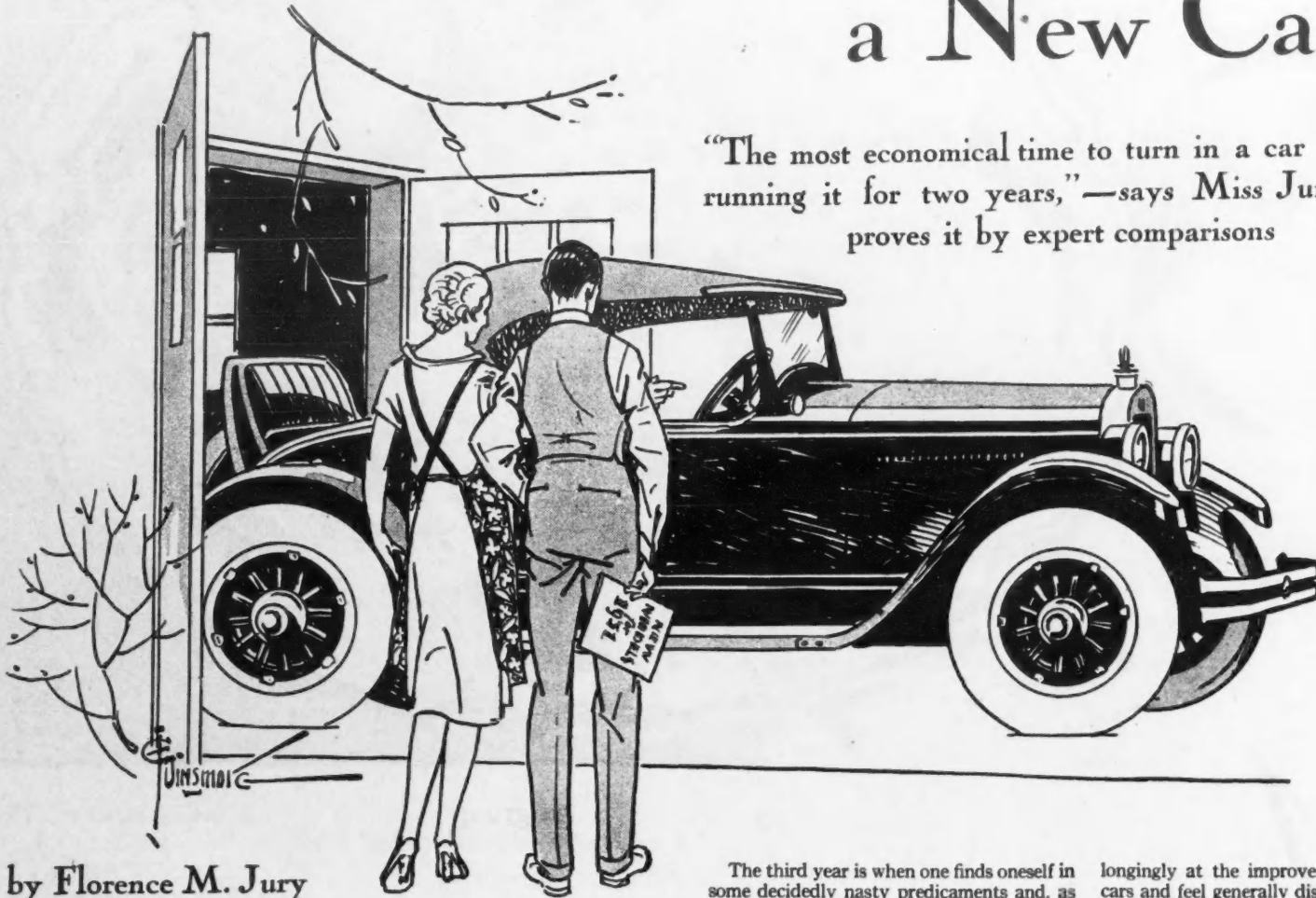
Name

Address

25c

The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder, Colgate's comes in this form also.

The Economy of Buying a New Car



by Florence M. Jury

SOONER or later the problem of buying a new car must be faced by every motorist and what we really want to know is—when is the most economical time to turn in our old car.

During the past month I have gone into this question very thoroughly and, without becoming lost in a maze of figures, I would like to show a statement which, to me, proves conclusively that after two years driving, the crucial moment has arrived. Afterwards, I will go more fully into these figures.

The depreciation on practically all cars is the same, but we will take a car driven by the average person. For demonstration purposes I have taken a car which cost \$968.00, driven approximately 10,000 miles a year and at all times kept in first class repair and appearance.

When considering keeping our old car, it is not so much the depreciation in value that we should consider, but what it is going to cost us to run it another year. The difference in depreciation from the second to the third year is only 10 per cent, but the third year is when we begin to spend real money on repairs.

End of First Year

Depreciation.....	\$343.00
Repairs, etc.....	15.00

Cost for the first year.....	\$358.00
Turn in value.....	\$625.00

The second year of running should find our tires still good, but the average car will certainly need some mechanical and outside attention:

Depreciation	Trade in Value	Repairs	Cost of a New Car
1st year, 35%.....	\$343.00	\$15.00	\$343.00
2nd year, 50%.....	484.00	127.00	484.00
3rd year, 60%.....	580.00	234.00	580.00
4th year, about.....	793.00	121.00	793.00
5th year, about.....	818.00	150.00	818.00

Depreciation in 4 years.....	\$793.00
Repairs to date—say.....	496.00

Cost of running a car 4 years.....	\$1,289.00
------------------------------------	------------

Depreciation in 2 years.....	\$484.00
Then turn in your car. Depreciation in new car in two years.....	484.00
Repairs on two cars for two years each—say.....	275.00

Cost of running 2 new cars over same period.....	\$1,243.00
--	------------

End of Second Year	
Depreciation.....	\$484.00
1st year repairs.....	15.00
2nd year repairs.....	127.00

Cost of running car 2 years.....	\$626.00
Estimated Expenditure During Second Year	
Brakes.....	\$20.00
Battery.....	12.00
Ignition.....	15.00
Finish.....	30.00
Motor.....	50.00
	\$127.00

"The most economical time to turn in a car is after running it for two years,"—says Miss Jury and proves it by expert comparisons

The third year is when one finds oneself in some decidedly nasty predicaments and, as we all know, it is always at the most inconvenient moment we have the most serious trouble. The business woman steps into her car with all confidence, in haste to keep an important engagement; the social woman is smartly turned out, cool and, of course, in a hurry—and that is the moment fate leers fiendishly at her, and her heretofore faithful car shows serious symptoms of complete disability. But at whatever moment it happens, during the third year we are going to have to spend real money to keep our car up to standard—for instance:

Tires.....	\$ 60.00
Motor.....	50.00
Battery and terminals.....	15.00
Ignition and generator.....	15.00
Finish.....	25.00
Mats and interior.....	20.00
Painting wheels.....	13.00
Painting top.....	2.00
Oil purulator and cartridge.....	6.00
Brakes.....	20.00
Snubber adjustments and replacements.....	5.00
Headlights, replated.....	3.00

Third year repairs.....	\$234.00
First year repairs.....	15.00
Second year repairs.....	127.00
Depreciation.....	580.00

Cost of running car 3 years.....	\$956.00
----------------------------------	----------

Turn in value.....	\$388.00
--------------------	----------

Even after all the above things are attended to, we still feel our engine lacks power and speed and find it noisy. We feel we cannot depend on our car for trips as we did of yore, nor do we take the pleasure in driving that we did, or feel the pride that we formerly enjoyed; and we begin to look

longingly at the improvements in the new cars and feel generally dissatisfied.

Now the fourth year: You will not need new tires, of course, but \$120.00 is a very conservative figure to put on what you will spend otherwise. Again your brakes will need relining, your battery, motor and finish will all have to have money spent upon them. Therefore:

Repairs, fourth year.....	\$120.00
Repairs, first year.....	15.00
Repairs, second year.....	127.00
Repairs, third year.....	234.00
Depreciation.....	793.00

Cost of running a car 4 years.....	\$1,289.00
Turn in value.....	\$175.00

Now for the fifth year: One hears motorists say that they are going to keep their car five or six years and "get their money out of it." I think they usually put their money into it. Say the fifth year one spends \$150.00 on it.

Repairs, fifth year.....	\$150.00
Repairs, first year.....	15.00
Repairs, second year.....	127.00
Repairs, third year.....	234.00
Repairs, fourth year.....	120.00
Depreciation.....	818.00

Cost of running a car 5 years.....	\$1,464.00
------------------------------------	------------

Turn in value \$150.00 or probably less.....	
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A friend of mine has a car which he has run for five years and for which he paid, when new, \$1,735.00. He has given this car every attention and has handled the engine like an expert. He will be lucky if he gets \$150.00 when he turns this car in. I asked him to give me an idea what it had cost him for repairs since he has had this car and, after looking up his garage receipts, he tells

Continued on page 70



"FLOWRET"—How this lovely Congoleum Rug enhances the beauty of a beautiful room! Its graceful floral motif on a background of orchid, ecru and rose is in genuine harmony with the surroundings. Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 614.

**GOLD
SEAL**

CONGOLEUM RUGS

See that the Gold Seal, shown at right, is pasted on the pattern of the rug you buy. It protects you against substitutes!



THESE FOODS ARE GOOD FOR YOU



MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.



FRUITS, rich in both minerals and vitamins essential to tooth health.

See your dentist before teeth ache Use Pepsodent before teeth decay

The new idea in dentistry is to *prevent* trouble before it starts. To that end Pepsodent tooth paste is an important aid.

YOUR dentist prefers to direct his efforts toward *preventing* trouble rather than repairing its effects. When you go to him at regular intervals, his fees are small—his service great. Delay until teeth ache and by then repairs are far more costly. Health may have been irreparably damaged.

Remove film—regularly

When you remove film from teeth, you are *preventing* trouble. Film harbors germs that cause decay and other disorders. It glues them tightly to teeth while they carry on their destructive action.

Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It is never properly removed from many teeth. In fact, these discolorations are often believed to be the teeth's natural color.



Remove film with Pepsodent tooth paste. That is the special purpose for which Pepsodent was developed. It is the function for which dentists so strongly recommend it.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely **SAFE**... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent

—the special film-removing tooth paste

leisure, and it was with a definite sense of regret that I took my place in the blue eagle on the morning of the fourth day, this time without any inward quakings. Never again would I dare admit to anyone that I was not absolutely at ease travelling through the wilderness by air, I was soaked, steeped, saturated in the air-mindedness of the North.

For 150 years Fort Resolution, established by the North West Traders and taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, has been a fur-trading post. A logical traffic centre, it is now as well the base for mineral exploration activities into the hinterland. The population comprises about thirty white people, including the sisters and fathers at the old Catholic Mission, and forty Indian families, to which is added the floating population of trapper, native and explorer coming into the trading posts for supplies.

Some of the natives live in log houses, some in canvas tents; but there are still a few who, scorning the white man's ways, continue to live in the ancient skin tepee, a cooking fire on the ground in the centre, and a hole in the top through which they optimistically hope the smoke will escape. It is a little startling while passing such an abode to hear the latest jazz blaring forth on a tinny portable.

For the Indian, while clinging to many good old customs and rejecting most of the white man's habits—notably soap and water—has taken enthusiastically to the gramophone, the outboard motor for his canoe, and canned food.

It was Dr. Bourget, the Indian agent and medical supervisor for the district, who answered most of my stream of questions.

"Until two years ago," he said, "travellers northward bound from McMurray had five chances in summer of coming in by Hudson's Bay steamer; otherwise, by canoe or scow. In winter we of the North had no choice. We travelled by dog team up and down the frozen river, or we did not travel. A trip that took from ten days to a fortnight by dog team is done by the planes in three or four hours. That is why the North is so air-minded."

"Yes," I argued, "but no one here seems to be afraid of flying! Of course there is constant talk of aviation 'outside,' but I still know heaps of people who wouldn't put foot in an airplane!"

And he told me that everywhere in the North the inhabitants "pooh-pooh" the idea that flying is dangerous. At first they liked to pick and choose their pilots. Now they will crawl into a machine with anyone. They have watched airplanes go up and down the river for ten months of each of the last two years, and there has never been a fatality.

Even a forced landing holds little terror for them. The river system is their highway, over which airplanes pass every few days, and in summer an occasional boat. They know that if they have a forced landing, another plane will be out looking for them in a few hours. And as all planes carry an emergency ration for just such an eventuality, there would be little danger of going hungry.

"No, we are too grateful for the airplanes to be afraid of them," Madame Bourget mused. "Every August for five years I stood on the shore watching the *Distributor* on its last trip carrying Yvette 'outside' to school. And always I knew that it would be two months before I had a letter telling me of my little girl's safe arrival." Her eyes told me what those two months of waiting had meant to her, and I had a sudden sharp realization of the courage needed by the women of the North who follow their men on the long, long trail into the wilderness. "But now," Madame Bourget continued briskly, "all that is changed. She goes out by air, and I only have to wait a week for my letter."

"Distance, after all, is only relative," Dr. Bourget commented. "It is really only a matter of how long it takes to go from one place to another. We here in the North do not think in terms of miles. We think in terms of travelling time."

With a reminiscent smile, he told me of one good lady living at a remote post, whose husband told her he had an opportunity of moving to a place 300 miles from Edmonton. When he told her that the place in question was twenty miles from a railroad, she shook her head firmly and said: "I don't want to go there. It's too far away from everything."

Her husband reminded her that she is at present living three times 300 miles from the city, and 500 miles from a railroad.

"Yes, I know," she said. "But we're nearer, just the same. We have the airplanes!"

And it is true. She is eight or nine hours from the city by air. The place under discussion is thirty hours by train!

"Life is so much easier now," Madame Bourget took up the tale again. "We never used to see fresh fruit or vegetables, except when the steamer called here five times a year. Now we have them every week, perhaps twice a week. The airplanes bring them."

What does it matter if tomatoes cost \$1.25 a pound? They are fresh, only a few hours or a day older than the ones Edmonton housewives buy on the market. The commercial companies carry in strange things to the posts scattered 150 miles or so apart along the Mackenzie River highway. Baby chicks for some lonely bride who wishes both an occupation and fresh eggs; mamma dolls for a small daughter; skates for a little boy who has a ready-made rink at his door stretching for 1,000 miles in every direction; oysters for some epicure yearning for the fleshpots of civilization. And turkeys! Oh, what that Christmas turkey means to the mother who has been forced to substitute a roast of caribou or venison for the cheery Christmas standby! And the mail! It is hard for those of us who are accustomed to the postman's regular calls to realize what it means to the people of the North to have their mail once a week, or once a month as the case may be. But you see, before the airplanes came, they got it perhaps twice or three times a year!

EVEN the trappers, those trail-hardened mushers, have taken to the air. One plane this fall carried in a trapper, his supplies for the winter, and his team of four enormous huskies. I shuddered when I heard the last items mentioned. Even if well muzzled they wouldn't be my ideal of chummy cabin mates; for while they are half wolf, half dog in appearance, they are all wolf in their untamed savagery. No wonder the North has taken to the air, I thought. Better, far better, the dangers of winter airplane travel through that trackless wilderness than weeks alone on the trail with four huskies!

But of all the stories of true air-mindedness, here is the one I like best. A woman living at a far Northern post was about to set out for Edmonton in fifty below zero weather as a passenger with "Punch" Dickens, gallant pioneer pilot of the North. Although anticipating that part of her trip with pleasure, something was obviously troubling her. Her husband, on enquiring, found that she was worried about crossing the High Level Bridge which connects North and South Edmonton. He pointed out that in the past nineteen years some hundreds of thousands of people have crossed it in perfect safety. He was wasting his time. She was afraid of that bridge.

"Well, if you won't cross it, how will you get over to the south side?" he demanded.

And she answered, "I don't know, unless I can get 'Punch' to fly me over!"



Learn to Rule Your Waves

Continued from page 24

BUT, of course, keeping the hair in wave is just as important as acquiring a nice wave in the first place, and a shingle cap worn conscientiously every night will double the life of your waves. The most delightful caps of this kind are on sale everywhere, and they are made so that, although the waves are kept in place, the ventilation is perfect.

Before slipping on your cap, comb your hair smoothly into place. Cast a careful eye over the whole effect, and if any waves show signs of disappearing, damp them with setting lotion and use a few pins. Then place your hands inside the cap so that the network is spread out to its full extent and

slowly lower it until it touches the top of the head. Keep the hands inside so that the cap is still spread out until it has been brought down over the sides and the back of the head. Remove the hands gently and tuck in any stray locks.

Always remember that the aim of all the very best hairdressers is to produce a natural-looking wave. The day of the hard-looking marcel is over, and soft curves reign instead.

If you are puzzled what to do to improve your appearance write to Annabelle Lee, c/o *The Chatelaine*. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

A Pretty Violet Design

For a Doily in Ecru Thread

by ELSIE GALLOWAY

ONE ball of No. 40 ecru hard-twist mercerized crochet thread and a No. 12 hook are required for this doily, which is worked around a linen centre four and a half inches in diameter. When finished it measures about nine inches across.

1st row—Turn edge of linen just enough to catch down with needle and thread and work d c over the edge.

2nd row—Ch 5 for 1st d tr, 1 d tr in next st. *ch 5, skip 3 d, 2 d tr in next 2 d. Repeat from * all around skipping 3 or 4 sts as may be necessary to make a number of spaces divisible by four. If a larger centre of linen is used skip 4 instead of 3 sts to prevent work being too full.

3rd row—Ch 5 for d tr, 3 d tr over 2 d tr of 2nd row, keeping last loop of each d tr on hook and work all off together after working 4th d tr. *Ch 9, d c in next group of 2 d tr. Ch 9, group of 4 d tr over next group of 2 d tr, and repeat from * all around, always keeping last loop of tr on hook and working all off together.

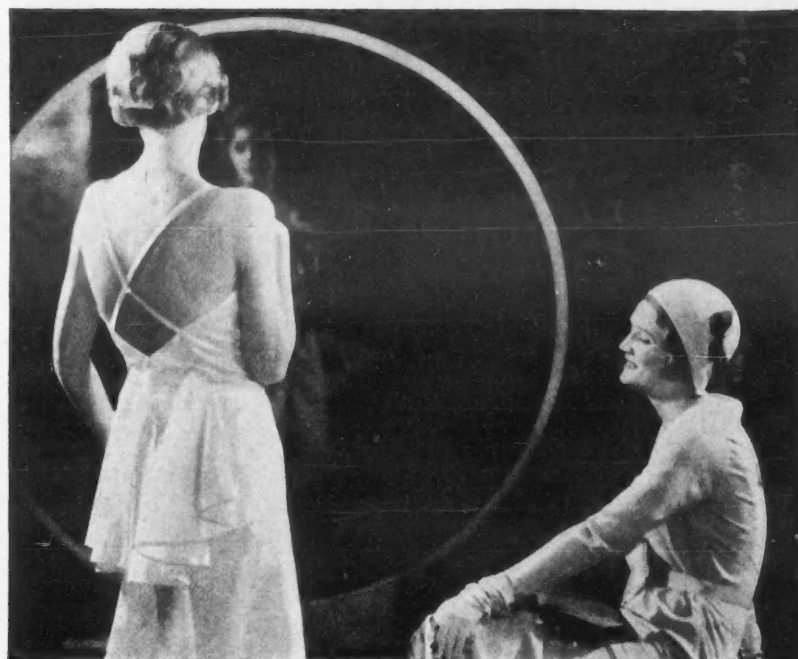
4th row—Turn. Work a group of 4 d tr made as in previous row in last st of 9 ch.

Turn. Ch 9, group of 4 d tr in 1st st of 9 ch on other side of group of d tr in 3rd row. Ch 7 and repeat from beginning of row except that the work is not turned again. The turning was in order to work first group of d tr more easily. Fasten last 7 ch to 1st group of d trs.

5th row—Slip stitch to 5th st of 9 ch of 4th row. *Ch 6, catch back in 4th st from hook for picot (p), ch 9, catch back in 4th st for p, ch 3, d in centre of next ch. Repeat from * making these picot loops (p l) all around.

6th row—Sl st to centre of 1st p l and work same as 5th row.

7th row—Sl st to centre of 1st p l. *(Make 1 p l, then 1 group of 4 d tr made as before in centre of next p l of 6th row) twice, ch 6, p in 4th st from hook, ch 13, sl st in centre of p l just made, and on this ch work, (4 d, 1 p fastened back in last d) 3 times, then 3 d, and a sl st in 3rd st of ch from p. Ch 6, fasten back in 4th st for p, ch 3, 1 group of 4 d tr in centre of next p l of 6th row, work another p l, d c in centre of next p l. Repeat from * all around.



The Security of Kotex is what you value most



It absorbs correctly, safely;
it is shaped to fit; it is
adjustable.

WHAT you really want in sanitary protection—more than any other one thing—is a feeling of perfect safety and security. This is one of the most important assurances Kotex gives you.

Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent... by test, five times more so than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—it is effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

The delicate fibres of which Kotex is made carry moisture swiftly away from the surface, leaving the protective area delicate and comfortable for hours. This distinguishes Kotex from the ordinary pad. Gives it far greater efficiency and you far greater comfort.

Wear it on either side

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort.

IN HOSPITALS...

- 1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in Canada's leading hospitals.
- 2 *Kotex is shaped to fit.* It gives inconspicuous protection.
- 3 *Disposable...* instantly, completely.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal efficiency, equal comfort.

No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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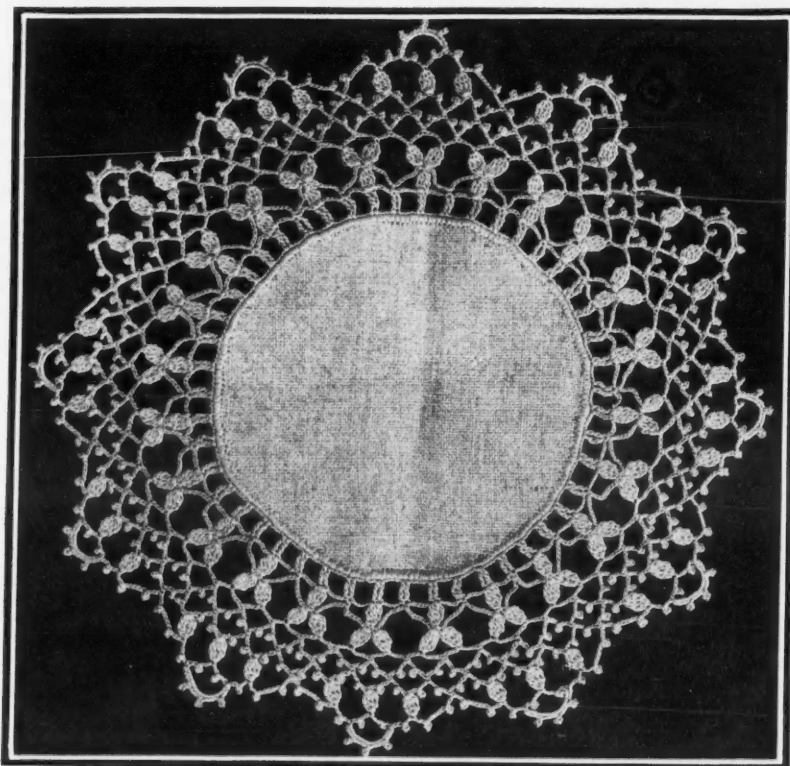
Send Coupon to:—Moyra Monk, R.N.,
Dept. 6-4-1, Room 908,
330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

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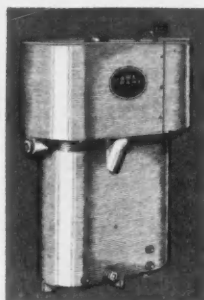
GIVING the health and cleanliness that are the best beauty secrets of all, modern plumbing and heating have enabled the modern woman to cultivate fully the personal charm that is her birthright. Bringing new beauty to bathroom and kitchen, they have incalculably assisted her in her first mission . . . the making of a delightful home. Relieving her of drudgery, they have given her a new freedom.

Are you and your family sharing fully in these benefits? You can.



You can have a bathroom that you are proud of and that your friends admire. You can have a kitchen that is a pleasure to work in. You can have plentiful hot water at any hour of day or night from a Crane Automatic Water Heater; soft

Hard water is turned into soft, automatically, by this Crane-Warlo Electro-Matic Water Softener. Supplies plenty for average homes, without any trouble on your part.



moist and healthful by a Doherty-Brehm Humidifying Radiator. You can have any or all among a hundred new plumbing and heating ideas. Select materials for small home or large from the complete Crane line. Their price will be what you can afford to pay. Their dependability is backed by a 76-year reputation. Every



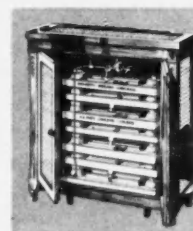
**MAKING
THE MODERN WOMAN
POSSIBLE**

water from an automatic Crane-Warlo Water Softener; the even healthful heat of radiator heating; winter air always kept

dollar invested will markedly increase the selling value of your property.

*Pay on convenient
installments*

And you may pay only a small amount down, the balance month-



The automatic Doherty-Brehm Humidifying Radiator for steam, hot water, and vapor heated homes. Banishes dry winter air. Benefits health immensely. Low in first cost and saves its cost in fuel.

ly, under the Crane Budget Plan.

Why wait to modernize your plumbing and heating. Visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms now. See before buying. Choose exactly the equipment that fits your needs. For purchase and a thoroughly satisfactory installation, consult a responsible plumbing and heating contractor. He will help you plan, recommend materials, arrange the financing on easiest terms.

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1881

1931

F I F T I E T H A N N I V E R S A R Y

An Industry in an Industry

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE had made it a policy to produce in Canada for the Canadian Pacific everything that could be made here, so the Angus Shops were built: the shops that extend over acres, in which Canadians by the thousand are employed in making locomotives, day coaches, drawing-room, parlour, dining and sleeping cars for their own Canadian Railroad. ¶ Such Canadian-made equipment has proved of the highest standard and redounds to the reputation of the country whose development has been synonymous with that of the industry itself. ¶ The seeds of enterprise have been carefully fostered, whether they be of farming, or mining, of immigration, or tourist trade, of world travel, or the exporting of goods to foreign lands and the importing of goods from the East to Europe. The Canadian Pacific has nurtured and brought to a rich fruition these various activities.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World, and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"MATERNITY HOSPITALS are nothing but Murder Institutions!"

RED OF FACE and with hands that trembled, the medical officer of Gratz rose to his feet. Plainly, he was excited.

He had just come from a lying-in hospital where one mother in every ten died of infection. Shaken by what he had seen, he now stood before the shocked town fathers and publicly proclaimed that "maternity hospitals are nothing but murder institutions!"

That happened in a prosperous European city, only forty years before the present century began. And it was no isolated instance. Medical science had not yet discovered that disease and deadly infection are caused by germs. Antisepsis was unknown.

Contrast the fear and uncertainty of those times with the confidence you place in hospitals today. Disinfection is now almost a religion with the medical profession—and wherever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, there you will find "Lysol" Disinfectant.

For forty years, this efficient germicide has been a stand-by with doctors and hospitals the world over. It is used even at that most critical time of all—childbirth—when two lives are at stake, when disinfection *must* be especially safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every* day to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Lysol (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. "Lysol" is the registered trademark of Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.



"THE MEDICAL OFFICER OF GRATZ ROSE TO HIS FEET. PLAINLY, HE WAS EXCITED."

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Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

The True Story of Bacteria

The more diseases are studied, the greater are the number of safeguards provided against illness

THE great majority of persons born under civilized conditions with healthy bodies would enjoy health and live to old age, were it not for the entrance into their bodies of disease-carrying germs.

Bacteria or germs are simply a class of low plants whose work in Nature is such that no other family of plants compares with them in importance.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century in a small town in Holland, an old Dutchman named Van Leeunhoek (Van Lay-van-hake), caretaker of the town hall, amused himself by looking at objects through curiously shaped pieces of glass. These were the forerunners of the microscope, and, among other things, the old man observed what are known as bacteria or germs. Little further advance was made in this direction until the middle of the nineteenth century; since when, largely through the patience, industry and genius of Pasteur, the French chemist, the science of bacteriology has been placed on a firm foundation.

Bacteria are very tiny; they can be seen only with the aid of a microscope. There are hundreds of different species which correspond chiefly to three different forms, balls, rods and corkscrews. The balls are small or large, the rods, long or short, and the corkscrews have few or many coils which are flexible or stiff.

Bacteria under favorable circumstances of good food supply and warmth have the power of increasing very rapidly in numbers, their universal method of multiplication being by simple division, first into halves, which subsequently divide and subdivide so that each bacterium of certain species may, in the course of twenty-four hours, have millions of descendants!

Importance of Bacteria in Nature

Not only are bacteria of the highest importance in Nature but there are no other plants or animals so universally present. They are found in the soil to the depth of about four feet; in the ocean; in all bodies of fresh water; in the air, especially near human habitation; in dust and decaying matter; in and on the bodies of man and animals; under one's nails; in the crevices of the skin. They are not found in the blood or tissues of healthy persons, but secretions of the body such as milk, sweat and urine always contain them. They are found on the feet of flies and other insects, and on hairs. Wherever there is a lodging place for dust, there will bacteria be found, and there they will grow and multiply in the presence of food and moisture. If there is no food supply, bacteria will lie dormant or die.

Bacteria Good and Bad

Of the hundreds of bacteria, the great majority are harmless. Indeed the larger proportion are of high value in the various processes of Nature. Without them life on the earth could not continue. They are useful in a large variety of industrial and domestic concerns, such as the making of linen, hemp and jute, in the making of butter and cheese, in the production of a variety of acids, in tanning, and so on. Upon bacteria depends the destruction of waste materials which would otherwise clutter up and make the earth uninhabitable. They are our greatest and most effective scavengers. They enrich the soil and with the aid of the sun provide the annual renewal of plants, the food of man. Without bacteria, we might as well throw up our hands in despair. We could not get along without them.



Parents should learn that in the case of any obscure illness in the child the throat should be examined and a doctor called promptly.

Bacteria and Disease

A few dozen bacteria are the causes of disease. Bacteria cause disease either by poisoning our food or our bodies. The germs of such diseases as diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, produce poisons and it is the effect of such poisons that arouses the symptoms of disease. In some cases the poisons develop in food, which when taken into the body causes sickness. The commonest method, however, is the multiplication of the germs and the production of poisons within the body. It usually requires a considerable dose of germs to start disease in one's body, and after their entrance more or less delay. The period of incubation ensues before symptoms are observed. Some persons have greater resistance to disease than others. That is why certain persons do not so readily take cold, or diphtheria or smallpox, as others. The effect of most of the germ diseases is to make the person who recovers completely resistant or immune to such diseases in the future. This is true of such diseases as measles, scarlet fever, smallpox. Besides, there are artificial means whereby disease may be prevented or warded off, such as vaccination against smallpox and the use of diphtheria antitoxin. The more disease is studied the greater are the number of safeguards provided against illness.

Disease Preventives

There are already many special measures of prevention of which the public know very little.

Among the many diseases for which specific measures of prevention are provided is diphtheria. Up to 1894, when the use of diphtheria antitoxin was introduced, the mortality from diphtheria included about one-half the cases. Diphtheria had heretofore been the terror of mothers and the despair of doctors. In the old St. Paul's cemetery in the city of Halifax, almost hidden in a mass of briars, nettles and shrubbery, broken in two and lying flat, may be seen a little gravestone with the following inscription:

*"Wm. Glen, died of synanche trachealis,
9th May, 1827, aged 7 1/2.*

*Ar. Glen, died of synanche maligna,
14th May 1827, aged 4 1/2.*

Stranger

*Whether has disease or medical omission
clad meist in their last claiht?"*

The pathetic sentences upon this little stone afford a record of the effect of diphtheria in former days when the disease was known by other names. Here were two beloved children snatched from their parents within five days of each other. What grief there must have been, and how helpless were the doctors! The words of the inscription seem to convey a veiled resentment toward the physician in that it enquires whether disease or medical omission enveloped these children in their death clothes. In those days little was known of the cause or treatment of diphtheria, which did not receive this name until 1855. Diphtheria antitoxin effected a revolution in the treat-

by

John W. S. McCullough,
M.D.

ment cutting the mortality from about fifty per cent to seven per cent. This remedy is now available free of cost to rich and poor alike in most countries. Yet in spite of this almost miraculous form of treatment for diphtheria, there remains a large number of cases and each year about 1,200 persons die of it in Canada.

What is the reason for this continued mortality in the face of a free and efficient remedy? The reason is that many cases fail to be recognized in the early stages. The diphtheria germs throw off a poison in the body; with the passing of the hours this accumulates until the vital forces of the child are overwhelmed. Cases treated with diphtheria antitoxin on the first day practically all recover. Each succeeding day adds to the danger.

Parents should learn that, in case of any obscure illness in a child, the throat should be examined and a doctor called. The doctor, if he suspects diphtheria, will take a swab from the throat for examination in the laboratory and in the meantime administer antitoxin. If the disease turns out to be diphtheria, so much time is saved and the advantage of early treatment gained; if it turns out not to be diphtheria, so much the better, and no harm is done.

Measures of Prevention

A temporary protection is afforded for about three weeks by the administration of a small dose of antitoxin to the other members of the household where diphtheria exists. But there is a still further and more important preventive. By means of the Schick test it is possible to pick out those children who are liable to take diphtheria and by the use of toxoid to prevent their having the disease.

This test and the preventive treatment of diphtheria are simple, harmless, and well-tried measures. The city of Detroit in 1928 had 153,000 children immunized against diphtheria and 142,000 who were not. Among the latter group there were over 1,800 cases of diphtheria and 222 deaths. Among the immunized children there was not a single death from diphtheria. So impressed are the Detroit authorities with these results that extraordinary efforts are being made to immunize every child. In two towns of New Brunswick with a combined population of 6,000, one hundred per cent of the children have been immunized. The city of Hamilton, Ontario, had forty-four deaths from diphtheria in 1920. A toxoid campaign was inaugurated and last year there was but a single death from this disease. Numerous cities in the United States have by this means eliminated diphtheria altogether. In New York, over 211,000 children were given toxoid in 1929, and the number of cases has been reduced twenty per cent. It is quite within the reach of every community completely to remove diphtheria from its lists of mortality.

Special measures of prevention exist for scarlet fever, for smallpox, for measles, for typhoid fever, for cholera, for anthrax, for infantile paralysis, goitre, rickets and other well-known diseases. If full advantage were taken of the measures of prevention now in existence the Highway of Health would soon become comparatively safe for travel.

drawn all together, the tips of the fingers endeavoring to touch the tip of the thumb, while both they and the thumb are held quite rigid, bending only from the lower knuckles (that joint where the fingers join the hand). These exercises should be done until the hands are tired.

After doing any kind of work that has soiled the hands, they should be washed with slightly warm (not hot) water and a pure soap and rinsed carefully and thoroughly. Two of the most frequent causes of rough or chapped hands are insufficient rinsing and a too hurried drying. After rinsing, the hands should be rubbed together to see if all the soap has been removed. In most instances a certain slimy smoothness will be discovered, showing that the rinsing has not been done thoroughly. After shaking off the excess moisture, a little hand lotion should be poured into the palm of the hand and rubbed thoroughly into the skin.

The hands may now be dried in the usual manner, but time should be taken to do this thoroughly. The softening solution should be used every time the hands are washed. If this is done it will keep the skin in good condition.

If pure soap is used for dish washing no harm will result to the hands from that

usually unpleasant duty, provided, of course, that they are well rinsed afterwards, and the hand lotion applied.

When the skin is stained through the paring of fruits or vegetables, the cut half of a lemon rubbed over the skin will quickly remove all trace of it, and it is also advisable to keep a piece of pumice stone at hand, both for removing stains and for roughness of the finger tips. The ancient Romans used pumice stone in all their public baths to keep the skin free from every form of callous or roughness.

Tepid or cold water should be used for washing the hands whenever possible as hot water is very drying for the skin. A thorough washing with warm water and soap should be given, however, before retiring for the night. A few drops of castor oil poured into the palm, should then be well massaged into the skin. Cotton gloves should be drawn upon the hands and worn throughout the night.

If these simple rules are faithfully adhered to, the results will be most surprising and gratifying, and unsightly hands which have been kept as much as possible in hiding, will be endowed with new life and beauty and will become fitting instruments of expression for charming personalities.



Amusing the Convalescent Child

Keep a child busy and happy during the trying period of getting well

by M. B. HUBER

THE child who is kept amused and contented during the trying period of convalescence will recover health and strength much more quickly than one who is allowed to fret and grow impatient at the restrictions necessarily imposed upon him. Therefore, every mother welcomes suggestions for entertaining the little invalid. Of course it should be remembered that the child must not be allowed to overtire himself. The time for these occupations should be limited, and only lengthened or made more frequent as his strength increases.

The convalescent child will enjoy mending broken toys for children less fortunate than himself, or he can pretend that he is a famous doctor restoring poor injured dolls and animals to a useful life.

For this work the child will need a tray or lap-board—a light sewing-board is good—to hold the articles he requires. These are strong needles; linen thread; round elastic; a tube of mucilage; wire and pliers to cut it with; a hook for pulling the elastic through jointed arms and legs; enamels in blue, flesh and red for coloring eyes, skin and lips; buckram and dyed sheep's wool for wigs; wax, putty, nails, etc. With these materials, toys that have become shabby and broken can be repaired to look quite presentable, and if mother or nurse has time to help a little, perhaps by making some new dresses or tams and sweaters for the dolls, it will add greatly to the child's interest.

To make a new wig for the doll who has lost her hair, wet a piece of buckram and fit over her head. Sew it tightly and leave it until it is quite dry. Then peel it off, and sew or glue the wool on to it, trimming or curling the wig according to taste. The wig is then ready to be glued on dolly's head.

The noseless doll may be restored to beauty by putting in a tiny nail as a foundation and building up a nose on it out of putty. When the putty is dry, paint it. New eyes may be made of putty or wax, pushed into place and painted when hard.

Limp cloth animals may be restored to their former shapeliness by re-stuffing. Their outer coverings should be washed and ironed. A Teddy-bear, whose condition seemed almost hopeless, was made attractive again by cleaning his fur with cheese-cloth and ox-gall soap. Then his paws were mended with a piece of chamois. He was re-stuffed, and shiny black shoe-buttons were sewn on his eyeless face. With a red ribbon around his neck, he went gaily forth to delight some childish heart.

Jumbo, the cloth elephant, was subjected to similar treatment. He was also decorated with a fine new blanket, its edges worked in floss. His flabby trunk was induced to curl again by means of a piece of wire, and new ears replaced his torn old ones.

Making a scrap-book is an unfailing source of amusement. With a pile of old magazines, some crayons, scissors, paste-pot and a book with blank pages, the child will be happy for hours. Some children with a literary bent will enjoy writing in short stories about the pictures. A family of paper dolls cut from a fashion magazine are light and easily handled. Children like to color their dresses and christen them by writing their names on their backs.

Making blue-prints of leaves is a fascinating pastime. Buy blue-print paper and cut it into whatever size you require, being careful to keep it from the light as much as possible, as it is sensitive like photographic paper. Take a photo-printing frame or just an ordinary picture frame with glass, and place a leaf next the glass, then the blue-print paper and then the back to keep it tight. Be sure you have the sensitive side of the paper next to the leaf. Do not allow it to slip. Place it in the sunlight for about twenty seconds, depending on the intensity of the light. Then place the paper in cold water and dry between two pieces of blotting paper. Children take great pride in the lovely prints thus achieved.



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found a
perfume to
register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

Keeping the Mood of Seventeen

Face Powder...in smart, subtle shades. Dusting Powder...an exhilarating finish for the bath. Compact...in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. Brillantines...both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. Sachet...like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. Toilet Water...the characteristic Seventeen scent. Talcum...fresh, clean, fragrant. The Perfume...the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never quite believed it, don't you know."

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello Me! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . .'

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"



Seventeen



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4—AMBROSIA TIGHTENER. Perfected according to doctor's own formula, this aromatic purple liquid closes large pores, makes oily skin normal, tones flabby skin. For quick results read doctor's directions for use given in offer. \$1.00 bottle of Tightener FREE with purchase of introductory Ambrosia offer pictured above.

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Only a limited number of packages of this new medically-sound beauty treatment can be sold at introductory price of \$1.50. Make sure you get one. Ask at the nearest drug or department store today! Minze Ambrosia, Inc., 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Hands so quickly show the results of abuse--when a little attention each day will make them one of your greatest charms

by ANNABELLE LEE

NOW that it has become so fashionable to search for various ways and means by which we may—each one of us—express our own individuality, it is a matter of wonder that the use of gesture, as understood by actors and actresses, is not more universal. Those who have studied dramatic action either upon the legitimate stage or in the movies, cannot fail to have noticed what a vast amount of meaning can be expressed simply by the movements of the hands.

Is it that we have been trained, through generations of repression, to become wooden, or is it simply that our hands, in the majority of cases, are not in a suitable condition to express anything but neglect?

We find that the average business girl does pay a certain amount of attention to her hands, although this is usually concentrated upon the manicuring of her nails, while she deplores, in no uncertain tones, the dryness, roughness or other unpleasant condition of her skin. Among home women, however, it is different. Seventy-five per cent of these women neglect their hands shamefully, their excuse being that dish-washing and other household duties have utterly ruined them and that they have neither the time nor the money to attend to them properly. How can we then, with stiff, coarse skinned, broken-nailed hands, attempt to use them either to give added expression to our words or as an asset in a display of physical perfections? We prefer to keep them safely tucked away from sight so that we may not feel too greatly ashamed of them.

Yet, in spite of hard work, of lack of time and money, it is still possible to change that condition—and in a very short time—without expensive toilet preparations and with the expenditure of only a minimum amount of time and money.

At some time during the day, either at bedtime, after luncheon has been cleared away, or whenever may be most convenient,

a few minutes should be regularly set aside, to be devoted to the care of the nails. It will take some little time to get them in good condition if they have been very much neglected, but when once they are right it will take only a very few minutes to keep them so.

The excellent preparations, and complete outfits for the proper care of the nails on the market today, give such full and careful directions for the best care of the nails, that there is no reason in the world why any woman, with interest enough to give a few minutes care every day, cannot have really beautiful finger-tips.

But what about the hands? Hands that have been accustomed to much housework, such as cleaning, dish-washing, dusting and cooking, are apt to have become stiff and to have lost their flexibility. That is because—although they get a tremendous amount of exercise—they do not get the kind of exercise they require. The fingers are usually curved and bent during all these activities and are not extended nor exercised in a manner which will add to their flexibility, and without flexibility no hand can be either really beautiful or entirely expressive. We shall require then, to exercise them in another manner and although this need not take many minutes and can be done at any odd moment, such as when waiting for something to cook, it should be done daily.

The hands should be held a couple of inches above the table, with finger tips touching it, as though it were a piano about to be played upon. Now let the movements of the fingers and thumb be the same as in piano playing. Continue this until the hands become tired then, after a rest, they may be held out and, with extended thumb and fingers worked up and down to their full capacity, in a clawing movement. The third movement is somewhat similar yet brings different muscles into play. The fingers and thumb are first extended then



A few minutes' exercise for the hands can be given at any odd moment.

To a Lady



about to buy an electric refrigerator

Of course you will want the very finest refrigerator you can buy. One that can be depended upon to keep foods properly fresh even on the most sizzling of summer days . . . one that will offer every modern convenience . . . one you will be proud to exhibit to visitors many years from today . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

We hope that you will look into the advantages of Frigidaire very thoroughly before you decide which of the many good electric refrigerators to buy. We invite you to do so at the Frigidaire store most convenient to your home.

And, if you have a matter-of-fact, mechanically-minded husband, we will be especially pleased if you will bring him along with you!



In gleaming white Porcelain *Frigidaire offers* *a new standard of Advanced Refrigeration*

From their service-shelf tops to their graceful streamlined legs, the new Frigidaires represent a fine achievement in modern refrigeration.

The striking beauty of the pure all-white porcelain cabinet harmonizes perfectly with any kitchen color scheme. And these new Porcelain-on-steel Frigidaires are as brilliant in performance as they are in appearance—combining many important improvements and refinements that distinguish Frigidaire from all other refrigerators.

You will appreciate the faster freezing made possible by the "Cold Control" . . . ice cubes that tumble

so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray . . . the crisper vegetables you take from the Frigidaire Hydrator. You will recognize at once the advantage of the seamless, acid-resisting porcelain interior . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the surplus powered, concealed unit that operates so quietly and at such low cost.

Here is *Advanced Refrigeration*—advanced in all that the term implies. And because of these advanced features and the savings they make possible, Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ont.

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*Asparagus—for springtime
freshness. This brand—for
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Tender asparagus spears—of course! You know how appealing they are, in dozens of salads and hot vegetable dishes.

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DEL MONTE Asparagus comes in two lengths—Long Spears and Tips. Your choice of four convenient sizes of tins—No. 2½ Square, No. 1 Square, No. 1 Tall (round) and "Picnic" size. DEL MONTE Quality—DEL MONTE goodness and finer flavor, in every can!

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Free Recipes—A postcard to Dept. 38U, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, brings you an unusual recipe assortment—free. Write today.

Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—no matter where you buy.

We Eat What We Can

Continued from page 20

said, one of the treasured leafy vegetables. Then it has a high mineral content, being specially rich in iron. Spinach is very rich in vitamin A and equals orange juice in vitamin C. Vitamins are the children's friend, as they promote growth, and help to protect them from disease. For these reasons, it will be seen that spinach is good for anyone and particularly valuable for children. Canned spinach is better than spinach which has been stored for some time.

Sauerkraut is another fashionable food. Yes, there are fashions even in foods! Sauerkraut is a leafy food, as it is made from cabbage. Raw sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice are to be had in restaurants and cafeterias. Canned sauerkraut is a valuable addition to the diet and should be frequently used.

Canned peas, spinach, cabbage, apples, and peaches were all found to have more vitamins than those same foods purchased on the market and cooked at home. Fruits and vegetables which are purchased at the market are usually at least a day old, while the ones that are canned are very fresh.

It has taken some time for older housekeepers to get over suffering a qualm of conscience, when they use canned foods freely. Now it should work the other way, and their conscience should bother them if they do not use them. Any housekeeper who would use canned fruits and vegetables only, would be a very foolish one. On the other hand, any housekeeper who does not use some canned foods to add to the vitamins and minerals which are so necessary for health, would be very unwise. Then, too, canned foods help to dispel the monotony of three meals a day during the winter and early spring when the choice of food is somewhat limited.

Scalloped Tomatoes

- 3 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Teaspoonful of onion juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of buttered crumbs

Mix the onion juice with the tomatoes, add sugar and seasoning. Butter an oblong baking dish. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Add a layer of tomatoes, dot over with butter, cover with a second layer of crumbs. Alternate layers of tomatoes and crumbs till all are used up, having a thick layer of crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven (about 400 degrees) until crumbs are browned, (twenty-five to thirty minutes). Note: If the tomatoes are very juicy, drain the pulp from the juice.

Spinach Loaf

- 1½ Cupfuls of chopped drained spinach
- 1 Cupful of grated dry breadcrumbs
- 1 Beaten egg
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Combine spinach, crumbs and seasoning. Add lemon juice to beaten egg, add to spinach, and mix thoroughly. Turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Unmold, serve with hot cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce

- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese

Melt the butter, blend in flour. Add seasoning, pour in hot milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook slowly, stirring carefully, until sauce thickens, and no taste of raw starch remains. Stir in cheese. Serve at once.

Asparagus Omelet

- 4 Eggs
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Separate the eggs, beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add milk, continue beating. Add pepper. Fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff with the salt. Brown the butter in an omelet or frying pan. Pour in omelet. Lower heat, cook slowly until firm in the centre. Fold omelet, and pour over asparagus sauce.

Asparagus Sauce

- 1½ Cupfuls of milk and asparagus juice
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful of chopped asparagus

Use juice of the asparagus and add milk to make one and a half cupfuls. Melt butter, blend in flour and seasoning. Add the hot liquid, cook slowly until the sauce thickens and no taste of raw starch remains. Fold in chopped asparagus.

Corn Custard

- 2 Cupfuls of canned corn
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

Beat egg well, add milk and seasoning. Add corn, stir well. Pour into buttered baking dish, bake in moderate oven until firm. Serve with crisp bacon.

Celery, Pea and Beet Salad

- 1 Cupful of diced canned beets
- 1 Cupful of canned peas
- 1 Cupful of diced celery
- ½ Cupful of mayonnaise

Drain the peas, mix with diced beets and celery. Add mayonnaise, combine lightly. Serve in crisp lettuce cups with cheese wafers.

Pear Trifle

- Stale sponge cake
- 1 Cupful of diced canned pear
- 1 Cupful of soft custard
- ¼ Cupful of almonds

Arrange stale sponge cake in sherbet glasses. Add diced pear, pour over the soft custard, which has been thoroughly chilled. Decorate with the almonds, blanched, halved and browned.

Pineapple Ice

- 4 Cupfuls of water and pineapple juice
- 1½ or 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of pineapple pulp
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 Egg white

To the pineapple juice add water to make four cupfuls of liquid. Boil water, pineapple juice and sugar together for ten minutes. Cool, add lemon juice and pulp of pineapple. Freeze to a mush, then add egg white, beaten until stiff, and continue freezing until mixture is quite solid.

A Room for Springtime

Variations on a theme for a young girl's bedroom

by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

THE springtime of the year and the springtime of life have much in common—especially in decoration. They love the pastel colors and gentle harmonies of tone, for they are indeed their special heritage. And so, as when one is decorating for a man one most often thinks of the autumn colorings, so for a young girl the springtime shades most naturally come to mind.

There are dozens of color combinations for a room of this type, and as many media for expressing them, but first, as we are concerned with spring, let us consider the scope of green.

Here illustrated, for instance, is a young girl's room of northern exposure, carried out in reseda green lacquer furniture to a gay color plan of golden yellow with touches of henna. The furniture is of the flat "antiqued" finish decorated with hand-painted scrollery in yellow. The curtains are also of golden yellow in art silk over ecru rayon georgette. The bedcover is of the same material piped in green. The floral paper carries a sprig design on ivory, taking in a slightly darker cool green than the furniture, gold and gradations of henna, apricot and tomato with touches of black. It is dainty and bright, an open design calculated to reflect and emphasize light, yet having sufficient strength of color and pattern to give character.

The woodwork of the room is very rich—a "wiped" ivory treatment. This method of finishing is a process whereby a coat of dark paint is laid on at the last over a cream paint already dry, and then wiped off with a cloth, leaving a faint shadow toward moldings and edges of panels. In this case, the darker paint was brown, as an old ivory finish was desired, but other shade colors may be used, such as blue, rose or even green. The old ivory of this room, however, is particularly happy, especially in the mantel. It gives character to the fireplace, which, being faced with light cream tiles, requires something of slightly richer tone to set it off.

The rugs are reversible Scotch chenille in a cool green background with highlights of yellow and other pastel colors and touches of henna and black in the scattered design.

A little slipper chair is upholstered in sage green satin brocade with Japanesque design, the dressing-table stool in plain satin of the same cool shade.

This little slipper chair, by the way, is a quaint touch. Though first introduced at the time the room's occupant was a child, it was intended for permanent use, and is quite strong enough and even large enough to bear adult weight. This furniture, which savors of period style in its Louis VI lines and treatment, has a good precedent for its "little chair." One often finds these small pieces among the originals of the great cabinet makers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and experts have been puzzled as to the exact meaning of their presence. Some believe that they were especially designed for the use of children, others that they were miniature models from which larger sets were made. In any event, they have a sort of traditional place in a period scheme, for the great houses of France and England contain many examples of these pigmy pieces among their undisturbed antiques.

Other attractive incidental notes in this room are the lighting fixtures. The wall brackets are of the scone type, finished in old ivory with a tiny mirror reflector—dainty things for a girl's room. Especially original is the light above the dressing-table recess. If it is of porcelain, the sides

painted with daisies whose ivory petals and yellow centres are in the spirit of the room's scheme. The cord from which it depends is of the same bright, cool green as the rugs, while its base is a plain white alabaster glass, casting a suffused but adequate light upon the dressing table beneath.

IT MIGHT be an interesting exercise in color-scheming to recast this room, as it now stands in several different combinations of warm and cool color. Let us suppose, for instance, that instead of having a northerly exposure, it faces south. For this, we shall keep the furniture green, scrolled with gold, and proceed to contrast the curtains. For both overcurtains and bed-covering let us choose art silk in lavender shot with gold, piped with green, and undercurtains of foam green net. Rugs might well be of green and lavender with touches of gold. The wall paper would be charming of lavender or mauve with light green hair stripe. For the little chair and stool, let us choose a *petit point* (delightful and reasonable machine *petit point* is now available) taking in lavender, green, gold, black and a few warm pastel colors. The woodwork could remain as in the present scheme, old ivory.

For a rich intermediate scheme, consider the furniture in old ivory with scrollery in ruddy colors—apricot, old rose, Alice blue, mauve and rich green. Curtains of broadly-striped voile in old rose and Alice blue over flesh tint rayon georgette would be excellent running mates for a spread either of old rose or the blue of the curtains, piped in

is a copy of the old French printed cottons, having a light design in one color, of pastoral subjects. There are shepherdesses and their sheep, ladies in paniers, pagodas and trees—to all intents and purposes, "scenics" when used in wall paper. With such a background, the little chair and stool might also be covered in brocade or satin, but peach would be a pleasant relief for the room we are now "scheming,"

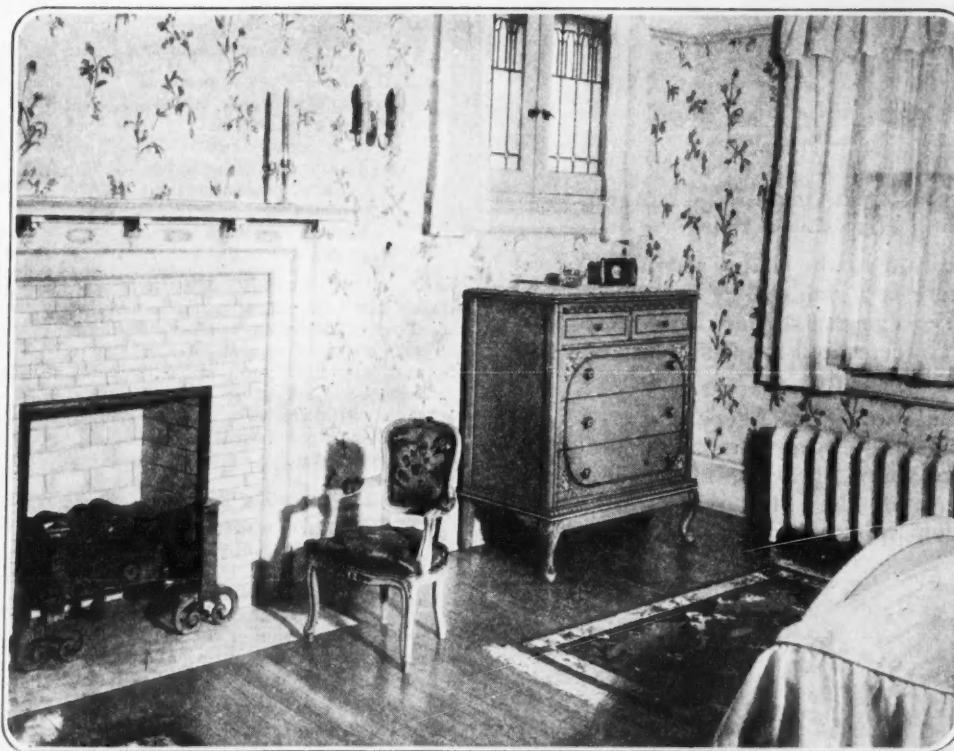
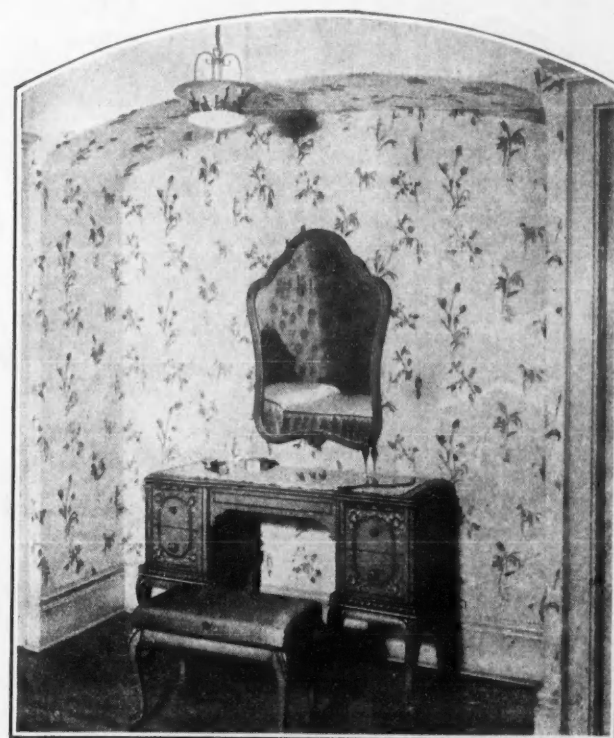
particularly if the bedspread is of blue. As in the other rooms, the woodwork might remain the same—giving a good sense of unity with the ivory furniture.

For a really "feminine" room, with intermediate exposure, let us begin with the woodwork, and "wipe" it with rose over cream or ivory. The furniture will be in dove grey, scrolled with a light mixed floral design, taking in rose and blue. At the windows hang soft sprigged taffeta, light blue background with florals like the scrollery of the furniture, rose predominating, the undercurtains to be of flesh georgette or net. The bed is covered with rose piped with blue of the same shade as the background of the curtains. The rug is rose taupe (rosy grey) would be a rich groundwork for the scheme. The wall can be done in the painted "wiped" rose finish with panels marked by laid-on molding. The stool and little chair can be covered with the same sprigged taffeta of the curtaining.

NOW for a bright room of any exposure. The furniture will be a pale butter yellow, the scrollery for the most part in lavender relieved by touches of rose and sky blue. The curtains may be sprigged lilac chiffon

rayon, with tiny touches of sky blue and yellow, ruffled and tied back over butter yellow undercurtains of the same material. The spread could be of lavender silk piquet piped with yellow of the same material. Scatter rugs of washable lavender chenille would suit this color ensemble. The walls might be an indefinite washed-over design in lavender, yellow and blue. The little chair and stool could finish the picture in striped blue and lavender. [Continued on page 47]

The dressing-table recess and its interesting porcelain light.



A young girl's room in green and gold. A detailed color scheme for this room and possible variations are described in this article.

contrast with one or the other. A rug of rose or maroon broadloom, and a *toile de jouty* paper with ivory background and rose pattern would be original as well as in keeping with the furniture's period feeling. The *toile de jouty* paper



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Lemon Cream Tarts

- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Egg beaten
- ¼ Cupful of white sugar
- 2 Level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- Juice of a small lemon
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of butter

Heat the milk in a saucepan. Add to it the blended sugar and cornstarch. Beat the egg into it. When the mixture thickens stir in the lemon juice, the butter and salt. When quite thick pour into baked tart shells. Or when cold beat whipped cream into the mixture before pouring into the shells. Top with whipped cream.

Crab-Apple Jelly Tarts

When your tart shells are cooked, let them chill thoroughly, and then fill them with crab-apple jelly. Top with whipped cream.

Caramel Tarts

- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Well beaten eggs
- 1 Pint of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour moistened in a little milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Put the sugar in a flat pan. Caramel it, not too brown, adding a small piece of butter. Do not be afraid if the sugar forms crystals, as these will eventually dissolve. Then add the other ingredients to the caramelized sugar, and cook until the mixture becomes like a thick custard. Pour into pastry shells. Serve with whipped cream, and top with a cherry.

Chocolate Cream Tarts

- 1½ Cupfuls of hot milk
- ½ Cupful of granulated sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Yolks of two eggs
- 4 Level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- 1 Teaspoonful of butter
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate

Put the milk in a double boiler. Mix together the sugar, salt, cornstarch and egg yolks, and add them to the hot milk. When the mixture thickens, pour in the vanilla and the melted chocolate. Put the butter and salt in last. When quite thick, put the filling in baked tart shells. Top with whipped cream.



A Room for Springtime

Continued from page 45

So one might go on "scheming" with the colors of springtime endlessly in any given setting. "But do you think," I am sure someone is asking, "that your room with the maroon rug and the rose and blue striped curtains is really a springtime scheme?" Yes, it really is. Have you ever noticed the buds in April—and what an

exquisite background their furzy maroon gives to the young colors about them—or what a refreshing thing their color is against the tender blue of the sky? It is only a piece of fancy, of course, but rest assured that both youth and spring flourish under the same color standard, and you cannot go far wrong if you cater to one with the other.

A Good Party Contest

For private or community entertainments

by LOUISE YATES TOWRISS

Here are thirty-five questions, the answer to each ending in I-C-E. Try this contest for your next party.

- | | | | |
|--|------------|--|-------------|
| 1. What ice is an option? | Choice. | 21. What ice is used to terminate wars? | Armistice. |
| 2. What ice is fraudulent? | Artifice. | 22. What ice is used to finish a house? | Cornice. |
| 3. What ice is very happy? | Rejoice. | 23. What ice is a part of some costumes? | Bodice. |
| 4. What ice is very timid? | Cowardice. | 24. What ice is used as a sort of screen? | Lattice. |
| 5. What ice is very greedy? | Avarice. | 25. What ice is engaged in bad business? | Accomplice. |
| 6. What ice is very useful? | Service. | 26. What ice is a city built upon islands? | Venice. |
| 7. What ice is always right? | Justice. | 27. What ice is contained in luscious fruit? | Juice. |
| 8. What ice is very tempting? | Entice. | 28. What ice is used to communicate thought? | Voice. |
| 9. What ice is very degrading? | Vice. | 29. What ice is previously biased in opinion? | Prejudice. |
| 10. What ice is quite plenty? | Suffice. | 30. What ice is used in transacting business? | Office. |
| 11. What ice is worn by choirs? | Surplice. | 31. What ice is grown in the Orient for food? | Rice. |
| 12. What ice is cubical in form? | Dice. | 32. What ice is a product of southern climes? | Spice. |
| 13. What ice is new at the task? | Novice. | 33. What ice is used as an application by nurses? | Poultice. |
| 14. What ice is a settled habit? | Practice. | 34. What ice is frequently given and but rarely taken? | Advice. |
| 15. What ice is a tiny aperture? | Orifice. | 35. What ice is the name of a noble mother in the Bible? | Eunice. |
| 16. What ice is an ancient offering? | Sacrifice. | | |
| 17. What ice is an insidious malady? | Jaundice. | | |
| 18. What ice is quickly accomplished? | Trice. | | |
| 19. What ice is an officer of the law? | Police. | | |
| 20. What ice is used in mending ropes? | Splice. | | |



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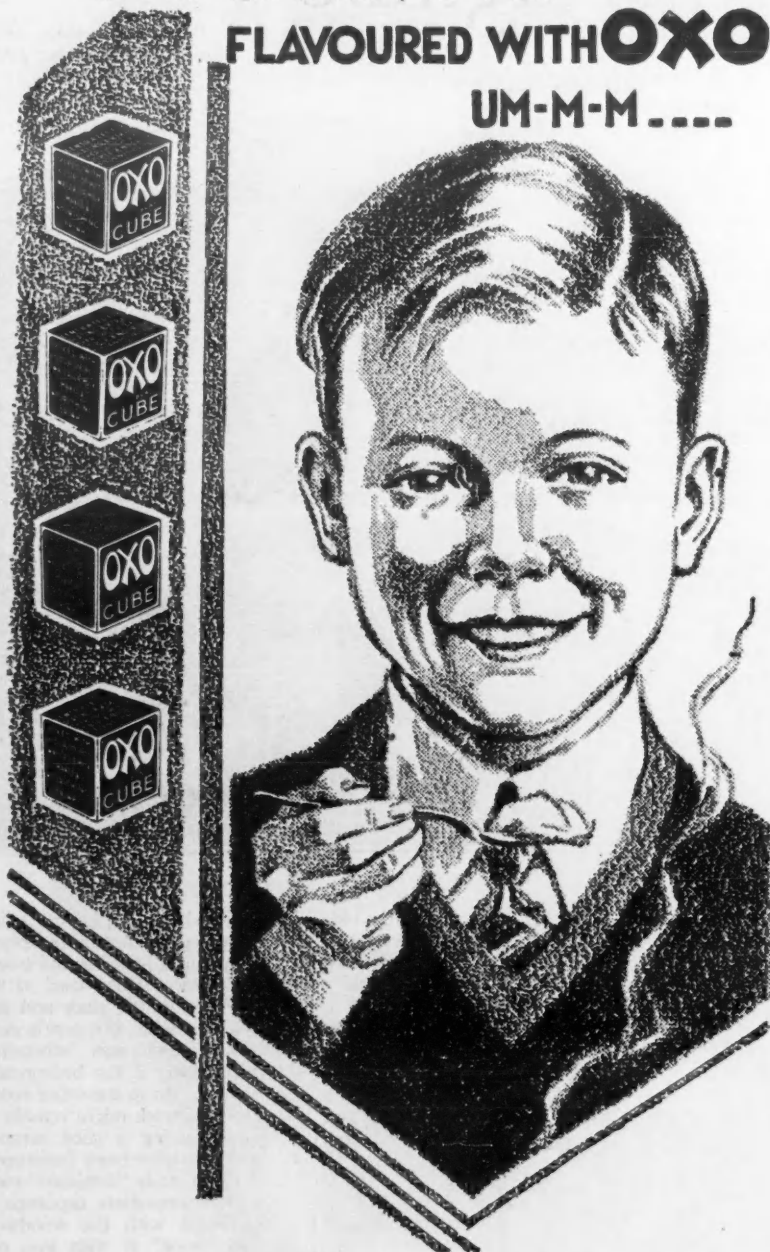
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When the Queen of Hearts Made Her Famous Tarts ~ ~

If she had known these delicious recipes she would have been far happier

by HERMIA HARRIS FRASER

POOOR old Queen of Hearts! Her dismay was pitiful and acute when she opened the cooler door and saw that the pans full of glorious red, yellow and cream tarts had vanished into oblivion.

Then and there, she reached a stout arm into the flour box and, like Maggie, armed herself with a rolling pin.

She was not soothed much when her husband in a towering rage administered a thrashing to the greedy Knave who had stolen them. But it suddenly occurred to the old Queen that in her treasury was a document containing heaps and heaps of directions for making bigger and better tarts. She hastened to find the book, and soon she knew how. Do you? If you don't, the following may help you.

You will need very light and puffy pastry. The recipe for making it can be found anywhere, but let me remind you of a few points.

Puff Pastry

- 1 Cupful of pastry flour
- 1/4 Cupful of lard or butter or vegetable fat
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of baking powder (many people prefer to omit this)
- Enough cold water to mix to a stiff paste

Mix and sift the flour, salt and baking powder. Use a spatula and a knife to add the fat. Pour in the water little by little until the paste is stiff. Then chill for a few hours. Roll out, spread with soft butter, and roll the paste again. You can make the tarts round or with a fluted or crescent shaped edge. Bake in a quick oven. Add the filling, or bake with the filling, as the case may be.

Filling For English Tarts

- 1 Cupful of white sugar
- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 1 Egg
- 1/2 Cupful of seedless raisins
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the sugar and butter. Add the rest of the ingredients in order. This recipe makes a dozen and a half tarts. Pour the mixture into the shells and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Delight Tarts

- 1 Cupful of white sugar
- 1/4 Cupful of butter
- 1 Egg
- Juice of One lemon
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of lemon flavoring

Cream sugar and butter. Add the egg, lemon juice, lemon flavoring, and a pinch of

salt. Pour the mixture into unbaked shells and cook in a quick oven.

Butterscotch Tarts

- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- Butter the size of an egg
- 1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch
- 1 Cupful of hot water
- Yolks of two eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the butter and sugar. Put them in a saucepan on the stove. Mix the cornstarch in a little cold water. Add the cupful of hot water to the sugar and butter, then the dissolved cornstarch. Beat in the yolks of egg. Add the vanilla. Cook until fairly thick. Then pour into baked pastry shells.

Date Tarts

- 1 Cupful of stoned dates
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of icing sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of fresh coconut
- 1 Cupful of stiffly whipped cream

Scald the dates; pour off the water; crush dates with a fork; then add the other ingredients. This is a delicious filling. Serve in baked tart shells. Top with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry.

Pumpkin Tarts

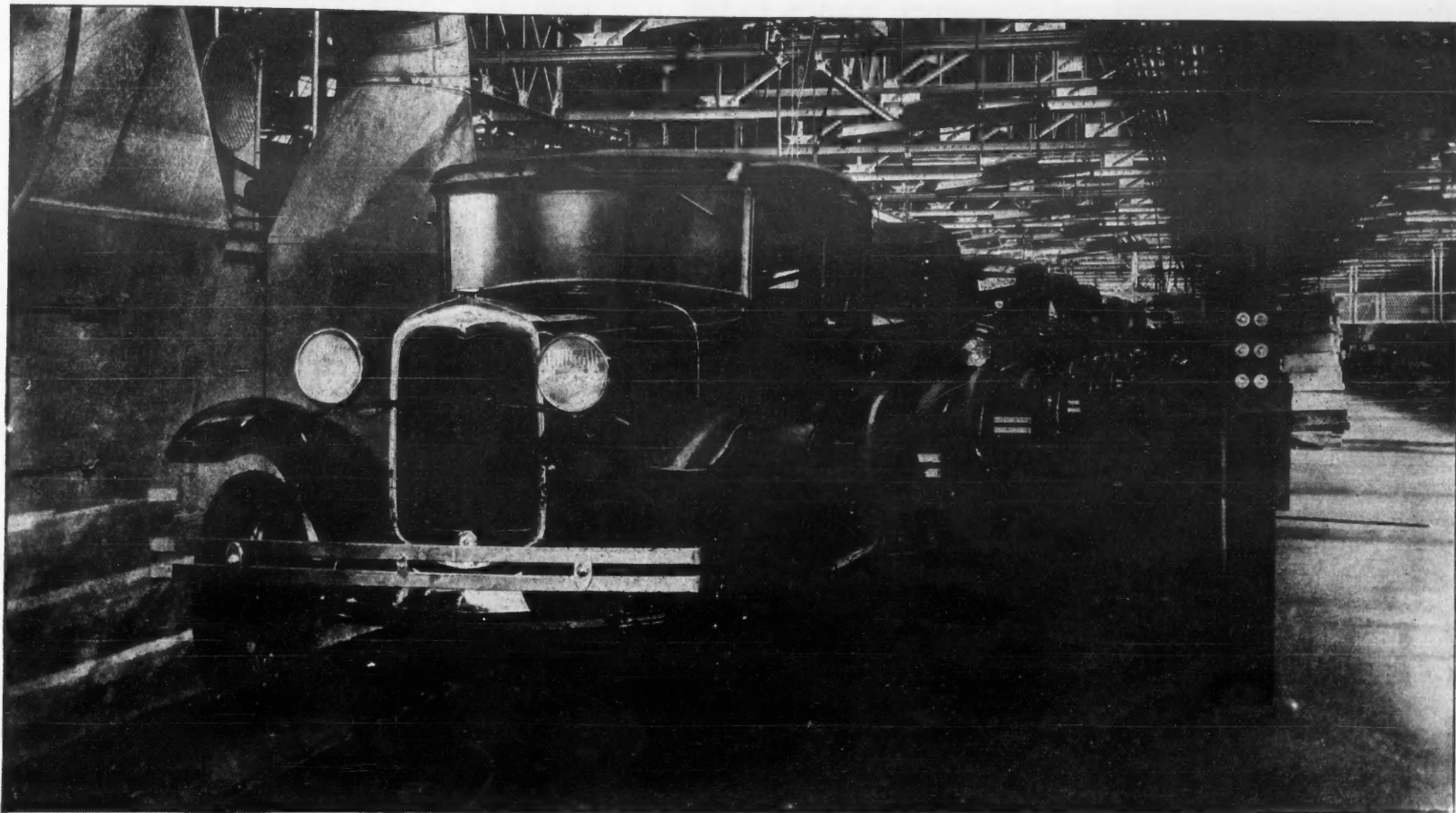
- 1 Cupful of cooked pumpkin
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of ginger
- 1 Tablespoonful of molasses
- 1 Beaten egg
- 1/4 Cupful of milk

Pour mixture into unbaked tart shells. Cook in a moderate oven. Cool and top with whipped cream.

Red Cranberry Tarts

- 1 Cupful of cranberries
- 1/4 Cupful of seeded raisins
- Juice of half a lemon
- 1/2 Cupful of water
- 1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar

Boil the cranberries and raisins. Add the lemon juice and the water. Mix the sugar and cornstarch. Add them to the sauce. Let cool when thickened. Pour into baked shells. Cover with whipped cream, or beaten whites of egg. If the latter is used, brown the tarts a few seconds in the oven.



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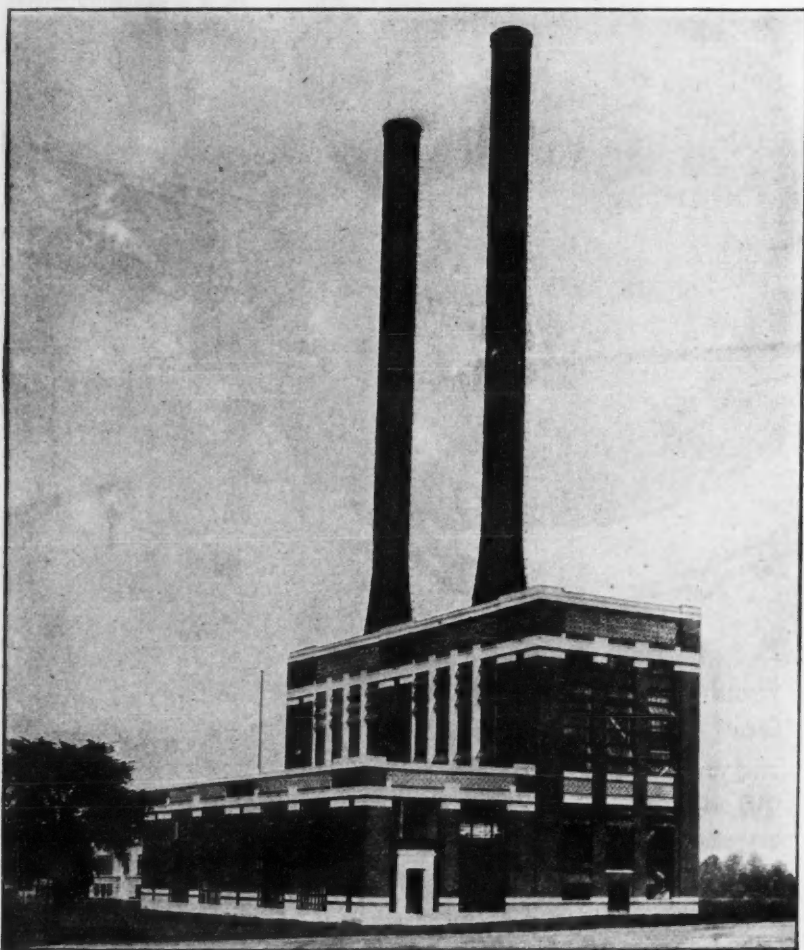
As the company has grown in size, its position of leadership has become more and more evident. Today, the Ford leads every other automobile in Canada by a large and increasing margin. In many sections between 50% and 70% of all cars sold are Model A Fords.

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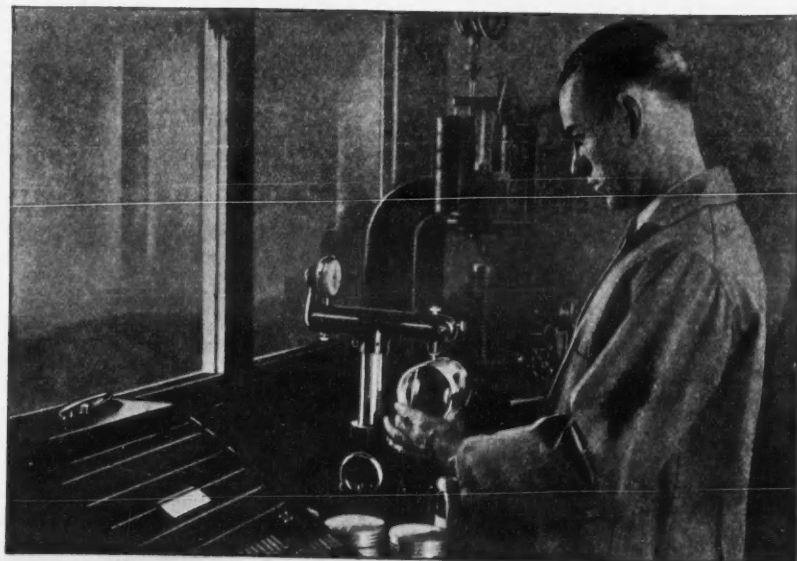
The Ford Power House at East Windsor, Ontario. The two giant turbo-generators generate 15,000 kilowatts

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This achievement is of particular importance to the people of this country because the Canadian Ford car is made almost entirely of Canadian materials and by Canadian workmen.



last. By the pale winter moonlight she saw the wonder in his eyes. Her own were pools of amazed happiness.

"Eva dearest! For ever and always?"

She managed to murmur "Yes" before he kissed her.

SO WE'RE in love!" Eva smiled across the table at Henry. "We certainly are!" Henry laughed back happily.

They were lunching together. Eva had not appeared all morning and Henry had fumed about and cancelled all her appointments for the day. Such things were possible now. Just as it was possible for him to drive to her apartment at noon and announce that he was taking her off to lunch.

She had slept all morning, she explained and as he glanced across at her, Henry noted that she was pale. But her eyes were happy so he owned the world.

"We'll take an afternoon off and forget the house. And tonight—"

"Heavens!" laughed Eva, "having a fiancé is going to ruin my career. They're such exacting creatures—wanting all one's time!"

"You are more beautiful than anyone in the world," answered Henry happily. It was such a luxury to say things, that he went on more and more extravagantly until they both laughed like children and an old gentleman seated near by peered enquiringly over his glasses at them.

That night Henry slipped a magnificent diamond on Eva's finger. It was not large but exquisitely cut, brilliant and fiery.

"I saw this in Cartier's window!" she cried accusingly. Henry smiled.

"It's not half lovely enough for you."

"But, Henry—how could you? I'll never let you be my partner in business. You're horribly extravagant I see."

She had never thought about Henry financially. One doesn't when one is first in love or not in love at all. But—a rare jewel like this! It could only mean that he had been foolish. She looked seriously at him.

"I'm sorry you did it, Henry." Then, quickly: "Of course it's the loveliest thing I've ever seen. Only—you see, you may have to take it back."

"Why, Eva?" He was slightly shaken.

"It's because we must amount to something. You see, we used to have lots and I know how much I love things—beautiful things, brilliant people, travel—I simply must have them, Henry! And we're going to earn them together. I must have that, too. I shouldn't marry you if you were rich—it would mean giving up the work. But," she broke off tremulously, the golden head drooping. "I'm terribly disappointed in this job. I'd counted on making a lot of it. And look at these!"

She handed him some papers. They were bills and one sheet listed them neatly and gave their total. It was rather a staggering total.

"I've spent more than he deposited and haven't taken my fee nor yours," she cried, ruefully. "I was simply foolish about that house. I've enjoyed it too much and I simply can't resist making it perfect. So you see I can't take the ring, Henry, darling. You'll have to take it back and use the money later."

Henry looked puzzled but not properly worried. Eva frowned.

"It'll take all I have to meet these bills, silly. Don't look stupid—and Mr. Stedman probably won't reimburse me. In fact I haven't the nerve to ask him to. So, of course, we'll need all you have if we are going to keep the studio going. And I'm afraid emerald-cut diamonds are a luxury we can't afford." She sighed regretfully and drew the ring off slowly.

"You aren't even a good business woman, Golden Eyes. The thing to do is this. Tell Dave Stedman that you couldn't possibly do his house on a measly little five thousand. Tell him that you are also charging him two thousand for professional services, a thousand more for expert advice—that's me—and a thousand for additional expenditures. You simply have to be brazen in the business world, my beautiful princess."

"Besides," he added, "as soon as he sees

you, David will sign over half his fortune to you, darling. He is partial to golden-haired ladies."

"I shall probably hate him then," observed Eva. "But just at present I'm mortally afraid of him. You'll simply have to go with me when I interview him."

"Oh, no—it wouldn't be business-like," cried Henry hastily. "I'm sure you'll find him easy to handle. If he isn't then I'll handle him." He glowered darkly at an imaginary David Stedman.

"You big wonderful man!" taunted Eva. For which she had to be kissed.

The diamond winked wickedly in amusement from its rightful place on the slim finger.

THE HOUSE was finished—even the bath towels with blue spouting whales for the blue bath. Eva and Henry had wandered over it several times moving a chair here and there, rearranging books and adjusting everything with last minute thoroughness. Perhaps, if it looked very lovely, Mr. Stedman would consider it worth what it had cost. Perfect—but not too perfect to live in—there were certain careless cushions and a few disarranged magazines and there were flowers.

They now sat before a bright fire in the library. It was evening and the firelight made long shadows on the book-lined walls.

"I had to see how it looked with a fire. Don't you love it, dear?" asked Eva. She stretched her hands above her head and looked at the ceiling. "I should like to live here always. I've put myself into it." The golden eyes were wistful.

Henry smiled indulgently. "I shall love it, too," he murmured almost inaudibly.

"I'm simply petrified about Mr. Stedman. And tomorrow's the day. But I shall remember to be very businesslike. Henry," she broke off, "wouldn't it be great if he paid all the bills and the fees? Then we would go to Europe and get those old Italian pieces I want and a lot of old English china. Oh, dear, why aren't we rich!"

But she held her hand most contentedly before the fire.

SHE dressed with more than usual care the next morning. One of her warm, tawny-colored ensembles. She wore some of the roses that Henry had sent her with "Courage, darling" on the card. The dress was new and so becoming that Henry had asked her to please marry him in it. It was, therefore, reserved for state occasions.

As the taxi drew up in front of the little house she thought of the time when old James had first brought her to see it and wondered what awaited her behind its doors.

Tingley opened to her and smiled one of his rare cracked grimaces. It seemed a good omen that Tingley could smile.

She was asked to wait in the library. Just eleven by the little old clock over the mantel which she had wound herself. When one has wound the clocks and even chosen the very bath towels for a house it nearly belongs to one. Or ought to—thought Eva. Her hands were cold in spite of the cheery blaze which Tingley had lighted for her—with one of the long fire-side matches. She fidgeted and finally rose and walked about the small room. It was an intimate room and one that she liked best of all—except perhaps the boudoir with the mirrors and purple amaranth.

Suddenly the door opened. Eva turned quickly. Surprisingly it was old James.

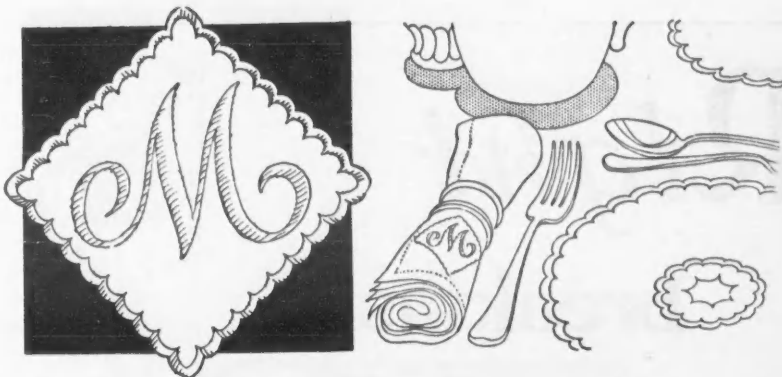
"My dear," he said simply, "your house is charming."

"I'm so glad you like it," Eva breathed in relief. "Have you seen Mr. Stedman? Does he like it?"

"Indeed he is most enamoured of it," said the old man. "And I've told him about the bills. Henry thought I'd better—you seemed nervous."

"Thank you!" cried Eva. "Is he furious?" "No," answered old James calmly. "He will meet your figures—on one condition. My client wishes you to marry him at once, my dear. Otherwise he will start proceedings against you for breach of contract."

Old James uttered these dire words in the



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A Man's Point of View

Continued from page 11



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these around some detail in the work. It was always that alone which afforded the reason for their excursions into small neighborhood tearooms and cafes.

But on a certain evening Henry failed to remark that they might as well go and have a bit of dinner.

Eva looked on in astonishment as he donned his hat and coat.

"I shall need you this evening," she announced.

"What for?" asked Henry, rather crossly. He didn't want to be cross but his head ached and he hated all the furniture in the world. Impossible to sit through dinner with Eva across from him and have to talk of—molded intaglio for the dining room ceiling! He was tired, discouraged, sick of subterfuge and sick of all forms of decoration. "Confound English houses," he thought bitterly, "I'd like to live in a hotel room with a red carpet, plush chairs and a brass bed!"

"To help me place that chest of drawers for the master bedroom. I don't know where I want it and I can't move it alone."

"We should have made a model—but Tingley's here."

"Very well, thanks." Why should a little work make him so impossible?

And Henry departed, unhappily. He went to see old James.

"I'm tired of taking her to dinner and talking of nothing but the tile floor for the back pantry or the marvellous hunting prints you've found," he announced wearily.

Old James cocked a sympathetic ear. "I thought you were doing well," he observed. "But Rome of course—"

"I'm only a piece of furniture. If I were old and English and made of mahogany and had the original glass knobs I'd be much more interesting."

"Um—m," considered the old man. "A bad situation. Couldn't you invite some other lady to dinner or—"

Henry cut him short. "I don't know any other lady and I don't want to," he said, gloomily.

"Then," cried James impressively, "you shall have to be called out of town."

So Henry reluctantly packed a bag and went to the Maritimes to see his old great aunt Louisa. A worthy soul, who lived alone and in the utmost comfort in a very old house facing the sea. Sea air was her pet hobby.

"You need sea air," she observed when she saw Henry. "You're thin." And she made him sit in the sun for hours every day and breathe the sea till he was salty.

ON THE third day of the week that Henry was gone Eva began to miss him.

"Plumbers have never paid any attention to me!" she wailed to old James. "You'll simply have to come out here. And when on earth is Henry Brisco coming back? He's the only person who can handle this fossilized old butler out here. Oh, I'm having a horrible time, Mr. James, and that foolish old man who owns this horrible house will be back in three weeks!"

Henry wanted to find Eva the minute he arrived in town again, and confess the whole plot to her, and tell her how very tantalizing the tiny curl at the nape of her neck was, and beg her to marry him. The week had been a nightmare of fearsome doubts concerning the wisdom of his disappearance, Aunt Louisa, sun baths and fresh air.

However, he arrived at the house next morning at nine instead of the usual eight-thirty, and burst out without preamble:

"I've been to the most perfect house in the country!" Just as if he'd enjoyed it immensely and had gone because he wanted to.

"You've had time to go to four dozen country houses!" snapped Eva. "They're all exactly alike any way."

In light of the fact that Eva had previously expressed a regard for country homes in general, these few remarks made Henry feel extremely happy.

Eva spent the day being hateful. She deliberately ordered the painters to do the breakfast room woodwork dull green after Henry had suggested blue and burnt orange. In the upstairs hall she changed completely one of his pet arrangements. She slipped away at lunch, without a word and attempted to slip into the darkness after the last workman had departed. All of which was most unfriendly.

But Henry was waiting for her—the motor of his snug roadster purring contentedly.

"You're coming with me!" he said gruffly. But he propelled her very gently toward the car.

Too astonished to protest she allowed herself to be enveloped in a warm lap robe without a murmur.

"Take me home, please," she said stiffly, after they had gone twenty blocks in silence.

"Eventually," said Henry, in a strange voice.

Eva looked at him in amazement. She had never really looked at him. On several occasions while he had been away she had suddenly and for no reason at all, tried to remember how he looked. It had puzzled her when she couldn't be sure and one evening she found to her disgust that she had been trying to remember for nearly two hours gazing dreamy-eyed at the fire.

There was certainly a new note in his voice. An unmistakable note. He was going to make love to her! She really ought to be thinking about some sort of dull red draperies for the library she told herself severely. But instead, somehow she wondered whether her very smart little brown hat was pulled down to a becoming angle and whether she ought to let Henry kiss her. Later on, of course—that would happen later.

She noted without astonishment or comment that they had passed her apartment and were speeding through the outskirts of the city. At this hour lack of traffic meant that they were almost in the country. She wriggled farther under the protecting lap robe and stole a glance at Henry.

He was driving very much as if he had forgotten she was there. When they passed a street lamp she could see his profile clearly outlined and he looked very calm. Calm and determined and—a little tired.

"Too bad," she thought contritely. "I was nasty all day."

There was almost no traffic now and Henry drove steadily on. No word was spoken for miles.

Suddenly without slowing up or turning his head he said casually: "I wonder—wouldn't it be nicer if you moved this way a trifle and took my arm?" And without waiting for an answer he pulled her toward him and crossed her arm through his.

And Eva, the independent, the self-sufficient, rather liked her arm through Henry's. It was a pleasant friendly way to ride over faintly moon-lit snowy roads.

Presently, still without looking at her, Henry reached over and took the hand resting upon his arm. He was steering with one hand now. Eva smiled faintly and wondered lazily why she did not sit bolt upright, snatch her hand away and demand to be taken home immediately.

"Because I don't want to," she told herself candidly, and with growing amazement, she realized just how nice it was for Henry not to be away and for him to be holding her hand warmly while she—actually, there was no other word for it—snuggled close to his rough overcoat shoulder.

Henry drove calmly on—but within he was in tumult. Surprised at himself and so warmly happy that he dared not look at the girl at his side. There might be cold fury in her eyes. Perhaps she was making sport of him. He released her hand but she did not withdraw it. Then very gently, finger by finger, he loosened her glove and pulled it slowly off. Deliberately he raised the hand to his lips. It was warm and faintly fragrant and ever so soft.

Somehow the car stopped and when Eva raised her eyes Henry was looking at her at



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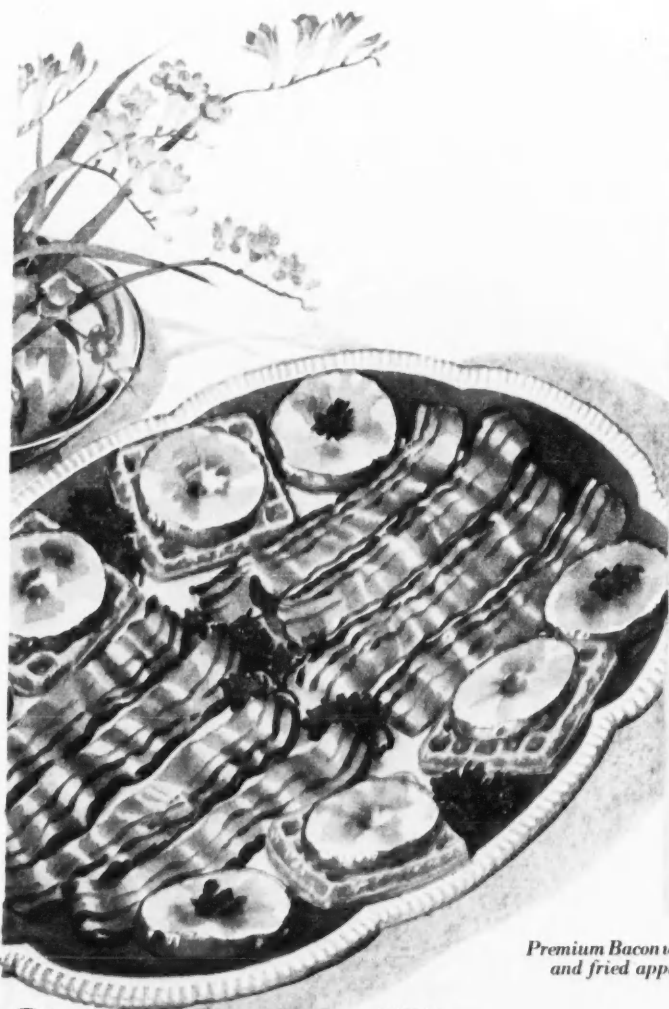
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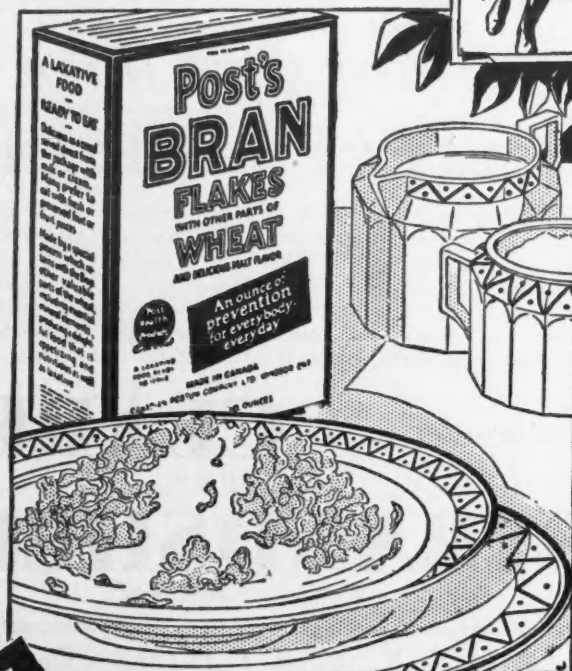
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most pleasant possible voice and his eyes held a twinkle in their faded depths.

"Tell the gentleman I agree to his condition," answered Eva with mock seriousness.

"Perhaps you'd better tell him." The old man opened the door to the next room—a tiny morning room next to the library—and Henry was disclosed looking foolish, apologetic and happy at the same time.

"My client Mr. Henry David Stedman Brisco!" cried old James with a flourish.

"Henry David Stedman Brisco!" echoed Eva weakly.

Old James discreetly disappeared.

An hour later Eva was still saying, "I won't marry you, Henry!" but she was not nearly so positive about it.

"But, dearest, then you can't go on our honeymoon to Europe!"

"Well—considering the honeymoon in Europe perhaps I shall marry you after all. But I warn you I'll pay you back for this. I'll present you with triplets and then stick pins in them all night, every night! It was such a silly thing to do, you idiot!"

"I don't see why, little Golden Eyes. It merely means that you have a house and a husband both of which James and I wished on you. We're a clever pair. You'd better look out or we'll trick you out of your business, old business woman!"

"Well, I'm only marrying you because you're wonderful at decorating. And you're not so terribly rich, are you, dear? We'll still have to have the studio, won't we?"

"Of course," lied Henry genially. "I shall have to plan cottage interiors and dining rooms like fury after I pay for the merry-making you've done in our house. Our honeymoon will leave us practically paupers."

"I'm so glad," murmured Eva from the depths of his shoulder. "I've just thought of a perfectly stunning Italian renaissance living room with—" But Henry stopped her.

There was a sudden silence—save for the ticking of the little old clock which Eva herself had wound.

The End.



A Cosy Cape for Cool Days

An unusual, and very simple coat which can be knitted by an amateur for the most particular baby in the world

by M. J. CLEARY

THE disadvantages presented by either a coat whose sleeves are invariably hard to get into, or a sleeveless cape or wrap which offers no outlet for ever busy hands and outreaching arms have been overcome in this little garment which combines the warmth of cape or coat without the undesirable features of either, and possesses a quaint charm all its own. It is quite easy to knit, even for an amateur, for it is perfectly straight.

This size, which fits a child from six months to one year old requires about seven ounces of yarn.

Cast on 245 stitches, and knit four ridges (8 rows), then start pattern as follows:

1st row: Knit plain.

2nd row: Knit 7, purl 7, across row, ending knit 7.

3rd row: Purl 7, knit 7, across row, ending purl 7.

4th row: Same as 2nd row.

5th row: Same as 1st row.

Continue this till work measures 7 inches.



The young lady who posed in the coat as soon as her mother had finished it, will give her personal commendation as to its comfort.



The cape in the size described here will fit a child from six months to one year, but it can easily be knitted for a much older child.

Here we leave an opening for the arm by working only on the first 77 stitches on the needle (continuing pattern) for 3½ inches. Break off thread. Work on next 91 stitches for 3½ inches. Break off thread and knit the last 77 stitches 3½ inches.

Now knit stitches all on one needle again and continue till work measures, from top of armhole, 6 inches.

Knit two stitches together across row.

Knit 1 stitch, throw wool over needle, knit 2 stitches together; wool over needle, knit 2 stitches together . . . across row. This forms a beading through which cord is run.

Knit 2 rows plain and cast off.

Collar: Cast on 30 stitches, knit plain for 16 inches. Cast off.

Band for Armholes: Cast on 7 stitches, knit plain for 8 inches. Cast off.

Sew collar to neck of cape, sew bands to armholes. Crochet with wool a cord about a yard long, insert in beading around neck and finish ends with small poms as shown.

been such a fool as to wear the sapphires? A sudden whim for adventure, perhaps, but good heavens, she'd have to be a witch to get away with it. If she and the Russian were secretly in league, it was possible that Madam Kautsky was overcome at the girl's dare-devilry in wearing the sapphires? Here was something to think about. Powers lit a cigarette and stalked heavily out into the night.

He tramped the deck for hours, hoping Bettina Brock would join him. He peered into the lounge, loitered around the passages, even passed the window of her state-room. The heavy curtains were drawn; he couldn't tell if there were a light.

As the hours passed he grew more desperate. He knew now that he loved this girl beyond anything else in life. Whatever she may have done meant nothing to him. It was only the thought that she might be playing with him that was intolerable.

At length, utterly exhausted, he decided to turn in. The boat would dock early. He would manage to see her somehow.

POWERS was almost the first to walk from the boat down the gang-plank, next morning. He had made his plans carefully. No use to try and see Bettina in the rush of packing and landing. He would stand at the foot of the gang-plank and wait. Pounce on her when she came down—drag her away—get out of sight before Carson of Scotland Yard sighted them. He would force her to hand over the gems, and return them, telling Carson that the girl herself had escaped.

Now the crowd was scurrying down the gang-plank like sheep trooping into a pasture. Suddenly Powers recognized a pair of dark, smoldering eyes searching the crowd below. They met his, then turned contemptuously away. Madam Kautsky! He scarcely knew her in her street clothes. She was being supported by two men. So after all, she must have been quite ill. Even now she stumbled and tottered with the men upholding her.

But Powers didn't gaze long at the Russian, for behind her was a girl, tall,

radiant, in a blue leather coat with chic beret, under which wisps of gold clung lovingly to her cheeks.

Now! Excitedly Powers pushed forward. Bettina was gazing away over the crowd and did not see him. As she reached the foot of the plank, before he could intervene, a small, fair man, reached over and gripped the girl's hand.

She stood still abruptly, staring at the stranger with puzzled frown. Powers, catching the name this man uttered, went cold all over.

"Carson of Scotland Yard—"

He had got her! But the fellow's next words left the younger man petrified, gazing dumbly at Bettina—

"My congratulations, Lady Diana. It was the neatest thing I ever heard of. Won't detain you just now," he went on rather jerkily. "My men are waiting in the taxi with the Kautsky woman. But I just wanted to say it was a brilliant bit of work, your wearing the imitation sapphires last night to force her to betray herself—"

"Thank you Mr. Carson," the girl said simply. But there was a tired, rather wan look in her eyes as she turned and smiled suddenly at Powers. Reaching out a hand, she pulled him forward.

"Mr. Carson, this is the man who deserves the credit. If it hadn't been for his presence on the boat, I'd never have had the nerve to put it over."

The Scotland Yard man gripped Powers' hand warmly, and after a few more remarks, hurried away.

Lady Diana turned to her companion with a shy little laugh, "Say it! I know you want to curse me for cutting in on your job."

His eyes held hers in a long look. "I have but one question to ask," he told her in a quiet, even voice. "Why did you have McCanns send me that wireless to trail you?"

Lady Diana's color deepened. Her eyes took on that starry look he found so irresistible— "Because, darling," she said, "I wanted to have all your attention . . ."

She got it. *The End.*

Checking the Divorce Menace

Continued from page 28

their marriage declared null and void. If there has been no consummation or cohabitation after the ceremony, and the age of nineteen has not been reached, the Supreme Court may be asked to dissolve the alliance. But if the couple have lived together as man and wife before the ceremony the Court "shall not declare the marriage void." There is no room for collusion, for there must be a full trial in open court, with the parties actually present and the Attorney-General of Ontario must be made a party to the suit.

This statute calls also for careful proof of age and one of the contracting parties must make an affidavit declaring they are both over the age of eighteen. More important still there must be filed a copy of the birth certificates or other documentary evidence, such as an affidavit by some member of the family who has personal knowledge of the time and place of birth. If either party is under eighteen, sworn proof of the consent of the parents or guardians must be produced.

The identification of the parties applying for the license may be demanded as a safeguard against mistakes.

There is no formal provision for civil marriage in the Ontario Act. At least there is no section laying down the manner in which it shall be celebrated or what form of words shall be used as in some of the provincial statutes.

WHETHER women may or may not solemnize marriages the Ontario law sayeth not. It may be if a woman were the "minister" of any sect which ordains women and was appointed by church authorities to

celebrate weddings she might do so, or if she were a captain, major or colonel in the Salvation Army and they specifically appointed her to do so, perhaps she may marry couples. One might be more sure perhaps, were it not for curious unsuspected intricacies of the male legal mind. Who, or what woman would have supposed that courts could ever gravely declare women "persons" legally as to "pains and penalties," but not persons as to "rights and privileges."

Marriages under Ontario law are not to be declared void merely because they were celebrated in unconsecrated buildings or outside the ordinary legal hours. The removal of doubt regarding "consecrated buildings" is important since some religious bodies do not consecrate their churches until they are out of debt. The intended groom or bride must say where the ceremony is to be held, and that he or she believes there is no legal impediment such as previous marriage, blood relationship or affinity (affinity meaning relationship through marriage—not the "soulmate" of newspaper notoriety).

Both the newest Canadian marriage acts, those of Ontario and British Columbia, show not only the modern tendency to uniformity of regulation, but the spread of a belief that ill-considered, hasty matrimony should not be encouraged by legal laxity. These newest Canadian acts present three important features:

- (1) In calling for delay between the preliminary step and the final ceremony.
- (2) In requiring that after the alliance is determined upon only those authorized by the Government may solemnize it.
- (3) And when finally accomplished it shall be officially and accurately recorded.

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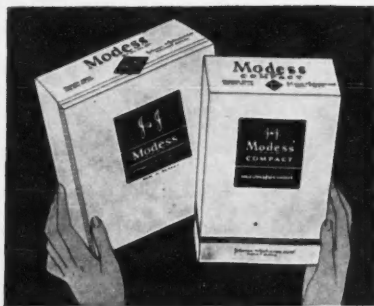
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Continued from page 5

IT WAS the last day on board. As yet Powers had done nothing in the matter. He rose early. A sparkling morning all turquoise, dazzling sunshine and opalescent tints. He had resolved after a sleepless night, that he would take action. He hadn't formed any definite plan, trusting to events to shape themselves.

Oddly enough that morning Bettina did not appear. Dawson Powers sought out their rendezvous, hanging around there for what seemed an eternity. It was not until he heard the second lunch gong, that he gave up in despair and started below to the dining room.

On his way he barged into Madam Kautsky. He had vaguely noticed her pacing up and down near by. Now at the sudden encounter a look of triumph leaped into her eyes, nor could she restrain the exultant note in her voice.

"You?" She uttered the word with a low, husky laugh, searching his face, trying to read what she hoped had happened.

"Good morning, Madam Kautsky," he said casually, making a lunge past her. But she was in his path. He couldn't exactly brush her aside.

"Alone? So!" she said drawing closer, her strange, exotic personality seeming to envelope him. "Ah, poor dear, I knew it from the first. I tried to save you—"

"Madam Kautsky, I really don't know what you're hinting at," he said coldly. But she had seen the sudden fear in his eyes, and smiled.

"Ah, but who can blame you!" Her low voice was tremulous with suppressed feeling. "A sea voyage, a beautiful girl, maddening moonlight! The odds were against you, my friend. She so deep—so subtle—so young—so childlike—so naive! Indeed, even the captain is fooled."

"Fooled?" the man echoed, then checked himself. She had shocked him into betraying himself.

"Ah yes, my friend. When I asked our so gallant captain who was the young lady, he looked vague—fumbled for her name. Then said he met so many people it wasn't always easy to recall the names offhand."

Powers forced a derisive laugh.

"And you didn't catch on, Madam Kautsky? Well, you haven't the wit I gave you credit for. That's the captain's way of baffling a prying woman. He knew you had played bridge with Miss Brock, that you'd been introduced, had heard her name a dozen times. Our so gallant captain—" he mocked, "is not so dumb! And now, if you don't mind—" with elaborate politeness trying to edge past. "I'm rather late for lunch—"

She merely lowered her eyelids as she stepped back to let him go by. "Ah, you will find out before long, my friend," she murmured almost inaudibly.

IT WAS not until the evening after dinner that Bettina Brock put in an appearance. Powers was having a cigarette in the lounge when he saw her—a gauzy mist of silvery blue wafting in his direction.

As his eyes encountered the vision, he almost ceased to breathe. She was with Don Campbell, but the older man forgot to be jealous, so startled was he at what he beheld.

It was not the gown, although he vaguely sensed it as a masterpiece of the dress-maker's art. It was not even her ethereal beauty, the golden tints of her hair, the blue of her eyes, which caught and held his startled gaze. It was the bubbling blue stones that glittered and gleamed on her neck and bare arms—the realization that Bettina Brock stood before him, dripping with sapphires, which caused him to pale slightly, and grope feebly for a handkerchief to wipe the moisture from his palms.

Her manner was as cool, and airy as the gown she wore. Deliberately ignoring what she must have read in his face, she calmly

demanding that they sit down to a rubber of bridge.

"I've brought Don," she told Powers. "So it's up to you to get Madame Kautsky."

"Madam Kautsky?" he asked incredulously.

"Why not? She played with us before."

Powers was silent, glowering at young Campbell. Hang this fellow—sticking around at the vital moment when it was so important he should see Bettina alone.

Evidently Don sensed Powers' mood, for he said suddenly to the girl—

"Shall I go and bring Madame Kautsky? I saw her just a few minutes ago coming up from dinner."

The girl agreed, and Campbell departed.

This was his moment Powers told himself, mopping his forehead with nervous handkerchief. He cleared his throat; stood stammering in front of her; the words dying on his tongue. At last he managed to jerk out,

"Bettina, I must see you—alone—now—outside."

To his amazement she avoided his eye. "Let's get a table now, so we'll be ready when the others come—" starting toward one of the bridge tables.

"Bettina—" he protested, following her in a sort of daze. "It's terribly urgent. I'm desperate!"

"Please—" she begged like a petulant child. "I couldn't talk seriously tonight. I'm all up in the air, myself. Just think, landing tomorrow. Heaven help us—"

The words froze on Powers' lips. If his heart hadn't been so deeply involved, he might have been master of the situation. But it came to him, like the turning of a knife, that this girl was dropping him. She had trifled with him on the boat, now, on landing she was going to give him the slip. What a fool he'd been! Even now as he watched her sit down and start to shuffle the cards while waiting, he knew she held his fate in her exquisite little hands. As she had herself said—"what difference does it make who I am?" He knew that for him, it didn't.

IT WAS a weird game they played that night. Bettina seemed feverishly excited. She hid recklessly and laughed too often. Powers was constrained, even glum, but managed to keep his head, though his mind was in a chaos. Madam Kautsky seemed all at once to have donned a mask. When she sat down she had flashed him a strange look. Then, as she sighted the gems on Bettina, Powers could have sworn she turned paler, and her eyes dilated. Now her face had gone hard. She played stealthily, like a cat.

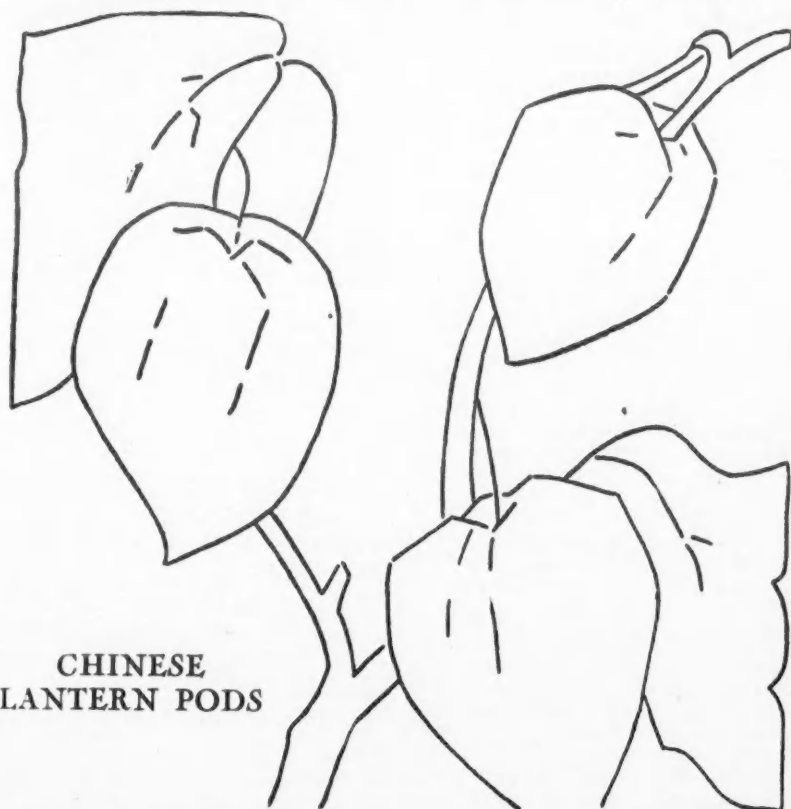
There was a tension about them. Each might have been staking their all, on the play. Powers had an odd feeling that something sinister would happen. He looked desperately at Bettina. But she scarcely noticed him. Her whole interest was on the other woman.

Powers turned his gaze on the Russian. Young Campbell was also watching her. He too, seemed to sense something. All at once her face went grey. She seemed to shrivel up under the eyes of the three. Throwing her cards on the table she rose to her feet unsteadily—murmuring something about being ill. She tottered and would have fallen if Don hadn't sprung to her assistance.

At once Bettina was on her feet—hurrying to help Madam Kautsky. She chafed the woman's hands, fanned her, trying to revive her. Then she whispered something to Don, and together they led the Russian away.

Powers sat watching the little drama as one in a dream. What was it all about? Why this queer behavior of Madam Kautsky? Was her collapse faked? Were these two women, after all, in league; pretending they were strangers to each other, to put him off the scent? Why had Bettina

THE FLOWER-GARDEN QUILT



CHINESE
LANTERN PODS

While all of the garden flower squares in this series are designed as blocks for a charming quilt, many of the patterns are usable for other things too. These brilliantly hued lantern pods for instance would be handsome in appliqué on black sateen or painted on oilcloth for porch or summer pillows or sunroom pillows. The pods are orange, leaves and stems green, which makes an interesting color scheme on the ivory tone suggested for quilt blocks, or on pale green, orchid or black.

There are twenty-five blocks in the series together with a quilting pattern to be used on the alternate plain squares and a unit of picket fence to border the quilt top and bottom when the blocks are set together. These blocks are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to seven-inch squares of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple well-known stitches such as outline, lazy daisy, buttonhole and French knot.



BLEEDING HEARTS

The conventional looking little blossoms of the old-fashioned bleeding heart are in two shades of pink, darker on the larger lines, and the lower sections are white, with green leaves and stems, of course. An ivory material, slightly darker than unbleached muslin is even more effective than white for the background, as some of the flowers are

to be embroidered in white. Percale or broadcloth are excellent materials to use. Aside from being used as a quilt block, this design with lilac and delphinium or bluebells would make a dainty curtain border for the bedroom where that French color confection of pink, orchid and blue is used with old time furnishings.

A TASTE - - -



A SMELL



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PROVE to yourself that Baker's Cocoa is *richer* in chocolate flavour, and fragrance. First, make a cup of ordinary cocoa. Then, make a cup of Baker's Cocoa according to directions on the tin. What a difference you'll find. You'll quickly note the superiority of Baker's compared to any other cocoa. You can taste it. You can smell it.

That's why children as well as the whole family love Baker's Cocoa—because of its *richer chocolate flavour*. Not only that. Baker's Cocoa is richness plus smoothness plus easy digestibility.

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C3-31M



A Salmon Salad is always acceptable



**NORTHERN BAKED
SALMON**

Shred one pound can of salmon, retaining juice. Place a layer of Salmon in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with a little flour and olive oil. On this place thinly sliced raw onions, and on these thinly sliced raw potatoes. Repeat three layers. Add to Salmon juice enough milk to make a liquid, sufficient to cover layers. Dot with butter and bake slowly one hour.

SALMON SALAD SURPRISE (Illustrated at Top)

Dissolve a package of lemon gelatine in a pint of boiling water. When cold put a shallow layer in bottom of mould. When partly set, add some sliced tomatoes. Fill mould with alternate layers of Canned Salmon, cooked peas and cold gelatine. Serve on bed of lettuce, garnish with tomatoes, add French dressing or mayonnaise. A one-pound can or more may be used.

Whatever the reason... be it change or emergency... or the need for lighter meals... a simply made salad of Canned Salmon is always a most welcome dish. Chefs and Dieticians the world over agree on the high food value, and the low cost of Canned Salmon. There is none better than Canadian Salmon caught in the clear, cold ocean waters, packed in modern plants, and brought to you in ideal condition by your own grocer.

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ASPARAGUS DISHES

Asparagus can be served in countless different ways

by MARGARET M. SHAW

THE season for home-grown asparagus is a comparatively short one, and we like to make the most of it by using this vegetable as often as possible. Asparagus has a delicate flavor which lends itself to combinations with other foods in the preparation of many delicious new dishes. It has the best flavor, of course, when cooked the same day it is cut, but this is often not possible. If it seems rather limp when bought, it will freshen and become crisp again if it is allowed to stand in an inch or two of cold water for a couple of hours. To cook, stand the bunches in a kettle and pour in boiling water to three-quarters the height of the bunches. Cover and boil twenty minutes to half an hour. The recipes given below are useful throughout the year, for these dishes are equally good when made with canned asparagus.

Asparagus Molds

- 2 Cupfuls of asparagus
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of liquid (asparagus water and milk)
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Make a white sauce of the flour, butter, liquid and salt. Cut the asparagus in pieces about half inch in length. Mix with the white sauce. Add the well-beaten eggs and blend well. Turn into buttered custard cups and cook in a pan of water in a moderate oven until set, about thirty to forty minutes.

Most people consider either asparagus or mushrooms rather a treat when served separately, but here is a combination of these two which will please even the most fastidious taste.

Asparagus and Mushroom Patties

- 1 Cupful of asparagus
- 3/4 Cupful of canned mushrooms
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Cupful of liquid (asparagus water and milk)
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Make a white sauce of the flour, butter, liquid and salt. Cut the asparagus in pieces about half inch in length. Cut the small button mushrooms in halves or quarters according to their size. Mix the asparagus and mushrooms with the white sauce and re-heat the mixture. Turn into hot patty shells and garnish with pimento.

Many appetizing supper dishes may be made by combining asparagus with cheese and eggs. These will fit very nicely into the meatless menu.

Asparagus Soufflé

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of asparagus
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs

Add milk to crumbs. Press the asparagus through a sieve and add to the milk and crumbs. Add salt and well-beaten egg yolks. Blend thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and oven-poach in a slow oven until set—about forty to fifty minutes. Serve at once.

Eggs in Asparagus Nests

- 2 Cupfuls of asparagus
- 6 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of white sauce
- 3/4 Cupful of grated cheese
- 1 Cupful of buttered crumbs

Make a white sauce with two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of liquid (asparagus water and milk). Add the grated cheese to the sauce. Butter a low baking dish and cover the bottom with the asparagus. Break the eggs on to a saucer and slip carefully on to the asparagus. Pour the sauce over them and place the buttered crumbs on top. Put the dish into a pan of water and oven-poach until the crumbs are a golden brown and the egg white is coagulated (about half hour in a moderate oven.).

Light, fluffy omelets are always a delight to the housewife's heart and this one will be no exception. It is sure to win a place in her recipe book.

Asparagus Omelet

- 4 Eggs
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of asparagus water
- 1 Cupful of asparagus

Beat yolks of eggs and add salt and asparagus water. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Gradually stir in yolk mixture and asparagus cut in small pieces. Heat an omelet pan very hot and grease it well with butter. Pour in omelet mixture. Reduce heat and cook slowly until omelet is set. Put into a moderate oven to dry slightly. Fold and turn out. Garnish with asparagus tips and serve immediately.

Here is a salad which is attractive both to the eye and the palate.

Spara-Egg Salad

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling liquid (half asparagus water and half water)
- 1/2 Cupful of white wine vinegar
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of cold water
- Juice of one lemon
- 2 Cupfuls of asparagus
- Pimento
- 3 Hard cooked eggs

Mix vinegar, boiling liquid, sugar and salt and heat to boiling point. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in the boiling liquid. Add lemon juice. Chill, stirring occasionally. Around moistened individual molds arrange asparagus tips and very thin strips of pimento alternately. When the gelatine mixture is slightly thickened, add the remainder of the asparagus cut in small pieces, and two of the hard cooked eggs chopped. Pour this mixture into the molds. Chill. Turn out on a bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with the other egg cut in circles or in strips lengthwise.

Here is a dish which takes only a few minutes to make and is a good one to try the next time someone drops in unexpectedly for lunch.

Asparagus Surprise

- 2 Cupfuls of asparagus
- 1/2 Cupful of peas
- 2 1/2 Cupfuls of chopped walnuts
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of liquid

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and liquid. Add asparagus cut in pieces about one inch long, peas and walnuts. Re-heat. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Note: One No. 2. size tin of asparagus contains approximately two cupfuls of asparagus.

the folk to whom publicity is the breath of life. Success is the religion of the twentieth century and the social column is its gospel. Though the average newspaper has become as mixed, as society, there is still a delusion that to appear in it is to be in society—to be a success. Some of the people who crave entrance to society columns to advertise themselves or their pursuits, are the social editor's despair.

One horrible example was a lady who had been one of the most successful self-advertisers in a big Canadian city. Few feminine names appeared so often in the social columns. For some months she had been in retirement. Then for a month her name appeared with all its old-time regularity. First came an account of a luncheon for a distinguished visitor in town. It had taken place at the home of a mutual friend, according to the story.

"Why did you not ask me to your party?" laughed an intimate friend.

"There was no such luncheon," said the friend quietly. "I was out of town."

A few days later, the social column told of a party given by the publicity-loving

lady. Its guests included about ten of the city's smartest women. One suspicious social editor investigated. Not one of those women had been at that party!

What did they do?

"What can you do?" said the husband of one woman. "Did you ever see an item in a social column to say that a lady was not at a party." Yet it did happen once in that same city. A well-known lady insisted that one social editor correct such an announcement in her column!

"What are the tribulations of a social editor."

They might well be summed up in John Buchan's words of a public man: "The political leader must be able to endure a long grind, and yet keep a reserve of energy for a sudden effort. It is easy enough to be a carthorse and comparatively easy to be a steeplechaser; but it is not so easy to be a carthorse which is required at any time to take the Grand National jumps. . . . He has to remember all the time not only the substance of his task, but the niceties of manner. He is a San Sebastian who must pretend that the arrows are rose leaves."

Chatelaine Patterns as they are worn in Paris



Here are the Chatelaine patterns referred to by Eustella Burke in her Paris letter this month. Miss Burke, who visited all the spring openings of the great designers says:

"In pattern 976, you will see a dress that is repeated time after time in fine wools at the Paris openings. Made with cotton pique collar and cuffs, a black patent belt, black bone buttons and a black patent bow on the collar, you will be dressed exactly as the smart Parisienne when she goes walking and shopping."

Speaking of the popularity of ribbed silks, Miss Burke says: "You will not find a more excellent fabric for a summer costume nor a better pattern for this fabric than Chatelaine pattern number 129, with its pleated skirt and its flared peplum."



These patterns may be ordered direct through The Chatelaine or from your nearest store showing Chatelaine patterns. Price 25c.

The Paris Letter

Continued from page 9

just back of the pleats. The effect was graceful. Another thing—sleeves only, were lined. This too will eliminate bagging about the elbows and probably make short sleeved blouses more comfortable.

The plain and patterned knitted fabrics that are now to be had by the yard in every dry goods shop, are the thing for your spring jumpers, and make them on a good blouse pattern and bind your seams with a silk tape for the purpose. With vest and cuffs of washing silk they make a most attractive "third-piece." Blouses and sweaters that come below the waist have shallow fitted hips and a narrow belt at the normal waistline.

White cotton piqué is the trimming for the tweed dress, with a belt of black patent leather and for the collar a Gardenia of black patent and white piqué petals, the white over the black.

French tweeds are made simply. At the same time they are thin and fine enough to allow more intricate dressmaking than the English variety. Please turn to the February Chatelaine, pattern number 976, and

you will see a dress that is repeated time after time in fine wools at the Paris Openings. Suppose you have a length of blonde Kasha speckled with black, Cenrdikasha it is called. Made up in pattern 976 with cotton piqué collars and cuffs, a black patent belt, black bone buttons and a black patent bow on the collar, you will be dressed exactly as the smart Parisienne when she goes walking and shopping, or when spending a quiet afternoon at home.

An English tweed is indicated in pattern 843 because the skirt is pleated. Stitch the pleats to the knee. Patou puts groups of pleats in all his tweeds and does not resort to flares or fullness of any other sort for his cloth costumes.

Six years ago a waved ribbed silk made a quiet debut in tailored dresses. Every year it increases in popularity and no wonder. If you buy the real crêpe Flamengo it will wear like iron, will keep its shape, clean beautifully, and the wrinkles shake out. You will not find a more excellent fabric for a summer costume nor a better pattern for this fabric than number 129 with its pleated

Ten years too late . . . Most People Seek Protection

FALSE teeth are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets until extraction and false teeth are the last resort. Don't wait another day before taking protective action.

Go to your dentist twice a year

Everyone should pay a visit to his dentist at least once in every six months for teeth inspection. Between such visits start the habit now of brushing your teeth regularly twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste. This scientific dentifrice was originated by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

This toothpaste is unique in that it contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use today in the treatment of pyorrhea.

A fine dentifrice for children

Even when gums are in the best of condition, Forhan's is a fine precaution. It is so pure, so mild, so free from harsh abrasives that it cannot do the slightest harm, even to the delicate tooth enamel of children. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A
GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN
AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40



Forhan's

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Promote foot health unhampered growth

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watch the spelling H u r l B U T

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Woes of a Society Editor

Continued from page 12

cedure. When the air gets too sultry they call up the social editor, much as a more humble family would call in the police, to give a decision. One such referee smilingly says: "I have the makings of a judge of domestic relations court. Not only do I have telephone calls but lengthy letters from wives whose husbands have questioned their social judgment. I had a ten-page letter the other day from a woman whose husband was sure she was quite wrong. I think I saved the lady from a divorce."

Mothers of debutantes ring up to make sure that their proposed date for a coming-out party has not been already chosen by a rival hostess. Some bewildered mamas who are told by their modern daughters that they must have hundreds of young men if their debut parties are to be a "wow," confer with social editors as to how best they can mobilize such numbers. Old-fashioned mamas are aghast at inviting almost any young man who has a tuxedo, and when the strangers arrive at the party, there is more assistance needed from the social editor: "Tell me, again, just who is he?" a distressed mamma will whisper, as stranger after stranger chats with her.

ONE of the most frequent telephone pests is the lady who rings up to let the social editor know that she was among those present. Particularly persistent was the wife of a Provincial Legislature member from a small town. It is said that when she went abroad her trunks were inscribed: "Mrs. Blank, M.P.P." She would ring up at the most inconvenient moments to ask: "Did you get my name as one of those present at the party? I thought you had gone before I arrived. Will you be sure to add mine and put it in directly after Lady P?"

If a social editor's paper goes in for lists of names she has a toilsome life. You see her at chilly entrances of weddings or concerts or at race courses, feverishly writing the names of those she knows. When a city nears a million such a task becomes a nightmare. Some editors lessen the strain by accepting lists of invited guests at certain functions. But these are never as satisfactory as even the incomplete lists which she compiles herself, for they give but little idea of the actual guests. Some of those on the list may be at the ends of the earth—or even in the cemetery.

One of Canada's best-known hostesses declares she has found that to estimate how many guests respond to the huge number on her invited lists, she divides it by two and adds one hundred.

However, even if a social editor attempts to obtain assistance that might be reliable, she may incur wrath. One editor reports: "I asked a secretary of a club to get me a list of the guests where the party numbered three hundred. Two days later my editor-in-chief had such angry letters from two men. One protested that he wasn't married and I had given him a wife, and another from out-of-town had brought a friend's wife, and his own had been annoyed to see that I had dressed her up, and featured her as the man's real wife."

SINCE society has been arriving later and later at balls, after long dinner parties, the task of the social editor who would obtain an "among those present" list, has been more difficult than ever. Often the function's most interesting guests do not arrive until after eleven and morning-paper editors have disappeared by then.

As cities grow larger, it is seldom the fashion to run long lists of dresses with the guests' names. But it is still done in Ottawa for an opening of parliament, where one paper will devote at least three pages to such "news." Is it small wonder that the dean of the Ottawa social editors had a break-down that lasted for months?

"Telephonitis" might be regarded as the social editor's most persistent trouble. When the public is not calling her, she is calling the

public. Since it has been decreed that Anticipation should be the social editor's middle name, she almost feels guilty if she is not at a telephone mouthpiece. She literally rakes her town for news.

But if Anticipation should be the social editor's middle name, Vigilance has to be the next one—and woe, woe betide she who nods!

Most social editors will agree that it is difficult to decide which gives them greater tribulation; to get in material that people try to keep out, or to keep out undesirable matter that people try to get in.

One of the most cruel sentences to a social editor's ears is: "We do not care for publicity. No, we have nothing to say and we do not care to have our pictures in the paper."

If the story means big news, no editor-in-chief is ever satisfied with that explanation from a social editor and she travels the rockiest roads to get what her paper wants. If papers were sure that their rivals would do the same, they might accept a turn-down, but the most valuable story is usually the one they have been denied.

However, as yet, no Canadian social reporters have gone to the extremes of those whose editors-in-chief have to defy New York society. On the 1925 visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Toronto social editors arrived at a ball at a local club, to find that a woman from a New York yellow journal was "covering" it as a cloak-room girl. True a man from one Toronto paper had got in as a man with a violin for the orchestra, and another as a caterer's assistant, but the Canadian social editors had not donned disguises.

IN RECENT years social editors have been distressed by the number of well-known people who say: "Please don't say anything about our going away, for even the burglars seem to be reading the social columns these days."

Or again these very people may curtail an editor's news items by saying: "Oh, please do not say anything about my party. You see I asked so few of my friends and I owe so many of them hospitality, that they will all be angry with me. Last time one of my parties got into the papers, I had to spend almost a day calling up my friends to explain why I did not ask them."

Practical jokers and publicity hounds, too, head the social editor's list of undesirables. Many an editor is ready to declare her conviction that all the naughtiest juveniles on Hallowe'en, grow up and find their pet recreation in sending fake stories to the newspapers.

Engagements or weddings have been a favorite distortion of these practical jokers. Such strange things have happened, that now most publications insist that both the bride-elect and the groom must verify any engagement announcement. Not only have practical jokers inserted false announcements, but certain modern young women have sent them in and horrified the men in question who have been ungallant enough to deny it.

One of Canada's best-known doctors was the victim of a fake wedding story. He was engaged to the girl who lived in a near-by town, but one week-end a society journal published a lengthy account of their wedding with an extensive list of guests. It included several notorious characters of that town who were serving time in jail!

Many a practical joker item has been traced to disappointed wedding principals. One distracted bride pleaded with a social editor to keep out her sad tale—the young man who did not marry her inserted this advertisement: "Wanted, 150 apple pickers apply between the hours of 4-6, ready for work."

Picture the family's chagrin when hundreds of rough-clad men, arrived constantly at the house as the wedding reception was in progress.

No millionaire heiress is more pursued by fortune-hunters than is the social editor by



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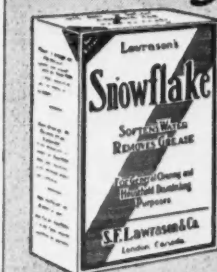
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from his home folks. Occasionally one reads of the eager student, working in spite of all obstacles. But the average child is the reflection of his parents and his home. When the mother is tired out with her day's work, and too enervated to show any genuine interest; when the father is full of his business problems, or his bowling, motor-ing, golfing, or lodge work—the effect is going to be shown in the child's attitude. When the parents are, as the saying is, "always on the go," how can the child be expected to learn the value of real studying?

No; the great basis for improvement in this argument, lies, not in the school, but in the home.

Parents should see to it that children have a definite interest in their school and homework. Let them get their exercise; let them do the chores and help with the supper dishes. But let there be interest at the supper table in the lessons. Let the mother encourage a definite feeling for study. Let her get away from the casual attitude, "Hurry up with your homework Tommy and get to bed." Or, "Let daddy help you son, and then we can slip in to see, 'The Dance of Death' down the street."

Let the parents give due attention to the study hour; not do the lessons, but by thought and interest help the youngsters over the rough spots. Shut the radio off during the study hour. If possible in any way let the older boys and girls have corners in their own rooms fitted for home-work. But this I know, is difficult; in the majority of homes the work is done round the living-room table.

Encourage the children to talk of their work. Show an interest in the finished work. Question as to the result the next day. All this lies in the home department and is the responsibility of the parents.

MANY years of studying this question has brought me to some very definite conclusions about the teacher's part in this homework question.

All homework should be inspected by the teacher. Work that is carelessly done, and carelessly checked is worthless.

Homework should be considered most carefully. The child's point of view must be considered as to difficulty and length of time the work needed. It is a good idea for teachers to check periodically on the time the child spent in working out the problems.

There should be a definite application of the supervised work in the class room. The teacher should show how to study—in some schools very definite lessons in the art of studying most successfully are given.

The teacher must be sure that children know just what to do. If the children seem dull or uninterested an interview with the mother is helpful. That is where the work of the Home and School clubs is proving so invaluable.

Homework should never, never be assigned as a punishment. The feeling that it is a routine exercise should be avoided as much as possible.

Homework should, as much as possible, be application of the work done in class. Younger pupils cannot study ahead. A simple exercise and problem based on the study in class is the best method of deciding whether the child has understood the lesson.

Homework is absolutely essential in the growth of the child. The mental growth which develops from definite, personal studies will be important all through the child's life. He cannot cover the school syllabus without this private study. It has been proved in actual practice that as long, as we keep our present system of education (which in itself presents a very powerful subject for argument) the development of legitimate homework is a very valuable part of the educational scheme.

But it cannot be successful without the co-operation of parents.

Is Homework a Necessity?—No!

Continued from page 13

interests which the children should have the opportunity of developing and understanding themselves, with the continued interests of parents. Under the present system the child has no time for these interests. He grows into maturity without having had an opportunity for developing a hobby, and endless pleasure is lost to him when he closes his school books for good and goes into the business world.

Then there are the little chores about the home. I believe in chores. I have always made it a point to see that there were always homely tasks for my sons and daughters to do every day. I don't want them to feel that home is a place for eating and sleeping only. They have their tasks to do in helping to keep the home running smoothly, and they have the feeling that they are the only ones in the family who can do them successfully. I believe a definite amount of home chores play a part of great importance in the training of the child. But the time allowed for these chores is difficult to snatch from school routines.

There is much to be learned in social contacts with other boys and girls. I want to be able to ask other children to our home frequently, for there is much in the development of children to be learned from these associations away from school. But when can I take the children's time?

Children need more leisure than they have these days. The modern child has practically no time at all to develop his own ideas or interest, or to think "the long long, thoughts of youth." Life is a rush to school in the morning; a hurrying home after school to music lessons, and an odd game or two; supper, homework and bed. Unless we give our children opportunities for leisure the years to come are going to see a more nerve-ridden populace than even today.

I BELIEVE that the moral effect of home-work is bad. Children dread the public display of ignorance in school and will stoop to any measures to "get by." I have known the most honest little boys shamelessly copy another boy's sum, for the sheer terror of facing a class without a correct answer.

If two or three children work together, inevitably the brighter pupils will help the slower ones. For it is very seldom that a bright boy hugs his cleverness to himself. He is generally quite willing to pass his book along for his chum to copy. Every mother knows of the tactics her children follow to "get by" with their homework assignments, when owing to one reason or another, they have not been able to complete them the night before.

The assistance which parents give their children has become a joke—but is it a good thing to have as a public joke, this forging of exercises which have been done by the parents? I know only too well how difficult it is to stop from helping a small son or daughter—especially when it is past bedtime and they are afraid to go to bed until the problem is completed.

I believe that our homework system as we have it today encourages cheating. It is extraordinarily difficult for any boy or girl to avoid getting help from those at home, from friends, or from children in school.

Finally, I believe that homework means an uneconomical waste of time during school hours. It is utter folly to expect a large class to come with their homework all prepared. A few of the brilliant ones will have the tasks completed, and will waste their time while the work is being gone over. The dull ones will lag more hopelessly behind. The clever ones will bluff their way through. The teacher spends precious school time in correcting homework exercises.

Why not spend the time in school with



Air Holes in your Cake? *Not with Royal!*

Only cheap, ordinary baking powders produce coarse-grained cake

IF you could look inside your cake while it's baking you'd see in a minute why some cakes are velvet-textured . . . others coarse and full of holes.

Why some stay fresh for days . . . while others soon dry out and lose their flavour.

It depends on the size of the bubbles in your batter. Bubbles like those in the pictures to the right.

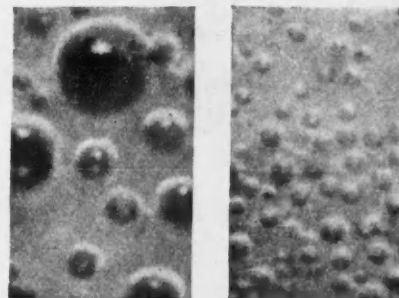
These interesting pictures are actual photographs, through a microscope—the first ever taken of cakes baking in the oven.

Compare them—and notice the difference in the size of the bubbles.

Just look at the big puffy bubbles in the batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder!

Do you realize that when you use ordinary, cheap baking powder, every big bubble in the batter leaves a large hole in your finished cake? That these large holes fail to retain moisture, and make your cake dry out and grow stale quickly?

But in the batter made with *Royal Baking Powder*, you see only tiny bubbles, all the same size. These small uniform bubbles are the secret of fine, even



■ (Left) Cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder (photographed through microscope after 5 minutes in oven). Note large gas bubbles. These leave "air holes" that quickly dry out cake.

■ (Right) Cake batter made with *Royal* (photographed through microscope after 5 minutes in oven). Note tiny bubbles. These give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh and moist for days.

texture. When this *Royal* cake came out of the oven, it was sheer perfection! As smooth as velvet . . . delicately tender. And three days later—it was still fresh and moist . . . as rich in flavor as on the day it was baked.

No wonder *Royal* for over 60 years has been the choice of discriminating housewives. No wonder food experts advise it for best results.

It always pays to use the best baking powder in those cakes you bake at home. And *Royal Baking Powder* is not expensive. Less than 2 cents' worth is enough to make a big layer cake!

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The Professional Chef's Touch

"Delicious, Nell! You said 'stay for a bite of luncheon with me'—but I feel as though I'd been enjoying Pierre's best, at the club. How do you do it?"

Laughing, Nell said "Joe claims I have the professional chef's touch; the fun of it is, he doesn't realize how *exactly* true that is. You see, like all the rest of you, I have always thought our club chef, Pierre a real artist with food—I told him so, one day when I was arranging with him a special menu for a little party I had there."

"He opened up then and talked about cookery as I had never heard it discussed. Fascinating, he made it all. And with a touch of French sentiment, I suppose, he gave me, (as a young housekeeper whose husband he knew loved good food), some valuable hints—chiefly about flavouring."

"He told me how a real chef blends flavours; instead of just

one essence or a spoonful of spice, how he would use a touch of this and that, in such a subtle, delicious, and unrecognizable way.

"And most valuable of all, he told me of Lea & Perrins'—the sauce in which all manner of spices and herbs have *already* been blended to perfection; he told me to use it—in my soups, gravies, sauces, dressings, salads, sandwiches and of course in made-up dishes like the little casserole of left-over meat and vegetables we just had for luncheon."

"You see for yourself how it works. Lea & Perrins' sits right on my flavouring shelf—a few drops from it ready to bring all the Spices of Araby and good things from dear knows where, to transform dull dishes in a few seconds."

So you see the chief secret of what you call my 'professional chef's touch' lies in LEA & PERRINS'."



The Luncheon Casserole

Dice cold veal, lamb or chicken and allow an equal amount of drained canned mushrooms, chopped quite fine. To 2 cups of solids, allow 1 cup medium thick sauce, using 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins', 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup stock. Melt the butter, blend the flour in smoothly add seasonings, gradually stir in the liquids and continue stirring until sauce is smoothly thickened.

Arrange a layer of the diced meat in a buttered casserole, add a layer of sauce, sprinkle with chopped mushrooms, then repeat layers until dish is filled, adding a little sauce last. Sprinkle top with buttered crumbs and bake in moderate oven to rich golden brown. When desired, grated cheese may be used in the topping, with the buttered crumbs.

LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

M-5

skirt, its flared peplum. Flamengo usually has a white fleck on a black, brown or navy ground, and with white piqué trimmings it is the most comforting thing in the wardrobe. Pattern 129 could be made more suitlike by giving the blouse a cardigan finish, cutting it low in front and wearing a vest with a Peter Pan collar.

WE HEAR much about the extravagance of the French dressmaker. But I noticed that they put piqué bosoms and collars on a sleeveless foundation of white lawn, and the reason? Because piqué is more costly than lawn.

Jersey and jersey-broadcloth are used almost entirely for the trousers of beach pyjamas, for beach coats and for yachting. The 1931 yachting costume consists of a tailored trouser, wide at the bottom, a neat double-breasted navy jacket over a sleeveless jersey tuck-in blouse, a yachting cap and a brilliant jersey scarf. Maggy Rouff's scarves are colored like sticks of old-fashioned candy and her blouses match them.

Sheerest of handkerchief linen, fagotted, hemstitched or edged with fine lace, trim the silk dresses and the little dressy suits. These collars and cuffs are costly to buy, particularly now while they are new. A set of Patou creations is the price I would allow for a dress. The woman with a knowledge of hemstitching and fagotting has a great advantage this year, for it is by collars and cuffs that you will know the 1931 costume.

The black silk suits that go to afternoon teas have finest lace-edged linen showing over the collarless coats and below the three-quarter length jacket sleeve. While the lingerie touches are sometimes part of the blouse, more often they are tacked to the short coat which is worn over the dress.

Printed silk and satin dresses use silk and cotton piqué, silk tussore and linen for trimmings. Patou puts the plainest of white cotton piqué on a printed black and white satin dress. The cuffs pretend to fasten with links made of jet buttons. Other dresses have facings of lingerie, particularly the style with the crossed-over front. Here the white facing continues to the waist on the outer edge.

LENGTHS are a problem this year—fortunately a personal problem. What Mrs. So-and-So wears will not mean that you must do the same. If Nature has not been too kind, then take advantage of the longer mode, varying it according to the purpose for which the skirt is intended. Tweeds are never too long; tailored clothes are shorter than soft fluffy dresses and of course the evening mode is the longest of all, but do not hide the ankles. Neither is the sportiest skirt higher than four inches below the knees. In the best sense of the phrase, "suit yourself."

Sleeve lengths are as whimsical as skirts—all the way from sleevelessness, to long ones with pouches that make them longer. For active sports the dresses are sleeveless.

Others with less active intentions have a tiny puff or a fitted quarter sleeve. Afternoon costumes show many three-quarter ones with the full length made up by a deep lingerie cuff, that is without a wrist band, but plain and open like a man's coat sleeve. There are suits with three-quarter sleeves and the dress below has long sleeves of a contrasting color. Some sleeves have fullness between the elbow and shoulder but more popular are those that are fitted above and are full below the elbow.

Waistlines are normal and are marked in many ways, but every dress has a definite waistline. Black patent belts, soft and stitched, encircle the smartest waists. There was a black patent belt on a white satin evening gown in the Patou collection.

Evening gowns are very lovely and use beautifully printed chiffons and mousselines, and printed rayons and Celanese voiles give the same grace and lively effect. Plain sheer silk mousselines and chiffons are used with fine lace. There are many satins, many soft foamy laces, organdy over satin and organdy with net and with taffeta.

The evening shades are so clear and definite . . . green, yellow, orange, pink, red. Of course plenty of white and still more black.

Black rules the afternoon and evening modes.

If you are making an evening dress consider the new shawl collar. Many dresses have scarves cut to give this effect while in others the effect is part of the gown. It is a very graceful feminine fashion; taller people can carry drapery of this sort very well but it must be diminished for smaller wearers, and eliminated altogether for stout people.

Another new idea is the sheer dress made of one layer only of the dark tissue over a short fitted light satin slip. There was black mousseline over white, sapphire blue chiffon over rose, satin prints over a harmonizing shade, or over white.

Evening coats are two lengths, either to the waist or to the hem of the dress. Collars and cuffs are lightly shirred, just sufficiently to give them shape and are made of the same material as the coat. The short ones are collarless and have three-quarter length sleeves. There are few furs shown for evening.

Daytime coats are extremely simple and those intended for wear over sports clothes, often collarless and with the stitched cardigan finish. These are beltless and slightly flared and basket cloth is the favorite medium.

Tweed coats are full length, slightly fitted and sometimes trimmed with short fur or very often finished at the collar line with a brilliant scarf. The fitted black afternoon coat with black caracul for a flat boyish collar and the lower part of the sleeve, continues to be the smartest coat in the French woman's wardrobe. It is a most useful coat to her, worn afternoon and evening and for every smart occasion. With it she wears a black baku touched with natural panama, and with just enough brim to distinguish it from the cap of last season.

Is Homework a Necessity?—Yes!

Continued from page 13

four times a week for three weeks; the other was given geometry homework only twice a week for three weeks. The resultant test showed that 85.7 of the pupils doing satisfactory homework passed, while 65 per cent of those doing little homework failed. In another school that I know, the principal abolished homework, but found that his pupils were failing, and hastily brought it back into the curriculum again.

It has been proved over and over again that pupils doing a reasonable amount of homework progress at a faster rate and have a better chance for advancement than those who do little or none. If a child begins in his early years to set apart a certain proportion of his time to private study, gradually increasing the time according to his needs, he is ready for progress.

Remember that the general inclination

these days is toward laziness—and the general attitude of the modern home must be reflected in the child. The old-fashioned home is slowly disappearing. Small flats, tiny houses, continual radio programmes, motors, a movie round every corner—all these inducements tend to keep a child from studying. Parents are getting lazier themselves. Everything is being made easier for them. Mental energy is getting less and less necessary. There is a restless careless spirit abroad which must, of necessity, be reflected in the attitude of the school children.

But the mental effort demanded by working out his homework problems will be invaluable to him in later life. He should be given problems that require initiative and resource. He should be given the chance of working out something quite by himself.

But he can't do it without co-operation

Sh-h--h---!



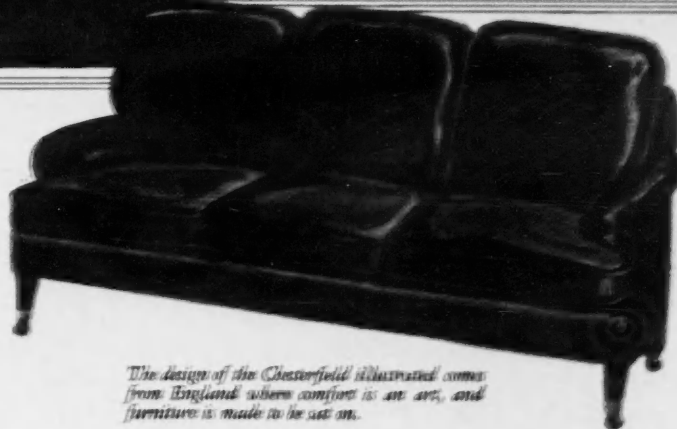
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There is a good furnishing house near you that sells Snyder's Sani-Bilt Living Room Furniture. See it! Admire its beauty. Sit in it. Sink down in it. Lie back in it. Curl up in it. It is submissive, and yet it is strong. Enjoy the strength in its softness—the softness in its strength.

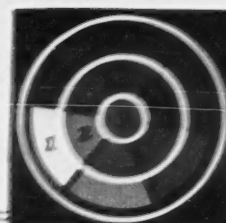
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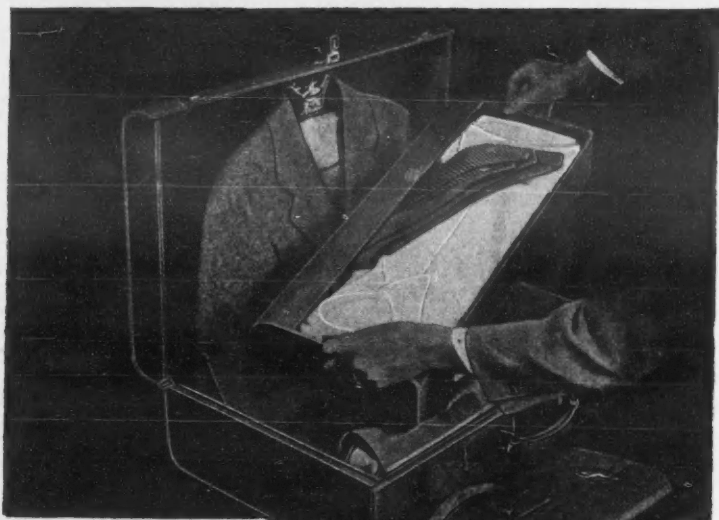
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definite studies? I like to think that it would be possible to learn the art of studying more definitely in school; that school routine might be confined to the school hours; that the number of subjects might be reduced so that there might be more time for practice in school. For I would far rather that my daughters knew less Latin verbs, and had more time to develop their own interests and hobbies, so that they might discover for themselves the joys that lie

between the covers of worth-while books. So that they might have more time for understanding with their parents and their friends. So that there might be more time for exercises, games, general interests. So that they would have more time for leisure, and less opportunity to learn the art and craft of cheating.

So, my friends, mentally, morally, physically and economically, I believe that our children are being given too much homework.



The Secret of a Beautiful Voice

by EDITH TINNISWOOD

A BEAUTIFUL speaking voice is one of the rarest and most powerful attractions a person can possess. A voice which is clear, musical, sympathetic and flexible is within the reach of anyone who will persistently practise and follow the rules of voice culture, unless, of course they have a deformity in the throat.

Anyone who has ever listened to the voice of Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, or Sir Forbes Robertson, will remember the magnetic qualities of their voices. The peculiar 'cello-like quality heard in perfect voices is not always a rare gift bestowed on certain favored mortals; it can be acquired both in singing and speaking as a result of hard work and conscientious practice, and is usually to be heard in the voices of artists trained in the higher spheres of entertainment. If one goes to a first class play and the artists have occasion to whisper, even their whisper, will be heard at the back of the theatre.

There are people to whom that peculiarly arresting quality in the voice is natural; but then again, there is the case of a girl who, although the daughter of a great German prima donna, did not inherit her gifted mother's voice, but by persistent practice under her mother's tuition, became a really fine singer with a lovely flute-like voice.

The first and most important step in the training of the voice, is the breathing. The breath is to the voice what the bow is to the violin. Do as much deep breathing as possible in the fresh air—slow, deep, gentle breathing through the nostrils, not to exhaustion, letting it out through the mouth. There is a natural sieve at the back of the nose that will prevent poisonous matter going into the system. For nervousness, too, deep breathing will be found a great boon, as it pumps fresh blood to the heart.

The late David Charles Bell and Alexandra Melville Bell, late professors of elocution in London, England, and Dublin, Ireland, say that the process by which both singing and speaking are produced, is one of the most complex actions we know of. In the throat alone there are seventy-eight pairs of muscles, and the act of breathing brings every important muscle in the body into play. Thus, it is easy to understand how any false action of any one of the muscles will ruin the tone.

Anyone wishing training in the art of elocution or singing should take lessons from only the most efficient teachers; otherwise it is likely that they will adopt a bad style, and should they go to a better teacher later, all their previous training will be wasted.

Many people are unaffected by the quality of a voice, and to those people this article will be of little interest. But to those,

to whom different voice qualities are noticeable, these suggestions may be of some use.

Smoking and drinking should, of course, be taboo to anyone who aspires to the possession of a perfect voice.

For perfect tone the body should be held erectly, the weight thrown forward, the chest uplifted, and the breath sent easily, but with full volume, into space. An erect carriage and a large flexible chest are invariably characteristic of the great singer or orator. The great secret, then, of a perfect voice, either for singing or speech, is to produce the voice, by a free and unimpeded flow of breath, and without the slightest action of the throat muscles.

The exhalations of breath should never be prolonged to exhaustion; the lungs should be well supplied with air even at the close of a sentence.

To gain flexibility, a good idea is to repeat some of the words in the dictionary, varying the intonation with each word. Here are a few voice exercises, given by a well known physical culturist:

Exercise No. 1

Stand easily, feet together, inhale breath easily and slowly, at the same time raising the hands slowly over the head. When the lungs are full, stretch firmly upward and forward, holding the breath. After a moment of stretching, exhale the breath in a gentle sigh and return to position. This exercise is for the development of position and chest flexibility. All breathing should be done gently and slowly. forcible breathing exercises have ruined many fine voices.

Exercise No. 2

Stand or sit easily. Relax all the muscles. Assume a sleepy expression, allowing the jaw to drop slightly. Now exhale and inhale the breath slowly and gently, feeling that it is passing through both nose and mouth. In this exercise, simple as it seems, lies in reality the secret of a perfect voice. A free blast of air with the organs in just that position makes perfect tone. The great difficulty is, however, that with the effort to throw out a strong blast of air, the throat muscles spring into tensed activity, and the tone is thus ruined. The person who would acquire a beautiful voice must practise for many weeks on this soft breathing exercise.

Exercise No. 3

Inhale gently and slowly through the nose, and when the lungs are filled, see how far you can count in one breath. Practise this until you can count as high as eighty in one breath.

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

by XAVIER BAILLET

The Forcing Take-Out—continued

AS WE saw in *The Chatelaine* for March, when you open the bidding, in the position of Dealer or Second hand, with a bid of one—either in a suit or No Trump—and your partner responds with a bid of one more than necessary in another suit, he is making a Forcing Take-out and he is asking you to keep the bidding open until game at least has been reached.

The Forcing Take-out is the most powerful bid of the Forcing System and the safest way to reach games and slams in any system, so let us understand clearly what it is and what it is not.

When you deal and open with one Spade, if your partner says "Three Spades," he is not making a Forcing Take-out. He is giving you the full raise of his hand and he does not guarantee anything beyond five tricks . . . at Spades. I repeat . . . five tricks at Spades.

When your partner says "Two No Trumps" after your original one Spade bid, he is not making a Forcing Take-out either. He is denying normal support for your Spades and telling you that he has no biddable suit of his own, but . . . he guarantees two and a half high-card tricks which are good at any declaration.

In either case, whether your partner overcalls your one Spade bid with two No Trumps or raises it to three Spades, you are not supposed to go on bidding unless your hand is stronger than a minimum original bid.

But, when your partner overcalls your original bid of one Spade with three Hearts, for instance, you must keep the bidding open. If your partner had simply wanted to deny Spade support he would have called two Hearts. The fact that he is bidding one more than necessary, and in another suit, shows that game is certain and that a slam is within reach if your hand is stronger than a minimum original bid. At any rate, the bidding must not stop until game, at least, has been reached.

Let me illustrate.

South is the Dealer and bids one Heart. West passes and you are North with this hand:

♠ A K J x x, ♥ Q x x, ♦ A Q x, ♣ x x

At Hearts, you have six tricks and consequently you could immediately raise your partner to four Hearts, but your raise would not tell him anything beyond the fact that you have six tricks . . . at Hearts, and that you have given him the full value of your hand. But, although it is true that six tricks is the full value of your hand at Hearts, yet it has further possibilities, at Spades for instance, but your partner does not know. Suppose he has bid one Heart on something like this:

♠ Q x x x, ♥ A J 10 x, ♦ x, ♣ A K x x

If you raise him to four Hearts, he will stop, or rather, he should stop, because you offer no guarantee of high-card tricks and a slam in Hearts is a pure gamble. But the minute you mention the Spades, things begin to look different, and a bid of two Spades, one more than necessary to overcall his original one Heart, will tell him that you have a Spade suit and three high-card tricks in your hand. He will raise you to six Spades at once and you will have no trouble in making a Little Slam.

Another example.

Your partner has bid one No Trump originally and you have:

♠ A K x x x x, ♥ K x x, ♦ x x, ♣ x x x

A bid of two Spades would simply indicate an indifferent Spade suit, one and a half

high-card tricks and unbalanced distribution. Unless the original bidder had normal Spade support, he would probably go back to No Trumps.

A bid of three Spades, one more than necessary to overcall the one No Trump, is a Forcing Take-out and shows about three high-card tricks. Yes, I know! You can find only two and a half! But your Spade suit is strong enough to rebid even if your partner says three No Trumps.

When to Use the Forcing Take-out

THE Forcing Take-out is a guarantee of game at least and a promise of slam. Obviously then, it can only be made when the strength of the combined hands is definitely known. I said of the combined hands. For instance, after an original bid showing two and a half high-card tricks, but never after a defensive bid which may be based on one and a half trick or less, nor after an adverse original bid when your partner has either passed or not spoken yet.

The minimum requirements for a Forcing Take-out are:

1. Three high-card tricks and a biddable suit.

or

2. Two and a half high-card tricks and a strong suit.

Note.—A Forcing Take-out does not necessarily deny normal trump support for partner's original bid. As the bidding will be kept open, it is always easy to revert to the original suit if no better declaration is disclosed by the bidding.

Responses of Original Bidder to a Forcing Take-out

In all the following examples South will be the dealer and will, consequently, have made an original bid. Whether West passes or not is immaterial, as North can always make a Forcing Take-out, with this difference, however, that he must bid one more than necessary to overcall West's defensive bid. For instance: South, one Spade. West, two Hearts. North, four Diamonds. But, to avoid complications, we will suppose that West passes every time.

(a) South has bid one Spade with:

♠ A K x x, ♥ Q J x x, ♦ x x x, ♣ x x

and North bids three Hearts, a Forcing Take-out. North's bid shows a biddable suit and three high-card tricks, altogether five probable tricks in Hearts. South figures that his hand is worth five tricks also with Hearts as trumps, so he bids the full value of his hand, four Hearts.

(b) South has bid one Spade with:

♠ A K x x x, ♥ K x, ♦ A Q x x x, ♣ x

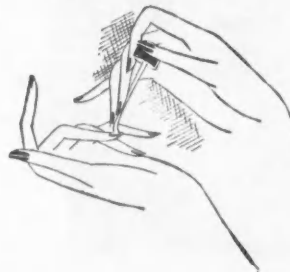
and North makes a Forcing Take-out of three Hearts. South is now sure of a slam somewhere, but there is no hurry. He bids four Diamonds over the three Hearts and waits for further information from his partner. If North likes the Diamonds, it will be six or seven Diamonds. If North is strong enough to rebid the Hearts, it will be six Hearts, and if North comes back to Spades, six Spades. Read over again the minimum requirements for a Forcing Take-out above, and figure out for yourself what further bidding by North can possibly mean.

(c) South has bid one Spade with:

♠ A K Q x x x, ♥ x x, ♦ K x, ♣ x x x

and North makes a Forcing Take-out of three Diamonds. The proper response by

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Your fingertips are not only smart, but exceedingly beautiful.



(Left)—Perfumed Glazo liquid polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium, or Crimson—large bottle, fifty cents.

(Right)—Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème—new—gently removes excess cuticle, leaving soft, smooth ovals of loveliness. Fifty cents.

(Above)—The famous Glazo twin package contains Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell, fifty cents.

GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GB41, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème.

Name

Address

City Prov.

“No Woman need have an Inferiority Complex”

says



DOROTHY DIX

who is probably the most widely read writer in the world. Her wise advice on human problems is eagerly read every day by millions.

“Dear Miss Dix:

“How can I make myself more popular? I am fairly pretty and not a dumb-bell, but I am so timid and self-conscious with people, men especially . . . I’m always sure that they’re not going to like me . . .

JOAN G——”

ANSWER: “Poor Joan—you have an inferiority complex, haven’t you? Yet no woman need feel inferior.

“Don’t you know that people—men especially—simply reflect your own idea about yourself?

“Feel that you’re charming, Joan, and others will find you so!

“Pretty clothes will help you tremendously. You see, it isn’t just a matter of saying to yourself, Pollyanna fashion—I am charming, I am desirable. No, you must have the deep, sure, inner conviction.

“And that’s what you get when your CLOTHES are just right!

Lovely Lingerie

“I don’t mean expensive clothes—but frocks in lovely fresh colours and—even more important—very dainty, delicate underthings.

“Colourful, shimmering lingerie, how utterly charming it makes you

feel! So confident of exquisite femininity. And self-confidence is contagious!

“That’s why I’m always urging girls to:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.
2. Always keep it colour-fresh and exquisite; faded, drab lingerie doesn’t give you the same feeling.

“Girls often say—‘Yes, but how can we afford to wear delicate lingerie all the time? A few washings fade and wear it out.’

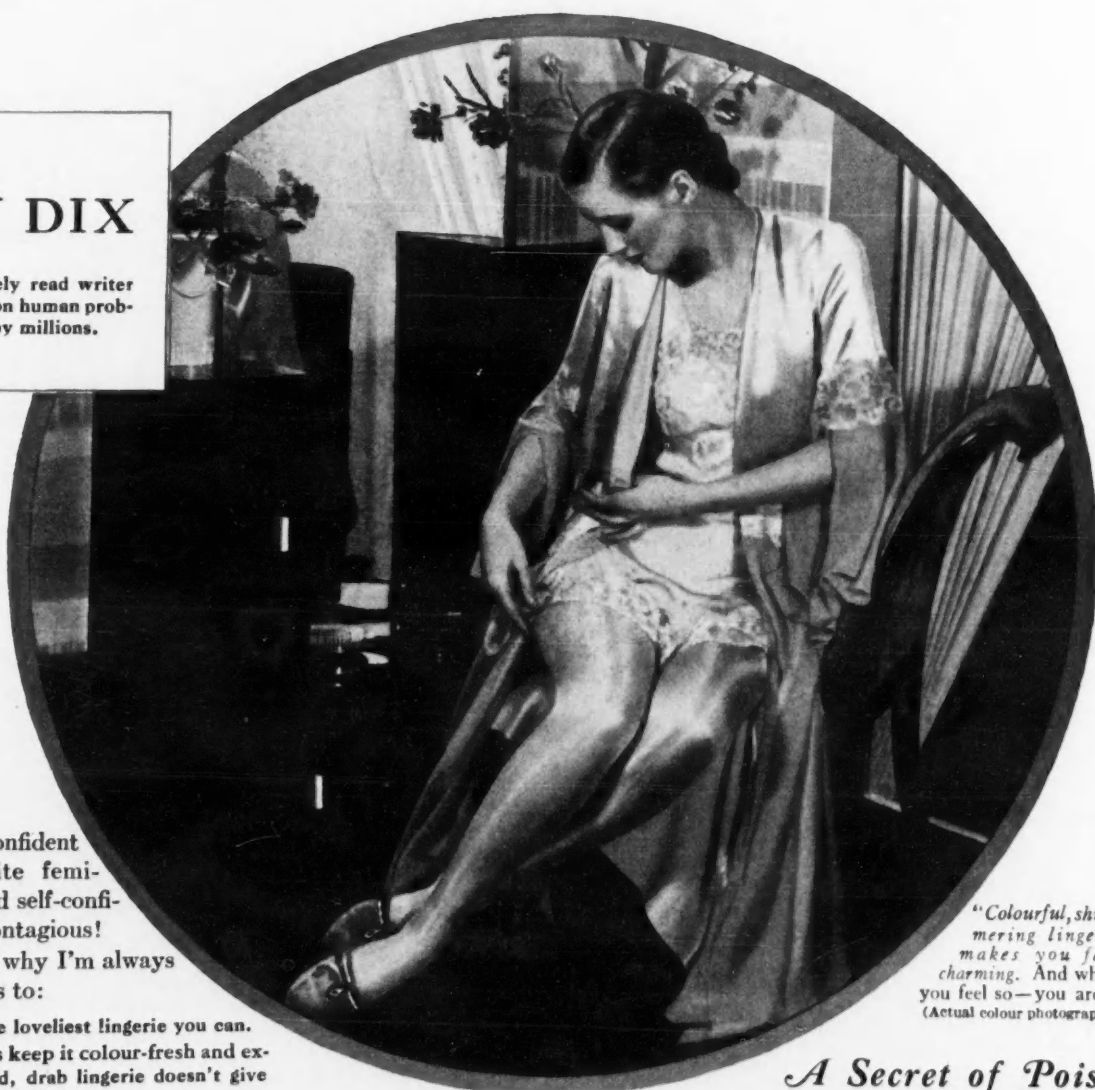
Colours like New

“True—if you use the ordinary ‘good’ soaps. But if you use that wonderful product, Lux, you’ll keep your dainty garments COLOUR-FRESH and NEW a long, long time. So long that even girls with modest budgets can afford them. Lux is especially made to preserve colour and charm!

“AND AT HOME: Your su-

roundings, too, can help you win self-confidence and poise. Pretty curtains, gay sofa cushions, table linens—all can form part of the magic spell if kept lovely with Lux.”

Dorothy Dix



“Colourful, shimmering lingerie makes you feel charming. And when you feel so—you are!”
(Actual colour photograph)

A Secret of Poise



(Left)
Lingerie Luxed 8 times—colour is perfect, silk and lace fibres intact. Charming as new!



(Right)
Duplicate lingerie washed 8 times in ordinary “good” soap—faded, torn, all charm lost!

If it’s safe in water,
it’s just as safe in LUX!

THE HOME BUREAU

To solve our readers' interior decoration problems

Conducted by

ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

I WOULD be very grateful for some advice concerning the decoration of my living room. Particularly I would like to know what color to paint the woodwork to look well with the oak front door. It has one window facing south, and a front door with sidelights facing east. The floor is of pine boards, and there is a rug of black, brown, rose and green. There is a built-in bookcase to be painted and a fireplace yet to be built. The furniture is fumed oak, and I have some curtains like the attached sample.

I SHOULD advise that you paint your woodwork ivory, stain the floor with oak varnish stain, rub with rotten stone, oil, and then wax. This will give you a beautiful finish, even on soft wood. The bookcase I should consider as part of the woodwork, the mantel likewise, and paint ivory.

As to the walls, I should try for as much warmth as possible, so between ivory and fawn, would choose the latter. This will give you a good contrast with the woodwork. I note the sample of cretonne which you say you have on hand. It seems a little "bed-roomy" to me, and if you can plan it in your budget I should suggest a bright "all over" chintz to go with the rug. Remember, this is a north-east room.

A Living Room

I AM taking the liberty of asking your advice on furnishing and arranging our new living room, plan of which I am attaching. Furniture

consists of a large upright piano, a Chesterfield bed and one chair in walnut mohair with seat cushions in shades of orange, brown, touches of jade, dark red and black; an oak occasional chair of taupe and dull blue figured material, a plain end table, an heirloom buffet dresser, and one walnut fiddle back chair. The rugs should be changed, but that is not possible at present. Both are in taupe, dull blue and black.

I T IS unfortunate that you cannot change the rugs. Blue and black are really a most negative combination, and so hard to build on. Don't you think you could have them dyed a henna? If the blue is very light or faded, they will take this color?

If I were in your place I should slip-cover all my upholstered pieces in a mixed orange, blue and jade chintz, and use over-curtains of orange and henna. Or if you do not wish to slip-cover, at least use this chintz at the windows. I am sending you a suggested plan for the room.

Refinishing Walnut

I HAVE an old walnut bed and dresser which I want to repolish. I wonder if you could tell me how to do it, or give me any information about it. I don't know how to proceed to refinish after it is sanded. I would like the last coat to be of wax or some finish which will not mar easily and is easily taken care of.

I also have another problem. I have a small white bedroom suite which I wish to move into a

(Continued on page 68)

An Attractive Dining Room Suite



When the dining room of The Chatelaine Institute was created, it was found that the informal and very livable character of furniture in the French Provincial style was admirably suited to the small dining room. It lends itself ideally to the combination living-and-dining room.

Since the Institute dining room has been shown in various articles in The Chatelaine, readers have been asking; "Where can we get furniture like that?"

The apartment dining room shown here is furnished with pieces by a Canadian manu-

facturer of fine period reproductions, who is making charming suites in the French Provincial style. Other pieces, both for dining room and living room, are available in the same design. From them you can create a simple dining room, an informal living room or an interesting combination room. Bedroom suites in the same motif are also available.

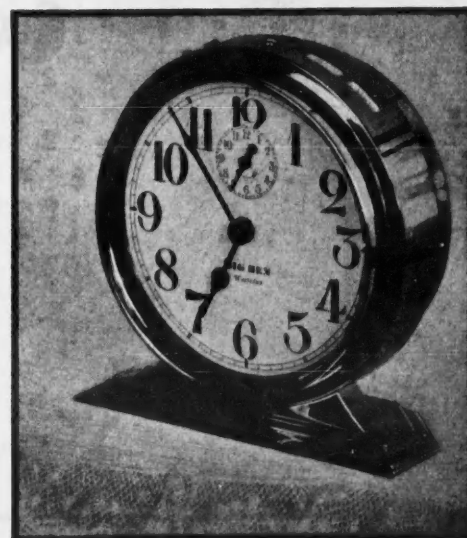
Canadian birch is the material used. Birch is one of the very best woods for furniture. It is hard and even-grained and finishes beautifully. Finished in honey-color as is this suite, it is at once attractive and very different.

Throw Away Your Battered Old "Guesser"

AND GET A BIG BEN!

The next time your alarm clock guesses wrong—which may be tomorrow morning—give the poor thing its long deserved vacation. Then get yourself a Big Ben—the clock that never guesses, that stays on its job honestly, and

gets you to your job. If you don't care to wait for that next guess tomorrow morning, there's really no reason for not getting your Big Ben today—you need one.



Big Ben comes in lustrous nickel, cobalt blue, apple green and old rose. All priced \$4.50 (luminous dial \$1.25 more). Made in Canada by Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario.

BIG BEN

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For your health's sake... and at such low cost... use Windsor Salt as a gargle, for a mouth wash or for nasal irrigation. Use it to whiten your teeth and keep the gums healthy. Keep Windsor Salt in the bathroom as well as the kitchen!

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"The Romance of Salt"... scores of SPECIAL USES such as... "A pinch of salt often stops that tickling of the throat."

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whether your church is planning to burn a mortgage, erect a new plant, or otherwise extend its facilities — we can help you secure additional funds with which to support the work.

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Skin clear, smooth and velvety again as nature intended it to be. She did it by daily cleansing with Resinol Soap and regular application of healing Resinol Ointment. If your skin is faulty, start the Resinol treatment today and watch your complexion improve. Sold by your druggist.

Write for free sample to Resinol, Dept. 67, Balto., Md.

Resinol

South is three Spades, not four Spades. The chances are that the hand will be played at four Spades because South is going to rebid his Spades again over whatever North bids... unless North unexpectedly bids five Spades, in which case of course, South can go to six. And it does not require such a stretch of imagination to figure out how North could bid five Spades after South returns to them: ♠ J x x, ♥ A x, ♦ A Q J x x, ♣ A Q x or something like it.

(d) South has bid one Spade with:

♠ A Q x x, ♥ x x x, ♦ A K x, ♣ K x x

and North makes a Forcing Take-out of three Hearts. South has no support for the Hearts, no other biddable suit and his Spades are too weak to rebid. As he must keep the bidding open, his only refuge is No Trumps, but he must be careful not to discourage further bidding from North. On the other hand, he must not crowd the bidding and embarrass his partner by going to six No Trumps at once. The proper response is four No Trumps. This will give North a chance to bid another suit if he has one and there is no reason why there should not be a slam in Diamonds or Clubs, or, although four No Trumps is never a Forcing bid, it will encourage North to bid a slam in No Trumps.

(e) South has bid one Spade with:

♠ A Q x x, ♥ x x x, ♦ A x x, ♣ x x x

and North makes a Forcing Take-out of three Hearts. South has just his minimum opening bid, but he must keep the bidding open and he dutifully bids three No Trumps. If North goes on and bids four Spades or four Hearts, South will pass because game has been reached and there is evidently no slam in the hand. If North bids four Clubs or four Diamonds, South should preferably bid four No Trumps. If you think the bidding is getting on dangerous grounds, I agree with you, but remember that game was reached at three No Trumps and that North was not satisfied to play the hand at three No Trumps. He must have some good reason for it. As four Clubs or four Diamonds is not game, you should help North reach the declaration that will best fit the two hands and still produce game. Should anything go wrong now, it is North's fault and North's alone. If North is your husband, you can talk quietly to him when the guests have gone or on the way home. If he, or she, is a friend of yours and you still feel friendly the next day, what about calling and leaving a copy of *The Chatelaine*?



Some Favorite Recipes

Continued from page 22

hour, removing cover for last fifteen minutes.

Serve the orange slices in a border around the baked ham slices.

The ever popular crisp cabbage salad acquires new interest when chopped peanuts are added. Try this combination of ingredients for your next salad.

An Unusual Cabbage Salad

- 2 Cupfuls of cabbage, finely shredded
- 1 Cupful of diced celery
- ½ Cupful of chopped peanuts
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
- ½ Cupful of boiled dressing

Combine the ingredients in order, add the dressing and mix thoroughly. Serve in crisp green lettuce cups, and garnish with strips of pimento.

Jellied salads are indispensable in the

Continued on page 76

Relieves fatigue

Fry's

A TRUE nerve tonic and a matchless food — noted for its delicious flavour.

The Oldest Cocoa and Chocolate House in the world.

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With daily backgrounds of business, recreation or cosy parties, you are a STAR in Life's Movie. Make every "scene" a thrilling success. Give your lips and cheeks the beauty of Phantom Red, the amazing "Life-Color." Glorious, vital—Phantom Red glows with the lure of eternal youth that Nature intended for kissable lips and caressable cheeks. Unlike any other cosmetic shade! Whether you're blonde, brunette or auburn... just a touch of Phantom Red, then... "Ready... Action... Camera."

For beauty, buy Phantom Red Lipstick, \$1.00; Junior, 50c. Rouge Compact, 75c. Sold everywhere. Distributed in Canada by Nat'l Drug & Chem. Co., Ltd.

Send 10c for dainty vanity Lipstick. Another 10c brings Trial Size Rouge Compact. Additional 10c each brings Phantom Eye Shadow (brown or blue-gray) and Brow Liquid (brown or black). All four—40c. Carlie Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 256, 67 Fifth Ave., New York.



LIPSTICK ROUGE EYE COSMETICS

Women and Their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* will mirror activities of women working for the development of their communities



Mrs. Annie L. Hollis

AS THE first candidate in the Maple Creek (Saskatchewan) federal constituency for the newly organized Farmers' Political Association, Mrs. Annie L. Hollis sprang into the greatest prominence of her life during the past Dominion election.

Upon coming to Canada from England and settling in the Shaunavon district as a farmer's wife in 1915, Mrs. Hollis immediately took an active interest in the Grain Growers organization and the following year was a delegate to the convention and made a director of the women's section covering this district. Later, as a member of the executive of the Grain Growers, she fought hard to get women admitted to the central executive, and further was elected to the first presidency of the women's section U.F.C. in the province.

In 1929 Mrs. Hollis accepted the secretaryship of the Farmers' Political Association of Maple Creek Federal Constituency, and her zeal has been a large factor in making this organization the success it is.



Mrs. J. P. Ferguson

MRS. J. P. FERGUSON of Trochu, Alberta, leads a full and varied life. She not only practises law with her husband, but is the mother of two children and holds a high office in the Women's Institutes, being the District Director for Central Alberta.

Mrs. Ferguson is the daughter of Reverend and Mrs. Crawford Tate, of Bradford, Ontario, and received her high school education at St. Catharines, Ontario, and Calgary, Alberta. Following Normal School, she taught for a few months among the foothills near Okotoks, but in 1907 returned to the east and graduated in arts from the University of Toronto. Since residing in Trochu she has taken up law which is her husband's profession, and in her final year obtained the gold medal of the Alberta Law Society for the highest standing in the final year. Mrs. Ferguson now practises with her husband, taking special interest in advising women clients. She has made quite a study of naturalization of married women.



Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen

SOME months ago there sailed for Belgium a very gracious capable woman as All-Canada Delegate at the first International Women's Institute Congress in Antwerp. No finer representative of Canada's womanhood could have been found than Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, whose entire life has been spent in the service of rural women.

Laura Rose was born at Georgetown, Ontario, and educated at Guelph Collegiate and Alma College, St. Thomas. Later she taught for fourteen years in the Guelph Dairy School. For five years she was employed by the Nova Scotia Government to conduct a "travelling dairy," and for five summers she did government work in British Columbia. Shortly after the first Women's Institute in the world was formed, Miss Rose organized the first branch at Whitby. Afterward she established pioneer branches in Nova Scotia and British Columbia.



Miss H. Mowat

UNDER the direction of Grace Helen Mowat, Charlotte County Cottage Craft has come into being, reviving traditional handicrafts of New Brunswick, such as the weaving and dyeing of wool and the fashioning of clay pottery. What Miss Mowat has accomplished cannot be measured by the amount of capital employed. Greater even than the money value has been the widening of horizons for those who are associated in this enterprise as workers. Cottage Craft went to Wembley and was given deserved recognition there. It has been also to the Canadian National Exhibition.

Miss Mowat is one of New Brunswick's foremost citizens in her record of achievement. She has always been actively connected with all patriotic and educational movements. She is a member of the I.O.D.E., the Authors' Association, The Canadian Club and Y.P.C. of St. Andrews.

Why SCRUB?



You'll be through forever with scrubbing and mopping when you learn this labor-saving method . . .

- You can have shining floors, bright protected linoleum, with no more work than you're now doing. This special blended wax makes every working minute count—in results!
- Compare these two methods: Scrub a floor clean—and in no time it's dirty again. Besides that, you begin to see worn spots here and there—that are bound to grow—because the floor is unprotected.
- Then try this special blended wax and you find—the wax goes on easily—much more easily than you thought. You polish it by machine. The wax fills every crack and pocket where dust and dirt now collect. Worn spots are a thing of the past. Dusting is cut in half. Your floors are a revelation!
- For Johnson's Liquid Wax isn't just a polish. It is a labor-saving method of improving, cleaning and preserving floors. Polishing is easy when you do it by machine. No labor or fuss. Thousands of women rent the new Johnson Electric Polisher from dealers and use it every month. Try this method and compare the results.
- Have you seen the new dry floor duster with the gold stripe? Read the special introductory offer below.

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Please send me the new Floor Duster (\$1.50) and 1/2 pint of Johnson's Wax Polish (60c) at the special introductory price of \$1.50 for both. ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ stamps enclosed.

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Catalogue

IN addition to old favorites and scores of novelties our 55th catalogue contains many specially priced collections at \$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50, etc., that are exceptional values. Hundreds of illustrations (some in natural colours), practical suggestions, and cultural directions by experienced gardeners, make this an invaluable handbook for every gardener. Send for your copy today and use it freely in planning your garden.

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small bedroom with a west window. Could you suggest a color scheme for the room?

I SHOULD advise you to remove paint and varnish from your old walnut pieces with commercial varnish remover, wash and wipe clean with turpentine, and proceed to stain with walnut varnish stain. This should be rubbed down a little with any kind of oil and a little rotten stone or very fine pumice stone (available at the druggist's), wiped free of grit and waxed. This will give you a beautiful and serviceable finish.

As to your bedroom suite, my advice would be to paint this an apple green, and use a flowered chintzy material for curtains, box and binding for bedspread. The bedspread itself might be apple green of the same sort of material. I am sending you a sample of a new material, very serviceable and attractive, which would be excellent for the curtains and the spread.

Redecorating a Bedroom

I SHOULD appreciate some suggestions for the redecorating of my bedroom which I share with my little eight-year-old daughter. The room at present has an all-over flowered shadow paper which has faded, leaving a faint impression of grey with rosy mauve tinge, and the ceiling has darkened to quite the wrong color for the paper.

The glass curtains are white, side curtains and pleated valance are of clear-rose silk rep. The carpet is a shade or two deeper in tone with a faint yellow-green scroll in border. Heavy deep rosy-red plush portières hang in the opening to the dressing room which has been turned into a playroom and study for the child, with red and white Japanese cherry blossoms running riot over the walls on a pale grey background.

The bedroom is a very light room and can stand darkening to some extent, but I must confess to a leaning toward the effect of spaciousness in my living quarters—and yet the white woodwork all rather bunched up to two sides seems to need some assistance in the way of color in some more or less bold form. The side curtains and glass ones on the transomed window go only to the top of the lower part of the window, which is one large pane. That transom is leaded glass of modest colors, but the sun shines through it very brightly in the morning, and is reflected in the mirror over the fireplace. How can that be curtailed or "blinded?" The transom is open for cross ventilation most of the time.

I FIND your problem rather a difficult one to answer, for I am hardly sure whether the trouble with your room is simply that you are tired of it as it is, or whether there is really something wrong with its make-up. Your description makes it seem a rather pleasant place.

However, here are a few suggestions. As long as you keep white curtains at the window, you cannot very well curtain the transom. But if you should decide to dip these say in tea or coffee, and if they are fairly sheer, you could use a piece of the same curtaining also dipped, to place over the transom. This should be rodged with a small heading, top and bottom. New wallpaper might very well be the same cherry blossom one which is now used in the little girl's room. Would that appeal to you for the whole room? Then you could change the portières to a grey mercerized poplin or rep—a very pearl grey, like the background of the cherry-blossom paper.

You are anxious to get some balance on the side of the room opposite the mantel and doors, I believe? This might be accomplished by slip-covering the ends of the beds in the material of the curtains, and having a pair of spreads made in a pearl grey and rose indefinite design that would not clash with the paper.

Mind you, there is nothing arbitrary about the suggestion that you use this particular paper. But I believe a new figured paper in grey and rose with bedspreads to reflect its scheme would give you the balance that you now miss in the room. The curtains dipped "ivory" will not clash with whatever grey you introduce. They will be the same tone as the woodwork.

3 Things your old sweeper doesn't do

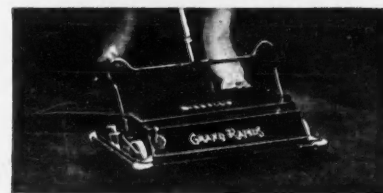
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- 1 The new Bissell gets more dirt! "Hi-Lo" brings the brush always in perfect contact with whatever surface you are sweeping.
- 2 Sweeps linoleums and bare floors as well as thickest rugs and carpets!
- 3 Easy, one-hand movement! No more hard bearing down on handle. "Hi-Lo" Brush Control is the secret.

NOW, an improvement which doubles its usefulness makes the Bissell more than ever indispensable to modern housekeeping. The new Bissell sweeps all kinds of rugs and carpets far more thoroughly and in less time. It also can now be used for bare floors and linoleum! Do you wonder that women by thousands are discarding their old-type Bissells and buying the "Hi-Lo"?

See the "Hi-Lo" Bissell at your furniture, hardware dealer's or department store. Identify it by the word "Hi-Lo" on the case. Prices from \$6.25 up (25 cents more in West). Write for the Bissell Booklet, Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada, Limited, Factory: Niagara Falls, Ont.



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SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo"
Brush Control

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Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe, making them appear longer. Harmless and easy to use. A touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids will add depth, beauty and "expression." Form the brows with the clean, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—then you will have re-made your eyes into soulful pools of loveliness. Insist upon the genuine—preferred by millions for over fifteen years.

Maybelline

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete
list of stores handling the
Chatelaine Patterns on

PAGE 80 OF THIS ISSUE

The New Woman of Russia

Continued from page 17

foundry, dockyard or any such scenes of heavy industrial production. Many hold positions of responsibility and authority and others fulfill executive and managerial functions. Going about the country, one will find them employed in road construction gangs, in fisheries, and as miners and wood-cutters. These, of course, are of the heavy-physioped peasant type, inured to hard, outdoor toil, and there are corresponding examples in our own Northwest, along our seacoasts, and perhaps in our mining areas. The distinction is that in Russia they are there by right, not by mere tolerance; they earn the same pay and enjoy whatever privileges are going on the same basis as their masculine co-workers.

THIS invasion by women of traditionally masculine bailiwicks has only begun. It is to the rising generation of Russian womanhood, educated and trained under the Communist banner, that one must look for the real manifestation of equality in industry, as in everything else, and that generation still is at school. The word school is here used in a general or comprehensive sense. It does not necessarily imply a blackboard, wooden benches and a teacher with a pointer, but rather to the many methods set forth in *Pyatiletka* for the training of recruits of both sexes in specialized lines. In effect it is a modern adaptation of the apprentice system. Of the twenty students attached to my fox ranch at Cedanka, six of them were young women, and this is but one illustration of the varied pursuits to which the new generation of Russian womanhood is adjusting itself.

Countless women hold elective posts throughout the Soviet Union, and all these, of necessity, are Toilers. Many others are appointed to responsible administrative positions, such as the governorships of large orphanages or hospitals. If technical knowledge is lacking there are experts of both sexes, Intellectuals, available to advise. I have never heard of any charges of feminine inefficiency or unsuitability on the ground of sex whenever any particular office was under discussion. There is no discrimination on that count. If a woman official is criticized it is not as a woman, but as an individual, a Worker; if she be ousted likely as not another woman will succeed her.

Satisfied that the Russian woman's contribution to the new industrial and economic development of the country is keeping pace with education and technical training and that her place in the political structure has grown to full participation, one may ask what the Communist state, in turn, is doing for the Russian woman. How and to what extent—if at all—has she gained by this sudden, complete revolution in her status? How has it affected her life within the family circle and her relation to her children? Examples are very useful in explaining conditions in Russia, at least as far as the large communities are concerned, because of the uniformity of life. The even-handed application of *Pyatiletka* makes it so, even more than the levelling influences of Communism. So what is true of the Commune of Leningrad is, in its general lines, equally true of Odessa or far-off Vladivostok. A Worker draws twenty-four ounces of black bread a day in Leningrad and he or she gets not a crumb more or less in any other city. People look alike and are dressed after the same fashion, and there is the closest similarity of environment as geography and climate will permit. The rough-looking khaki or dark grey jacket and knickers or skirt of corresponding material which the women of Moscow wear throughout the greater part of the year, is also the prevailing vogue in Smolensk or Kiev, simply because the ration schedules allow little in the way of variant. Dame *Pyatiletka* won't stand for finery or the wherewithal for distinctiveness. She is a little lenient in the matter of cosmetics and perfumes, but they are expensive and the supply not over-large. One may be sure if there is anything going at the ration depots

—there are no shops in the regular sense in Russia—that is limited in quantity and the woman Worker will have first choice, and her sister Intellectual will have to be satisfied with what is left, and perhaps pay more.

IF ONE thing stands out more than another in the memory of a foreign visitor it is the lamentable lack of housing accommodation in every large or fair-sized community and the dilapidated and corroded state of that which is available for the teeming millions of urban dwellers. Although progress is evident in the matter of public health and hygiene, the Five Year Plan has not yet reached the stage of large-scale home construction.

In Vladivostok there is a household, a very happy one all things considered, wherein the distinction between Worker and Intellectual stands out against a domestic background. Thousands of similar cases doubtless exist. Names mean little and for purposes of anonymity, let us say it is the home of one Andrieoff. He is a middle-aged bookkeeper who came with his wife and children from a small town in Central Russia after the revolution. Andrieoff is fairly well educated after the standard of the middle class during the Czarist regime, and his wife was the daughter of an engineer who was killed on the Eastern front during the Great War. The husband, by occupation and antecedents, is an Intellectual, while his wife, who inherited her father's mechanical trend of mind as well as his socialistic traits, is employed in a factory. She is thus a Worker and the red scarf she wears about her neck proclaims her affiliation with the Communist Party. Whatever the husband's private views, they do not matter; perhaps he is just one of the thousands of his type who stolidly accept things as they are and make the best of them. The eldest son, who was a dental student at the time of the upheaval, has finished his course and is now on the staff of one of the *Pyatiletka* hospitals. Like his father, he is of the *Intelligentsia*. There is a daughter, not much more than twenty-two, and she works beside her mother at the factory, likewise a Worker and a Party adherent. Two smaller children, a boy and a girl, born since the revolution, are attending school.

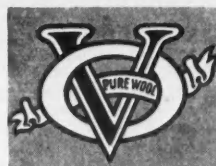
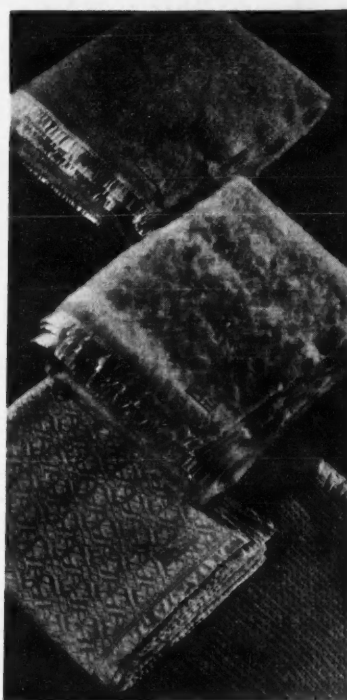
A peek at the three rooms and shared kitchen which *Pyatiletka* allows the Andrieoff family for living quarters, will reveal the standard type of habitation which Russian people are obliged to endure while the destiny of the country is being worked out by schedule. What furnishings one sees are relics of pre-Revolution days, gathered together by the Andrieoffs from goodness knows where. Such necessities as chairs, tables, beds—or rather, improvised bunks and cots—are shabby and worn. Curtains, though neatly hung, are patched and shortened by frequent hemming, and strips of paper hide the cracks in the window-panes. One or two highly colored and bizarre lithographs help to relieve the bareness of the walls; in one of the rooms, a large mirror, its frame shoddy with age, fulfills a decorative as well as its normal function. Other domestic requisites, such as crockery and tableware, all of it displaying the effects of time or mishap, are kept in a long, upturned coffin-shaped box with shelves, its face covered with a bit of muslin hanging from a wooden rod. A similar arrangement serves as a wardrobe in which the family hangs their limited extra clothing. Next to it stands an ancient-looking bookcase holding a liberal supply of reading matter, most of it consisting of Communist pamphlets. In one of the rooms, a combined bedroom and dining room, a frayed and tattered sheet of linoleum covers the floor, and a glance into the kitchen reveals a motley collection of well-worn pots and pans and a large wooden tub, which the two adjoining families use both for washing clothes and bathing.

In the Andrieoff household it is obvious that the women rule. The husband is not



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Continued from page 23

right background for the purpose. In the bedroom just behind with the rose flowers in the wall paper the flowers were used as the key color, and in order to make harmony in color between these two rooms, a little of the opposing color was used in each to unify them. It is in this way that one can have difference as well as harmony and thus avoid monotony of tone. The same color-scheme was employed in regard to the other rooms, but this will be explained in greater detail in future articles.

Lady Bessborough

Continued from page 19

lection of every kind of art such as is contained in Chantilly, it is only natural that Her Excellency takes a keen interest in art, and particularly in those forms pertaining to the home.

The real Canadian enthusiast in the house is little Lady Moyra Ponsonby, the thirteen-year-old daughter, who thinks of our country in terms of an eternal skiing feast. She loves skiing and sadly enough, there will not be much of this sport left by the time she arrives! Lady Moyra's study routine will continue in Canada under her present governess.

The Viscount Duncannon, who is eighteen years of age, has just finished Eton and goes up to Trinity, Cambridge, in the autumn following in his father's footsteps. The Viscount and his cousin look forward to a summer in the Rockies principally trail riding. Before the Canadian plans were projected, he had arranged to spend the summer on the Continent but the Rockies are a much greater lure.

Lady Bessborough goes to Canada, her heart filled with friendliness, and eagerness to know us and see our young country, for her visits to America have been south of the Equator only. Mixed with it is a little wistfulness. To use her own words, "I do wish most sincerely to follow worthy in the footsteps of my wonderful predecessor, Lady Willingdon." Her Excellency is too humble. With her savoir faire, delightful manner and keen wit, the next four years will be memorable for the Canadians so fortunate as to come under the spell of her personal charm.

The Economy of Buying a New Car

Continued from page 30

me that for the fourth year they totalled \$176.00 and for the fifth year \$222.00. He could not go farther back than that, but they are actual figures, and during the past two years he has had some most exasperating moments.

Here we might consider the improvements on cars in the past five years, which will certainly sound tempting to those contemplating a new car this season:

- Chromium plating.
- Gas purulator.
- Oil purulator.
- Air purulator.
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- Higher compression and longer life.
- Gas and oil gauge on the dashboard.
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- Brakes enclosed to keep out water.
- Free wheeling:
- Snubbers and shock absorbers are standard equipment.
- Fittings and appointments improved.
- Radiator shutter—automatic.
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dispossession of priests, there are still many churches throughout the country conducting worship. This straggling remnant of the once powerful, glittering ecclesiastical estate of Russia is merely tolerated by Communism in the belief that one or two generations will wipe it out entirely. But priests, as such, have no status and are denied ration books.

Full state control of children enters the picture only in the cases of orphans, the children of divorced persons, those born out of wedlock and when a Worker-mother—as is her right—makes voluntary surrender. Instances of the latter are not frequent because of the day-nursery facilities the state has established in every community. But no mother is deprived of her child against her will and she enjoys complete maternal supervision until a child reaches eight years of age, when the bell rings for school. Irrespective of a child's antecedents or the circumstances of its birth it receives the full blessing of the state, and, failing other means of support, it is absorbed in the far-reaching educational system, of which the great orphanages form an integral part.

The Communist concentration on child welfare not only serves the purpose of consolidating the human pillars of the new civilization and culture, but it provides one of the most potent factors of the feminine freedom. It relieves the Russian woman of all responsibility for her offspring and cuts the cord that has in the past tied her to the home; and it has created a new and ultra-liberal interpretation of morality. She has become a complete individual and human entity within herself and she has the unchallenged right to dispose of herself as she wills. She is as free as man, but not more so. Whatever mode of moral conduct man has indulged in the past by might, favored position or tacit consent, and not of privilege or legality, is now openly acknowledged as of right. And it's woman's right as well. There is not one of the fundamental social inhibitions, which we recognize as the basis of well-ordered feminine conduct, that the Russian woman may not flaunt with impunity, without taint or stigma. Her children, born out of wedlock, are legitimate in the eyes of Communism and are the equals in every sense of those that are, and certain surgical operations, which in most countries are branded as illegal and criminal, are recognized in Russia as proper conveniences; indeed, every facility is placed at the

disposal of women for their performance. In the case of the woman Worker such an operation is carried out free of cost. On the other hand, should a woman elect to allow nature take its course, she is assured of the most expert care that science and equipment can muster. The Russian maternity home is at the pinnacle of the public medical services.

Despite the economic and social blizzard that whirls about it, the Russian family seemed to me to be sound, but whether it will endure as an institution in the face of vicissitudes is a question for the future, when the pre-Revolution generation has passed away and the individualism taught in the schoolroom has full play. Communist principles would seem enough to tear it asunder, apart from the hardships created by the Five Year Plan.

Notwithstanding the facility with which a divorce may be obtained I found that dissolution of marriage ties was no more general, in a comparative sense, than in France or the United States. Either party may divorce the other in Russia by application to a registrar and the payment of one rouble (fifty cents) as fee. But there are embarrassing strings for the male of the species when there are children to be considered, for he must pay to his erstwhile wife a stipulated sum out of his wages for their maintenance until the youngest is a wage earner in his or her own right. The same principle of wage assignment holds in the case of birth out of wedlock, and no doubt it is a powerful deterrent of promiscuity as well as, for the male, at least, of hasty or ill-considered divorce.

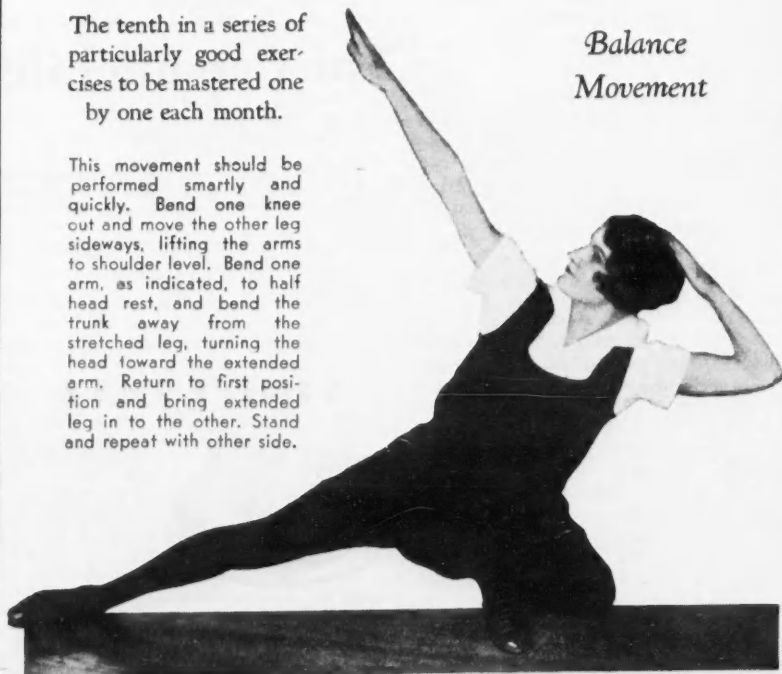
The Russian Communist state was nurtured in fire and blood, and counting its most hectic earlier days, it has barely passed its first decade. Many of the Workers, of both sexes, holding responsible offices and places in the higher counsels of the country even now can hardly read or write. They found themselves spokesmen for their fellows because they were representative of prevailing conditions and not through any superior intellect or vision. Their mistakes are due to a distressing combination of ignorance and fear. The old bureaucracy soon vanished; the revolution made a pyre of it. Communism has had to erect its governmental structure largely with the rawest of raw material. In what has already been accomplished the women of the proletariat have done their equal share with men.

The Chatelaine's Exercise a Month

The tenth in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered one by one each month.

Balance
Movement

This movement should be performed smartly and quickly. Bend one knee out and move the other leg sideways, lifting the arms to shoulder level. Bend one arm, as indicated, to half head rest, and bend the trunk away from the stretched leg, turning the head toward the extended arm. Return to first position and bring extended leg in to the other. Stand and repeat with other side.






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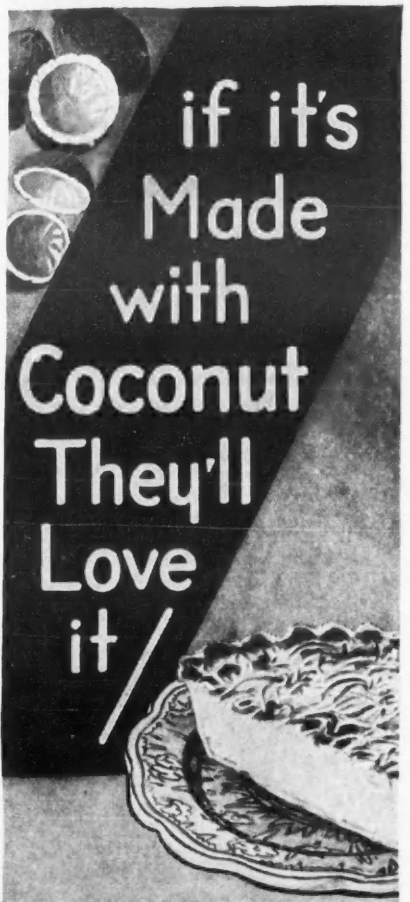
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even nominally the head. Mother and daughter have the right to vote, while their men folk have not, and the two women enjoy all the privileges and concessions granted to Workers. Their ration cards bring much more—double in the case of some items—to the supper table. Further, only mother and daughter are admitted to the exclusive and best-equipped social clubs. If there is anything special to be had at the ration store, one or both of the women will join the queue because it is only their status that carries the necessary weight. One of the few places where all the adult members of the Andrieoff family stand on equal ground is the government liquor store. Any of them may purchase as much vodka, brandy, wine or beer as the supply of roubles will permit. Few Russian homes are without some brand of strong liquor.

Mixed menages, such as the Andrieoff's— anomalies produced by the still confused political condition of the country—often work the other way about. The men might hold the trump cards, or father and daughter and mother and son might be found on opposite sides of the economic fence; or they might all be Workers or all Intellectuals. And, of course, there are many ordinary housewives, women who have neglected, for reasons of their own, to assert their freedom. It may be inherited prejudice or sheer preference. They are satisfied to reign over the home in the old-fashioned way and be classified, for purposes of rationing, as Intellectuals.

While the elder Andrieoffs are engaged at their various tasks, the mother and daughter having their midday meal at the factory and husband and son at their respective places of employment, the two children are receiving such a degree of concentrated attention under the tutelage of their teachers and Communist guardians that parental anxiety is both futile and wasted. Since both the children are past the eight-year mark, mother or father have little to say about it anyway. The school is their second home and the source of all their inspiration and pleasures; life there is made colorful and interesting in contrast to the drabness of the family circle. All children are treated alike, regardless of parentage, and in the school dining hall they receive the highest scale of food, with special emphasis on cereals and dairy products. It is in the schools that the Communist state is making its greatest play for strength and perpetuation. Every phase of training, personal hygiene, manners and ethics, as well as academic and technical knowledge is closely scheduled. Doctors, nurses and dentists, many of them women, are on hand and at the larger and newer institutions there is usually an infirmary or juvenile sanatorium. Every school, city or rural, has at least a medical clinic and calisthenics figure largely in the curriculum. Throughout the period of preparatory school education, up to the age of eighteen, emphasis is placed on Communist philosophy, which, of course, is utilitarian and atheistic. It is specifically impressed upon the young and receptive minds that there is no God, Heaven, Hell nor Hereafter; that this life is the only thing that matters. Female mentality and outlook are particularly molded to appreciate liberty of action and movement and there is frank discussion of sex significance; but they are taught carefully to distinguish between freedom and license.

FOR youngsters living with their parents in the more or less normal circumstances of the Andrieoffs, the so-called nationalization of children ends there. It is forbidden, though, for parents or other adults to prejudice in the home the teachings of the school. To many older folk, the memories, traditions and spirituality of other days still are sacred, but any attempt to discount or impair the effect of Communistic instruction or implant the "opium" of Christian theology in the minds of the young is to invite exposure and penalty. Even the most exemplary of children are seldom gifted with the discretion necessary to conceal such "tampering." Despite the country-wide campaign a few years ago against religion, the dismantling of religious institutions and



MEN, especially, love the luscious, tropical flavour of coconut in puddings, pies and cakes. You just ask any restaurant chef about it. He'll tell you that he has to put coconut dishes in his menu nearly every day. But every dish is doubly tempting when it's made at home. So why not serve desserts made with Baker's Coconut often?

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3 EGGS, slightly beaten 3 cups milk, scalded
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup Baker's Coconut,
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Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

(All measurements are level.)

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A minute alone



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... that's all you need for complete protection

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever.

And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a very sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

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MUM

SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful, too, for this important use of Mum. On the sanitary napkin Mum protects you just when you need it most.

Equipping the Home Laundry

Continued from page 21

cement, will provide a surface less tiring to the worker. This may be painted, but will require frequent refinishing. The most satisfactory treatment, if the budget allows, is to lay a linoleum on the wood, observing the points already mentioned. A cement floor may be painted; this surface can be washed easily but is not so resilient as wood and therefore not so comfortable. In this case, small rubber mats, placed at work centres, will be found a boon.

From the replies to The Chatelaine Institute laundry questionnaire, it was found that a large percentage of housekeepers undertake the entire family wash. Quite a number sent out the flat work or a certain portion of the personal clothing, but in almost all homes, laundry is a part of the weekly routine. The laundry, therefore, is an important centre, worthy of careful planning and up-to-date equipment. It need not be excessively expensive, but should have the proper tools for the work to be undertaken. The money spent gives good return in the energy saved and in the longer life of the fabrics.

The washing machine is, today, almost a necessity, and should be carefully chosen to meet your individual needs. The proper size for your purpose is important; too large a machine is more expensive and is unnecessary. With too small a one, there is a tendency to overload it, making it difficult to obtain the best results, and putting a strain on the mechanism.

All machines have a definite capacity and the housekeeper should be careful to select one which will take care of the weekly washing in a reasonable time and with the least effort. Directions as to the loading of the machine, its operation and care should be precisely followed, for the manufacturer offers the best advice for the use of his product.

Different types of washing machines are available, the gyrator and the vacuum cup type being in most general use. There are several satisfactory makes of each type, all having certain characteristic and distinctive features. They are equipped with power wringers, movable and reversible, or with centrifugal dryers, which not only extract excess water and hasten the drying process, but are energy-saving and easier on the fabrics than wringing by hand. Many have a hose attachment for emptying the machine, and many have other features which add to the convenience, safety and speed with which the machine may be operated. All of them are fitted with casters for ease in moving when necessary.

The price range of washing machines is wide, depending on size, the materials, construction, finish, and the extra features included.

Cost, space and capacity as well as design and workmanship must be taken into consideration when choosing. Ease of operation and of cleaning should not be overlooked.

Ironing the clothes is as much a part of home laundering as the washing, and the electric iron is a well-nigh indispensable piece of laundry equipment. In districts where electricity is not available, the old-fashioned flat-iron may still do duty, and gasoline heated irons are also on the market. The electric type, however, possesses many advantages, and is in quite general use.

When selecting an iron take into account the shape and weight and make sure that the surface is smooth and well finished. The newest development in electric irons is the automatic heat control device. For silk, celanese and rayon mixtures, the regulator is set at low, and the heat is thus controlled to prevent injury or scorching of the fabric. For linens and heavier materials, which require a greater degree of heat, the regulator is set accordingly. This control, besides being a convenience, is also a safety feature; if the power is accidentally left on, it diminishes the possibility of fire.

Continued on page 80

When thousands of dentists agree that ONE type of dentifrice is the most effective ...



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HEALTHY teeth and gums are vitally important. Yet many select their dentifrice by hit-or-miss methods. And they may get a preparation which might actually do harm—such as a gritty dentifrice. Certainly, they are apt to be confused by all the different tooth pastes and theories.

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95% of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

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Make some sandwiches with a tiny touch of Bovril on the bread and butter for Baby's tea as well. They're much better than bread and butter alone.

Bovril contains the nourishing elements of beef which feed and build up the body. Combined with these nourishing elements are the vitalizing powers of beef which give the extra strength and energy that the growing body needs. Give Baby Bovril regularly.

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Home Discoveries

A Sewing Hint

When making large buttonholes or ones that fray, stitch on the machine before cutting, then dip a knife in melted paraffin and run through the slit, waxing the cut edges. This makes them firm to work and they wear better.—Mrs. G. T. Hughes, Owen Sound, Ont.

Worn-Out Pillow Slips

When pillow slips commence to wear a bit and cannot be used on pillows, I slit them from bottom to top through the centre of one side. This makes an excellent cover for dresses in the clothes closet. Slit in this way the slip forms a sort of cape which fits perfectly over the dress on the hanger.—Mrs. J. R. Summers, Pembroke, Ont.

Discarded Hot Water Bottles

When the hot water bottle leaks and is of no use for water, fill with fine sand and heat on the back of the stove or oven when needed. This will hold heat much longer than water.—Mrs. Thos. D. Reid, Coldwater, Ont.

When Making Cake

If prune juice, left over strong coffee, maple syrup, honey or any fruit juice is used in fruit cake or plum puddings as a substitute for the milk or water called for, their flavor will be greatly improved.—Ethel M. St. Pierre, North Bay, Ont.

A Useful Table

I had my husband put casters on the legs of a small table and two shelves under the table top, and find this table very convenient as a separate portable serving table. I use it for bringing in the food, dishes and tea or coffee to the dining room, and for taking the soiled dishes and serving dishes back to the kitchen.—S. Johnson, Yates, Alberta.

New Card Tables For Old

When your card table tops get spotted, take the tables down to the basement and give the legs a couple of coats of paint. Then purchase enough thirty-six inch wide plain colored oilcloth and stretch it over the top and tack securely. Now with large brass or leather headed tacks finish the edges with gold braid. You have a table to be proud of.—Mrs. A. S. Wilson, Calgary, Alta.

Keeping Food Warm

If a member of the family is late for a meal I put the food to be kept warm into deep enameled cups without handles, and set them in a pan containing a little hot water. One cover goes over them all and one low flame does the trick.—"Edith."

The Uses of Kerosene

I used to scrub woodwork; now I just take a pail of warm water, add two or three tablespoonfuls of kerosene, and go over the painted or varnished wood with a soft cloth. For especially dirty places a little soap may be rubbed on the cloth, but this is not often necessary. The paint which had looked so dull and dingy comes out as bright as possible. For cleaning windows it is invaluable. Just add a little kerosene to clear warm water, wash the glass and wipe it with a soft cloth and when dry rub with soft paper, and see how it shines. To keep flies off the screen rub with a cloth dipped in kerosene. To remove mud stains from white goods dip the stains in kerosene before putting them in the boiler.—Evelyn Cooke, Brussels, Ont.

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A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH



APRIL belongs to housewives as well as poets.

The pale yellow sunshine is beautiful—but doesn't it show up the small grubbinesses around a house! I'm thinking that every woman in the land who is mistress of a home, will be rolling up her sleeves in preparation for the 1931 spring offensive. That is why I am mentioning S. O. S. Magic Scouring Pads, just in case she has overlooked one of the most effective daily weapons at her command.

S. O. S. is a specially treated combination of grease-cutting and scouring materials. It is made in small, easy-to-handle pads which are saturated with a special cleansing compound. There are six pads to a package. Recent improvements ensure a longer life than was before possible. The fibres are longer and hold together better, so that the pads can be used many times over. It will not only cleanse grease, but will remove

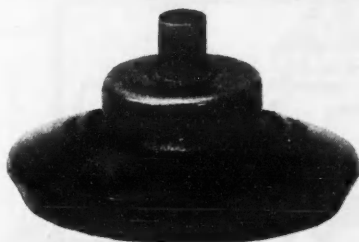


S.O.S. Scouring Pads are remarkably effective.

tarnish and stains from any working surface. Kitchen utensils, nickelled and enamelled stoves, refrigerator parts, faucets, laundry equipment—even woodwork and linoleum, all come under the sweep of the little pads, which do their work in the quickest possible manner.

WHEN we touch on sweeping we come face to face with three factions—the woman who still wields a broom to her carpets, the carpet sweeper user, and the woman who uses her vacuum every day. As a matter of fact, the carpet sweeper and the vacuum should work hand in hand in order to get the best results. It is significant that in most hotels, where room-cleaning is a science, the carpet sweeper is used daily

and the vacuum at frequent intervals. The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company have just placed on the market an interesting new model called the "Apartment." It is designed to meet the demand for a compact, light, yet easily handled, sweeper for use in apartments and small homes where floor surface is limited. The "Apartment" Bissell is lower than older models, and slightly

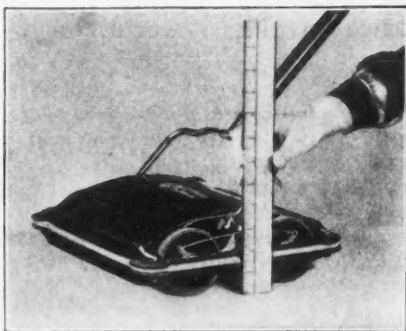


One of the NoMar furniture rests which are guaranteed not to mark floors.

shorter. It gets under chairs, davenports, and into places where the old-type sweepers sometimes could not be used. A good-looking curved case finished in a smoke color with nickel fittings, gives the sweeper a thoroughly modern look. The "Apartment" sweeper has every advanced feature, such as "Hi-Lo" brush control, that is to be found in the modern Bissell sweeper, and it is guaranteed to give long service.

HAVE you run across the Bassick NoMar furniture rests yet? If you haven't, you should really investigate them, for they are the easiest things on hardwood floors that I have seen for a long time. They are made in various forms for various types of furniture, even to radiator legs, stoves, and office desks. An example of one form is shown on this page. They are designed primarily to take the place of those rather ugly glass cups which adorn the feet of much of our furniture in order that they may not scratch our floors. Not only are these cups conspicuous, but they are troublesome when the furniture is moved around for cleaning.

The material from which the NoMar slides and NoMar rests are made is a particularly strong compound which it is almost impossible to break, and its smoothly finished surface will not mark the most finely polished floor. The manufacturers, too, have given special care to the "giving" qualities of the rests. A metal cap fits firmly over a dome in the centre of the rest, and swivels around inside the shoe according to the movement of the chair. It is very easy to attach the rests to the legs of your furniture.



The new "Apartment" Bissell carpet sweeper is a compact, light, yet easily handled model and it is inexpensive

"Hi-Lo" brush control brings the brush of the sweeper always in perfect contact with whatever surface you are sweeping

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No Scorched Fingers

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TURN-OVER TOASTER



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MODEL 95

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MODERN DESIGN
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THE CLAY

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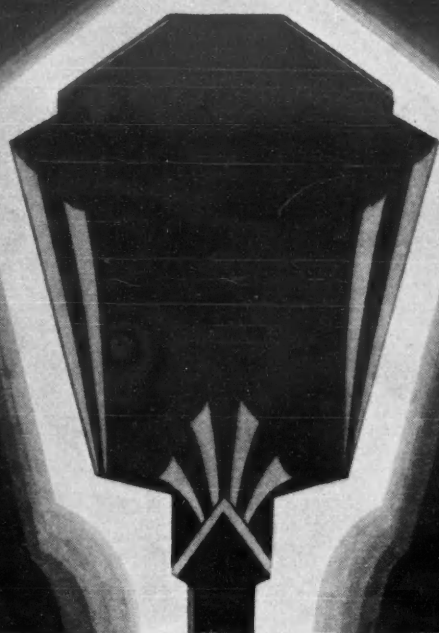
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CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS ON
PAGE 80 OF THIS ISSUE

1-31



BABY'S OWN SOAP

"It's Best for You and Baby too"

Some Favorite Recipes

Continued from page 66

party menu, because they can be prepared early. This one is delicious. If you have no chicken stock on hand, strained chicken soup out of a can is quite satisfactory.

Jellied Asparagus Salad

- 1½ Cupfuls of diced celery
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced asparagus tips
- 2 Cupfuls of chicken stock
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- Juice of 2 lemons

Heat the stock to boiling, dissolve sugar and salt in it, and pour over the gelatine, softened in the cold water. Add the lemon juice, and strain into a bowl. Chill until it begins to set, then mix in the asparagus and celery, and pour into moistened individual molds. Unmold on crisp lettuce cups, garnish with radishes and celery tips, and serve with mayonnaise.

For light afternoon or evening refreshments, this fruit salad meets with exceptional favor.

Filled Peach Salad

- 6 Peach halves
- ½ Cupful of diced apple
- ½ Cupful of celery
- ½ Cupful of diced marshmallows
- ½ Cupful of shredded blanched almonds
- ½ Cupful of fruit dressing

Combine the apple, celery, marshmallows and almonds with the dressing. Arrange drained peaches, cut side up in crisp lettuce cups. Cover with a spoonful of the fruit mixture, garnish with finely chopped red cherries, and serve with fruit dressing.

A dressing such as this lends an air of elegance to the simplest salad. Equal parts of dressing and whipped cream are used if a very rich accompaniment is desired.

Fruit Salad Dressing

- ¼ Cupful of pineapple juice
- ¼ Cupful of orange juice
- ¼ Cupful of grapefruit juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs
- ½ Cupful of sugar

Heat the fruit juices in a double boiler. Beat the egg yolks until thick, add the salt and one-half of the sugar. Pour the hot fruit juice on to the beaten eggs, return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the remainder of the sugar and fold into the hot mixture. Chill before serving.

By combining Canada's delicious maple syrup with a simple pudding, you can achieve a dessert which is fit to set before the king.

Maple Cottage Pudding

- 1½ Cupfuls of maple syrup
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- ⅝ Cupful of milk
- 1½ Cupfuls of flour
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ⅓ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of chopped walnuts

Cream the shortening, blend in sugar. Add well beaten egg and milk. Add one cupful of sifted flour, beat smooth. Add remaining flour, sifted with baking powder and salt and stir till smooth.

Heat syrup to boiling, pour into greased pan, and turn batter into the syrup. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) till brown (twenty-five to thirty minutes).

Turn upside down on serving dish, sprinkle

with nuts. Cut in squares and serve with marshmallow cream as follows:—

- 30 Marshmallows
- ½ Cupful of cream

Heat the marshmallows with the cream in a double boiler, only until the marshmallows are melted. Remove from heat and beat well. Serve hot.

Simple, inexpensive, irresistible, this is a more than favorite dessert. And if you possess tall parfait glasses, pile the foam lightly into them, garnish with green cherries or sprigs of fresh mint, and the very appearance of your dessert is enough to make your dinner a success.

Lemon Foam

- 5 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- 1¼ Cupfuls of sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Egg yolks
- ½ Tablespoonful of butter
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- ½ Cupful of lemon juice
- Whites of 2 eggs

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt in a double boiler. Add the boiling water gradually, and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Continue cooking over hot water until no taste of raw starch remains. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolks, return to the boiler and cook for another minute. Remove from the heat, add the butter, the lemon rind and juice. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and fold lightly into the lemon mixture. Chill thoroughly and serve as suggested above.

Maybe you are still looking for a really good chocolate cake recipe. This one should fulfil your greatest expectations.

Cocoa Cake

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs
- ½ Cupful of cocoa
- ½ Cupful of boiling water
- ½ Cupful of sour milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1½ Cupfuls of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt (use less if butter is your shortening)

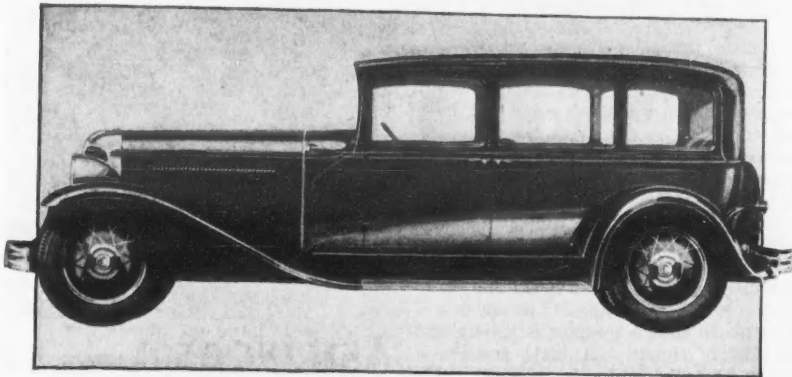
Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the well beaten eggs and beat the whole mixture thoroughly. Dissolve the cocoa in the boiling water and add the sour milk. Combine with the first mixture. Sift together the soda, flour and salt, add to the other mixture and beat thoroughly. Line a square cake pan with waxed paper, pour the mixture in and bake in a moderate oven (375) for forty-five to fifty minutes. Cool and ice with the following boiled icing.

Fluffy Icing

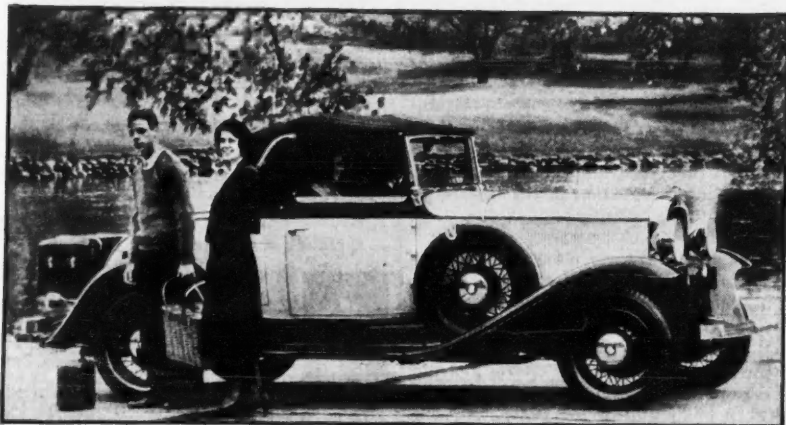
- 2 Egg whites
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- ¾ Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Beat the egg whites until very stiff. Add the boiling water to the sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then cook without stirring until the syrup will spin a thread from the tip of a spoon, (245 degrees). Pour the hot syrup on to the beaten egg whites, beating constantly, and continue the beating until the mixture will hold its shape. Spread quickly on the sides and top of the cake, leaving the surface rough. When the icing is firm, melt four squares of bitter chocolate in a double boiler and pour over the white frosting to form a thin layer. This gives a bitter sweetness and a most attractive appearance to the cake.

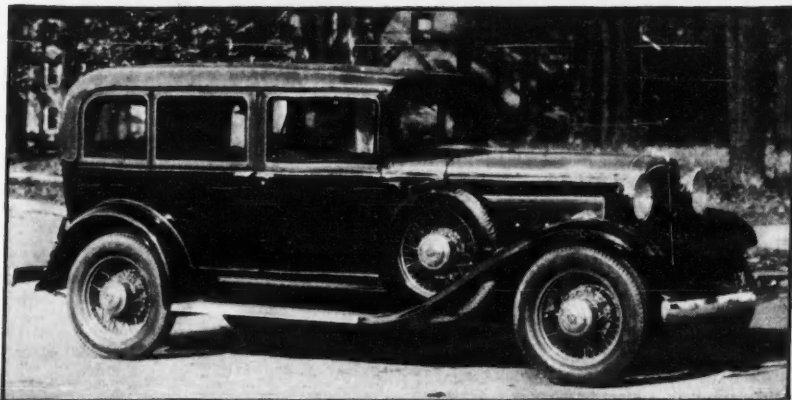
FOUR NEW 1931 CARS



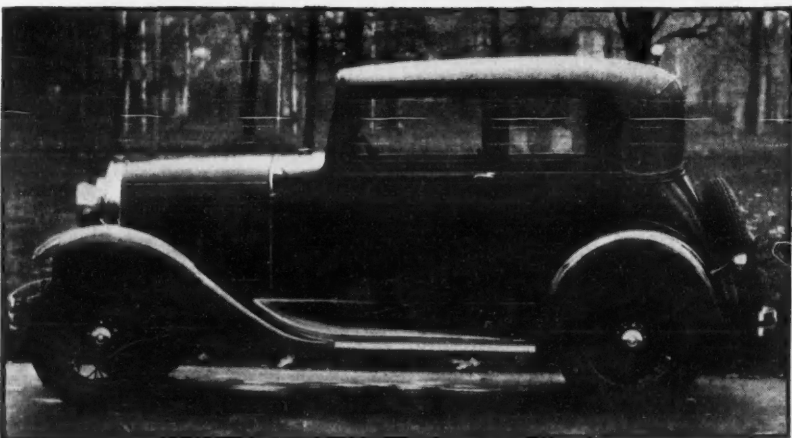
The New Chrysler Six Sedan



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The 1931 Willys Eight Sedan DeLuxe



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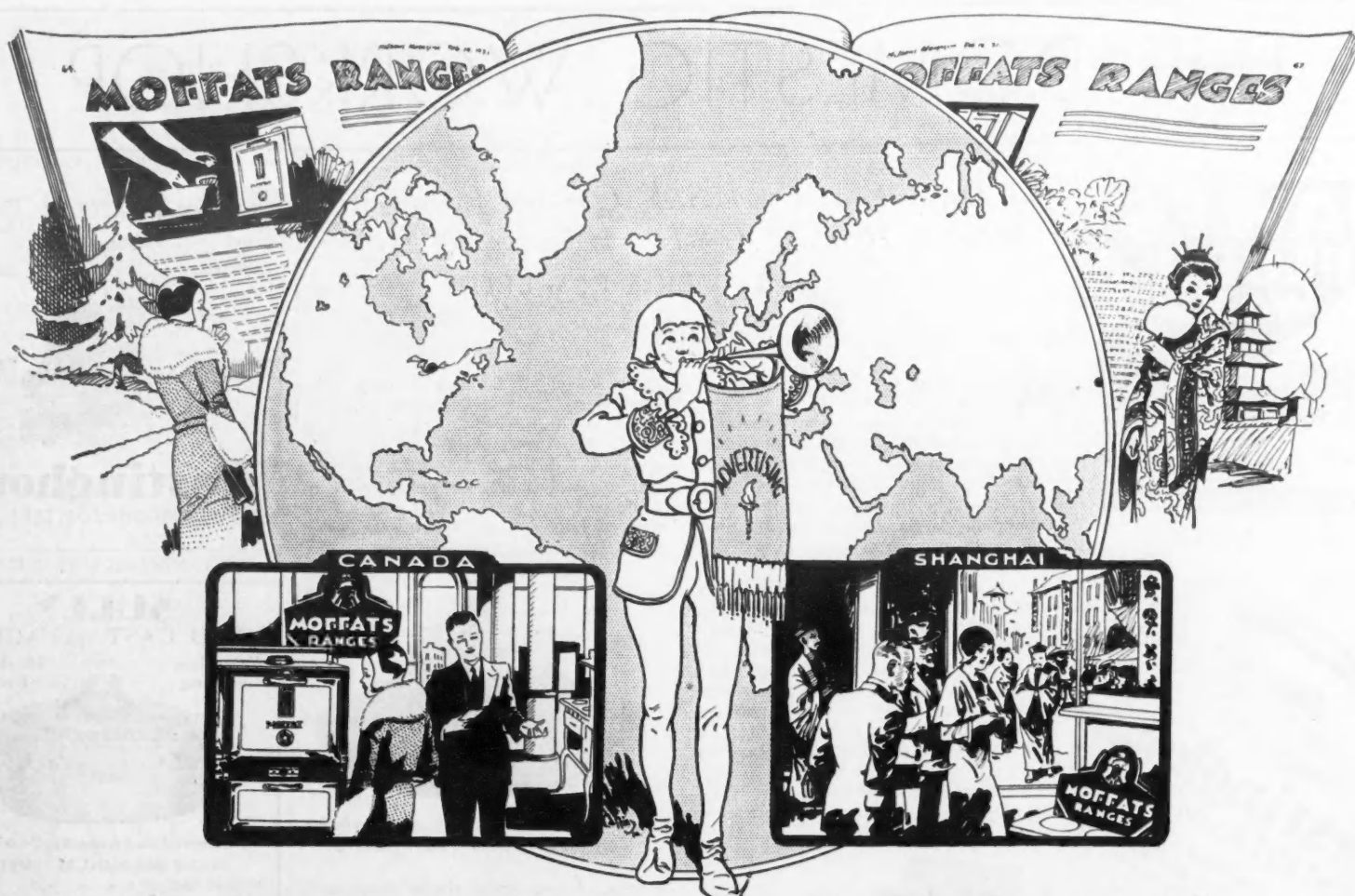
FADED streaks—dull strands—grayness—all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave... Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way.



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ADVERTISING

MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

GO TO London, Cape Town, Madrid, New York, Vancouver, Shanghai, Calcutta. The scenes are different, the modes of living are begotten of certain local and national influences. But the visitor senses a "homeyness" when the shop windows are passed in review. Here, advertised products in their familiar garb link in memory the old home town with the foreign strand.

To the local purchaser the situation is much the same. Madam stops to shop at a convenient store. The faces are new, the interior arrangement of the place intriguing. There is a moment's casual hesitancy and scrutiny. Then confidence leaps to the mind at the sight of recognized packages, familiar labels and well-known brands. Confidence is inspired. The goods are, as it were, letters of introduction from the storekeeper to his customers. And from confidence in the

goods there follows in a most natural way, an easy confidence in the store.

So much for the power and influence of advertising. Well advertised merchandise is not only made widely known, but standards of quality are set up as criteria for all and sundry goods to be judged.

The "cat-in-the-cracker-barrel" days of selling have given way to modern times and improved methods. The standard brand in the sealed container can be purchased with equal confidence in Toronto, Tokyo or Timbuctoo.

Advertising is every day preaching the sermon of the world's amazing growth of business integrity. It binds nations together with its educational and cultural influence. It is projected Public Opinion. And Public Opinion is the greatest moving force in the world today.

This advertisement was prepared by
EDWARD W. REYNOLDS & COMPANY, ADVERTISING AGENCY,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

—One of a series prepared by Advertising Agencies upon invitation of MacLean's Magazine and The Chatelaine, to promote a better understanding of the protection which advertised products provide to the public.

For Recitation in School

Beginning a series of children's verses, written especially for The Chatelaine, in response to hundreds of requests for school recitations

by VICTORIA METCALF WARING

Editor's Note: The writer of these verses, was a school teacher for a number of years before her marriage, and realizing the need for new and simple recitations, began to write her own verses. They met with great success and were widely requested by other schools. With this group of recitations, The Chatelaine begins a regular presentation of verses suitable for school concerts, as well as other entertainments.

When Pa Puts Out the Ashes

When Pa puts out the ashes, there's an awful lot of fuss;
He hems and haws, coughs and groans, and makes a terrible muss.
First he veils to mother, to fetch his overalls;
He slips his both feet in 'em, looks up the stairs and calls;
"Now how many tins to put out?" Ma answers, "Oh, just two."
Pa starts to heave and haul the tins, and then he says, "Oh, whew!
I've gone and spilt the ashes, will some one get a broom?
This cellar's simply littered, there's hardly any room;
Boxes here, and boxes there,"—"They're for your tools," says Ma,
Then she winks at us while saying, "Oh, do be quiet, Pa!
You talk about the children—they don't make half the noise
That you do, when you're busy, and they are only boys!"
Sometimes we hear loud crashes, and then an angry yell;
Ma hollers down, "What's happened?" Pa hollers up, "I fell!
Will someone hold this window? It came down on my head.
A few more blows like that and I will soon be dead!"
Then Ma goes down the cellar, and we kids laugh and grin;
'Cause when Pa sees her coming, he stops that awful din.
Our Pa was sick one evening, Ma put the ashes out
Without a bit of worry, and we never heard a shout.
The cellar floor was just as clean, as it had been before;
The window stayed up in its place, and no one banged the door.

But maybe Pa is not to blame, he is so big and stout;
I guess it's awful hard for him to put the ashes out.
He says when he is wealthy, he'll surely spend some dough,
And buy a real good furnace, that won't need any coal.
Our good times then will all be gone, we'll never hear him shout
And we'll lose the laughs and fun we have, when Pa puts ashes out.

Nan's New Brother

"Now why on earth are you crying?"
Asked Auntie of Nannie one day;
"You have a lovely new brother,
And you should be happy and gay."
Nan, for a moment ceased sobbing,
"But that's what's the matter," she said,
"We didn't send for a brother
Who hasn't got hair on his head.
"Who hasn't a tooth he can eat with,
And I don't believe he can speak,
He isn't no good for playing
Cause he's much too little and weak.
"Oh my, I am disappointed!"
Once more sobbed poor little Nan,
"Instead of the chum that I wanted,
They've sent me a little old man."

A Girl's Composition on Boys

Boys are the queerest, queerest things,
They fill their pockets full of strings,
Full of marbles, full of dirt,
They always have a gun to squirt.
They hate to wash behind their ears,
They'd never touch their neck in years,
But mothers fetch the strap or stick,
And then they have to wash right quick.
They don't know how to sweep a floor,
They break the dishes by the score,
They're very fond of pies and cakes,
They chase the girls with toads and snakes.
They tease the baby and the cat,
And find a lot of fun in that.
They stick around big sister's beau
Who has to pay to make them go.
They simply hate to go to school,
And will not try to keep a rule;
They make an awful lot of noise,—
And that is all I know of boys.

Cross Currents

Continued from page 14

the set of his jaw that he was not happy, and at a loss to understand his mood yet longing as achingly as he, to reach him, she said gently.

"Dear—I think you're blaming yourself for something—don't! Whatever we do or don't it's up to us. We're not children nowadays any more. Now mother's back perhaps you'll feel differently. Besides look how happy we all are!"

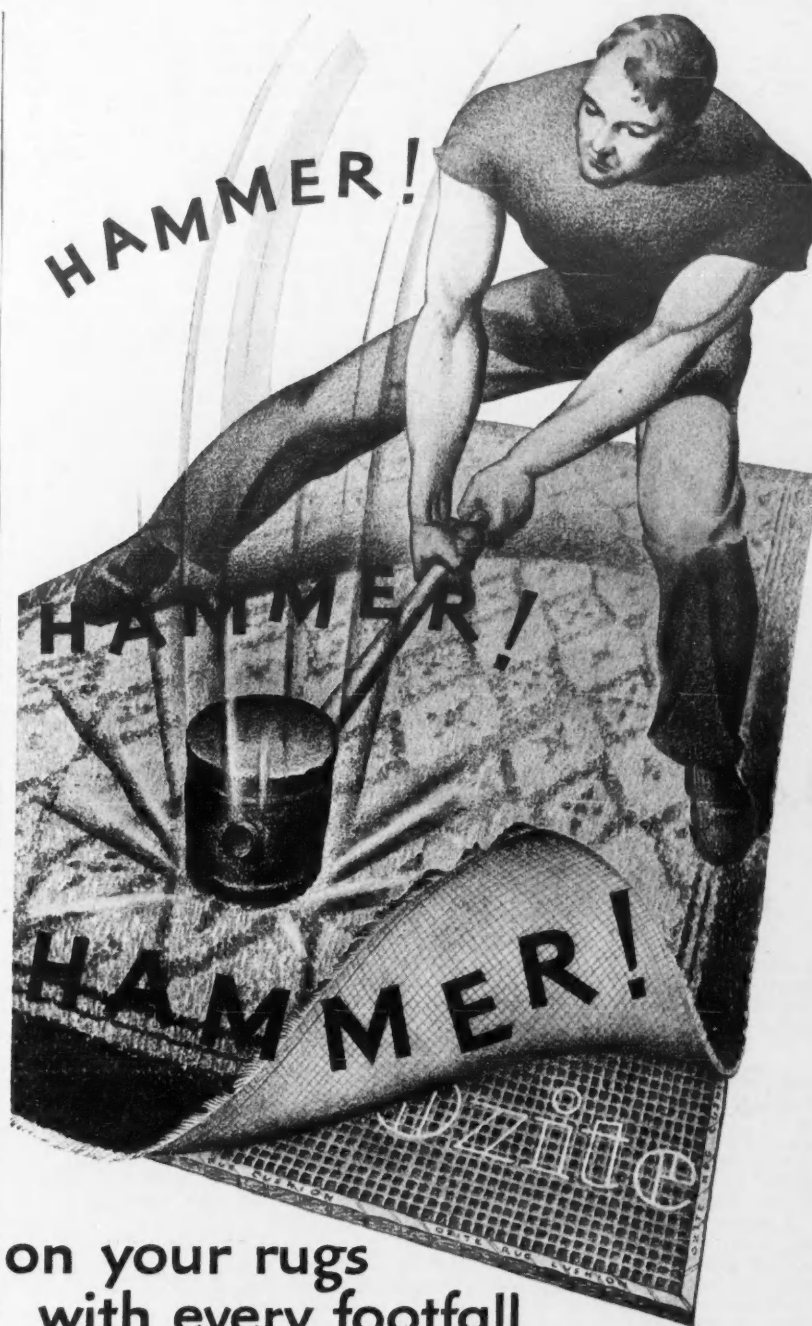
God forgive her for the lie but what was the use of truth? They had both failed, these two who loved one another, to break down the barrier between them, and each knew dumbly and wearily of their failure.

LARRY coming downstairs at ten minutes past eight saw Tania standing by the great fireplace in the hall, and although he had been conscious that he must face her, checked his step so abruptly that Colonel Bury, another house-guest, following just behind, almost fell over him.

For a second the scene swam blackly before his eyes, then the mist cleared and breathing unsteadily, his pulses thudding, he found himself opposite Tania, murmuring words of conventional greeting. Then Tania turned away and a minute or two later, well separated by almost the length of the table, they were seated at dinner.

Larry found himself eating and drinking what was set before him, supposed he was talking more or less sense to his neighbor since she evinced no particular surprise at anything he said, and strained his ears to hear Tania's voice. As for Tania the meal was a purgatory of meaningless noise where she must control nerves and brain, pretending interest when all her being cried out for silence and solitude to fight her battle.

Habit and training came to her aid and at last Delia rose and they left the dining room but it was Larry who opened the door for them and as she passed out, she saw the hand that hung by his side clenched till



on your rugs
with every footfall
...unless you cushion them with Ozite!

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Science now offers you Ozite—a shock-absorbing cushion. When a heel descends, the rug sinks into the Ozite, springs back unharmed. Ozite actually doubles the life of your rugs! Amazing? Yes, but see Ozite at your nearest dealer's and learn why.

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Ozite is a cushion of felted hair, like a thin hair mattress. Never wears out... always stays soft. Mothproof. OZONIZED. Made in all sizes. Requires no fastening. Buy it wherever rugs are sold.

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Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighbourhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

ONTARIO		
Amherstburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Arnprior	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Barrie	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Belleville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Brantford	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Brockville	Leverette's Store	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Carleton Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Chatham	Spencer Stone, Limited	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Cornwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Durham	A. Graham	
Englehart	M. S. Ireland	
Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	
Galt	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Guelph	G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.	
Hamilton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	
	MacFarlane's Dry Goods	
	London Dry Goods, Ltd.	
	N. Werwig	
Hastings	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Huntsville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Kitchener	Gouldie's, Limited, Department Store	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
London	R. J. Young & Co., Ltd.	
Lindsay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Midland	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Napanee	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Niagara Falls	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
North Bay		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Orillia		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Oshawa		
	W. A. Dewland, Limited	
Ottawa		
	L. W. Bell	
	763-767 Bank Street	
	Murphy-Gamble, Limited	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Owen Sound		
	Bunt's Limited	
Parkhill		
	White & May Co.	
Palmersville		
	F. A. Ashmore	
Pembroke		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Peterborough		
	Richard Hall, Limited	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Picton		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Port Arthur		
	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	
Renfrew		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Simcoe		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
St. Catharines		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Smiths Falls		
	S. M. Aboud	
Strathroy		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
St. Marys		
	The White & May Co.	
Stratford		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
St. Thomas		
	J. H. Gould, Limited	
Sault Ste. Marie		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Sudbury		
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Tillsonburg		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Toronto		
	Mrs. Richardson, Kingston Rd. at Bingham Ave.	
	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	
Walkerville		
	M. H. Nessel	
Wallaenburg		
	Stonehouse's, Limited	
Wingham		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Woodstock		
	Walker's Stores, Limited	
	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
QUEBEC		
Montreal		
	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	
	St. Catherine St. West	
	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	
	2269 Mount Royal W.	
	The Teco Store	
	St. Catherine St. East	
	Jan. A. Ogilvy's Limited	
	St. Catherine St. West	
	P. Bancel & Fils	
Montebello, Que.		
	R. O. Quenel	
Quebec		
	Jules Gauvin, Ltd.	
	St. Andre, Que.	
	A. Vellin	
NEW BRUNSWICK		
Campbellton		
	Canadian Department Stores, Ltd.	
Moncton		
	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	
Saint John		
	F. A. Dykeman Department Store	
NOVA SCOTIA		
Halifax		
	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	
Sydney Mines		
	Canadian Department Stores, Ltd.	
Sydney		
	Canadian Department Stores, Ltd.	
MANITOBA		
Brandon		
	West of England Dress Goods Co.	
Winnipeg		
	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	
SASKATCHEWAN		
Regina		
	West of England Dress Goods Co.	
Whitewood		
	The Whitewood Trading Co., Ltd.	
Lloydminster		
	H. C. Messum	
Moose Jaw		
	Binning's (Moose Jaw) Ltd.	
	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	
ALBERTA		
Calgary		
	West of England Dress Goods Co.	
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New Westminster		
	W. S. Collister, Ltd.	
Vernon		
	Jerry Eatin Store	
Salmon Arm		
	G. De Scott	

Equipping the Home Laundry

Continued from page 75

Electric ironing machines are not so generally appreciated as electric washers. While almost half the replies to the Institute questionnaire, reported the use of a washing machine, ninety-six per cent the use of an electric iron, only a few mentioned an ironing machine as part of the laundry equipment. These are, however, rapidly growing in favor, due to their time and labor-saving possibilities. They are easy to operate and will smooth not only large and small pieces of flatwork but many garments and other articles in the family wash. The pressing of flatwork on such a machine is speedy and exceedingly simple. A little practice is required for other pieces, but skill is quickly developed, and the weekly ironing can be accomplished in a surprisingly short time.

The drying of clothes is to many a vexing problem. On bright days, if the air is fresh and pure, clothes are usually hung outside, but in cold and stormy weather, some arrangement should be made for drying them indoors. Lines may be placed in the laundry or a heated dryer may be installed. Modern dryers are not unreasonable in price, and operate at a low cost. The prejudice against the old type of dryer was due to the difficulty of keeping the clothes a good color, but this disadvantage has been overcome in the construction of the up-to-date machine.

HOW then shall we plan our laundry? What equipment is necessary and what additional pieces are advisable in achieving an efficient and pleasant work centre?

An up-to-date laundry is fitted with stationary tubs, the best washing machine for the purpose at a price which suits the purse, a hand iron of the proper size and weight, and an ironing board. This may be collapsible or cabinet type, built into or mounted on the wall, and should be set at a height about thirty-two inches from the floor. A board about fifty-six inches long, tapering to a width of six inches or so at one end is a good size. If at all possible, an electric, gas or gasoline-heated ironer should be included; a few trials will demonstrate its utility and convenience. The advantages of a heated dryer should not be overlooked when considering equipment, especially if one lives where severe weather often makes outside drying difficult, or where the air is smoke-laden.

Besides these convenient pieces, there should be a spacious table of convenient height for sorting clothes and removing stains, a clothes rack on which to dry certain articles or on which to hang the freshly pressed clothes to dry thoroughly, a cupboard or cabinet to hold cleaning materials; various forms of soaps, stain removing reagents, starch, blueing, and utensils such as a clothes brush, clothes sprinkler, clothespins, bowls, spoons and pans for starch making and removal of stains. A clothes basket with collapsible legs is convenient, or the basket may be placed on a bench provided with casters for ease in moving from place to place. Eighteen inches is a good height for this bench, as less stooping is necessary. A small stove, or gas or electric plate is convenient for heating water for starch or other purposes.

Wise grouping of equipment is important in achieving a convenient laundry unit. Place the tubs, if possible, under a window to secure a maximum of light and keep in mind the natural routine of work in arranging the other equipment and accessories. Our sketch shows a satisfactory arrangement; the clothes pass from the hamper to the table for sorting, then to the tubs and washing machine. The ironing machine is near the dryer, with clothes rack close at hand. Outlets are placed at convenient heights for attaching electrical equipment. A spacious window and glass in the upper half of the outside door provide plenty of light and air. With such surroundings the housekeeper achieves the best results and emerges from the laundry in a cheerful mood.

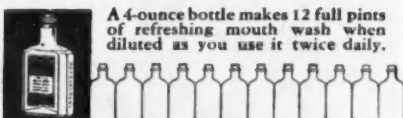
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But before giving up to chronic dyspepsia, just try the effect of a little Bisurated Magnesia—not the ordinary commercial carbonate, citrate or milk, but pure Bisurated Magnesia which you can obtain from any druggist in either powder or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or four tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat. You can enjoy your meals without a fear of indigestion.



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A discussion of household budgeting by a graduate in household science, that will give you many new ideas and angles on an important feature of every home.

flowers!" and as he handed her in after the others he let his fingers slide down to her wrist and grasp it lightly.

In the car that carried bride and bridegroom to the reception, Mae proceeded to repair the details of make-up and then tilting her head back looked at Larry under provocative lids.

"How do you feel as a married man Larry?"

He stared at her words so violently that it was useless to pretend he had been thinking of her, or of his position at the moment, and the look in his eyes as he faced her brought a slumbering spark to her own.

"Fit to paint the whole world red," he said a little thickly. "We'll knock the stuffing out of it won't we Mae? Nothing else to do—nobody to care!"

She stared at him puzzled by voice as well as words.

"I'm prepared to knock the stuffing out of anything," she retorted flippantly. "I certainly didn't marry to settle down like my grandmother!"

He slid his arm round her slender little figure, driving the vision of that other face and form from his conscious thoughts.

So that was that—married—cut off by his own action for ever from the one utterly desirable and lovely woman in the world—but she was married too, and she had never told him, but taken his love into her hands and beggared him for ever.

THE reception was crowded. There was no need for Tania to do more than kiss Mae lightly upon the cheek, where she stood to receive her guests, surrounded by her bridesmaids and to touch Larry's hand with cold fingers. That accomplished, she was able to lose sight of him in the crowd and talk—of what she hardly knew—to her fellow guests. She was caught at last by Mae who seized her by the arm.

"Come and talk to Larry!" she exclaimed. "You and he seemed such friends and you've hardly spoken. There he is! Larry."

Without a scene Tania could not refuse, and the next moment Larry was standing before her and as their eyes met she felt that he hated her.

"I must congratulate you!" she said lightly. "You have had a disappointment in having to wait six weeks, but now it is all over and all is well. A thousand good wishes!"

"Yes?" his lips drew back a little from his teeth. "As you say it was a disappointment because I had come to the conclusion that I had not only made a fool of myself, but had also been made a fool of; so I returned humbly to the fold as fast as I could. I am sure you understand."

The inference was unmistakable and Tania's lips whitened. Pain forced her to self-defense.

"Made a fool of yourself—perhaps," she said almost under her breath. "Been made a fool of—no! A thousand times no! You are unjust!"

For a second their eyes met, then she turned aside.

"There is no need to discuss your conduct in the past," she said below her breath. "You may not believe me but I hope you will be very happy."

He stood looking down at her trembling; his hands clenching and unclenching, but had no further chance to speak, for a crowd surrounded him and a few moments later she left.

She determined not to join the dancing party and once back at home rang up a friend, made a hasty engagement for dinner and set about facing life with what courage she could.

It was a relief that Blakiston had not renewed either his threats or his persuasions. Indeed since he had gone to the country for the hunting her mind was at ease about her own affairs, and she brought all her courage and strength of will to bear upon the tragedy that had shadowed life, and fought to regain her peace of mind.

WHAT COLOR—what light—Oh God, how beautiful You have made Your world!"

Tania sat on a big stone high up on the road to Mont Revard above Aix-les-Bains, all by herself, and if ever anyone was justified in voicing admiration, she felt she was as she rested by the roadside and gazed and gazed and gazed again at the beauty of all around her. She had needed this trip to France so much!

Walking along the white hard road, with the late afternoon sunshine golden and level about her Tania wondered if it would be possible to stay on for the whole summer and not go back for several months. She felt healed and rested by the beauty of the country she loved. Aix lay in the sunshine all white and green and flower-strewn, and as she began to descend the steep hill by the Splendide she realized with almost a sense of wonder that the image of Larry had lost something of its pain, thanks to the natural loveliness of the country and the unexpectedness of her visit to it.

It was late June. Tania had gone to England with Emily to be in London for Judy's presentation at Court. However an attack of rheumatism more than usually severe had brought the duchess south in the height of the London season, and not altogether to her surprise her eldest granddaughter had jumped at the invitation to accompany her, while Lady Emily relieved at being able to give all her attention to Judy willingly agreed. Tania was thankful to be away from London when Mae and Larry should return to it, and she was fond of her grandmother and did not find her company wearisome.

The duchess stayed always at the Europe and since Aix was not yet in the full swing of its season, life was gay without being hectic and there was time to see one's friends in comfort.

Tania turned aside at the Place to take one of the white iron chairs, fetch a glass of water and sit for fifteen minutes or so, sipping the sparkling coldness and amusing herself by watching the people. There were a number of French and Italian visitors and not a few Germans already here, and she was occupied by the stolid chatter of a group of the latter so that she did not notice the approach of an exaggeratedly slim figure all in white until it suddenly touched her on the shoulder and spoke her name.

"Hullo Tania! What are you doing here?"

"Mae!"

Tania's start was violent, and as Mae dragged up another chair she could feel her heart beating heavily and fast, and she dreaded yet longed for Mae's next words.

"We got here last night. My dear the Desert was wonderful, but I got tired of eternal sand and sunsets, and Aix seemed to be the nearest place where there were people and a Casino so I decided we'd stop here. We're at the Splendide. Where are you and who are you with?"

"We're at the Europe. I'm with my grandmother—the Duchess of Lambourne."

"Oh! Bored?"

"No."

"How amusin'! Anyway now we're here we can have some fun. If you are content to

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Would you like quickly to free yourself of those hideous pimples—those unsightly blackheads—and have that smooth and soft skin perfection you've always envied?

Do you want to have eyes as dazzling and bright as water dancing in a summer's sun?

Would you like to enjoy glorious health with plenty of energy and possess a keen mind?

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Kruschen swiftly clears your blood of those harmful acids which cause your skin to erupt—you'll possess a skin like velvet, and a health perfection you didn't think possible!

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the nails were white and was conscious in every nerve of his rigid motionless form.

Mae, glittering and dainty came over to her and dropped on the couch as the drawing-room door closed behind them.

"Tania you look amazing in that frock!" she exclaimed. "Larry isn't it? I thought so. Larry could not see anyone else existed. I ought to be jealous."

"I'm afraid I wasn't aware of Larry's admiration," Tania retorted, the smile on her face set and stiff, and on the principle of the victim who embraces torture added: "Your wedding is to be a great occasion. Judy is wild with excitement at being a bridesmaid."

Mae shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, it will be amusing!" she said lightly. "Rather a crowd of course! My frock is quite amusing too—we're going to Granada first and then on to Tunis and the Desert. One of the few places of the earth Larry doesn't seem to know."

"How long for?"

"Month—six weeks—as we feel. I'm going to make Larry stay just as long as I want and then we'll take a flat in London for the winter. I've seen one in that new block in Davis Street near Claridges that I like."

"I thought Larry meant to spend the winter at your Canadian ranch?" Tania said and could have bitten out her tongue as the words passed her lips. Mae's eyes opened widely, for a moment she was silent then laughed derisively and her heavy lids veiled the blue of her gaze, but not before Tania saw the hostility in its shallow depths.

"I thought you and Larry were getting on very well at the Plaza the other night," she said. "He's quite a fast worker isn't he? No. A ranch is not my idea of married bliss."

"Don't you hunt?" somebody asked and Tania turned to Mrs. Bury. "Winter in the country is deadly if one doesn't hunt. I quite agree with Mae in wanting to be in town."

She knew she had made an enemy but did not care. Mae's hostility mattered little beside Larry's, and Larry when he came in with the men a few minutes later, avoided her all the evening till just when good-nights were being exchanged, was obliged to turn to her or draw attention to his behavior.

"I hear you are going to the Desert," she said lightly. "How wonderful! A Garden of Allah honeymoon—"

Their eyes met and held for a moment, despite all that had happened the bitter anger in his stabbed her like a physical blow. She had meant to match indifference with indifference, but this blaze of fury took her utterly aback, stripping her for a moment of all her defenses.

Darkened by the swift shadow of pain her eyes searched his in a betrayal of which for the moment she was utterly unconscious then Mary Bury's voice cut across the sudden tension.

"Miss Ardwyn I do so hope you'll come over to us with your sister-in-law," and abruptly she turned away to answer feeling as if the hand of death had been laid upon her heart.

A BLAZE of early spring sunshine—the park a faint mist of early green, houses clean and shining with coats of new paint, windows glittering in the sun, window-boxes blue and palely pink with hyacinths, a sky of azure dappled with puffs of cloud so white that the eye flinched. Here and there a florist's shop, a splash of yellows and purples and rose-flushed pinks, where the windows offered irises, narcissus, sprays of wild fruit blossom and great spikes of fluffy palm and golden mimosa.

Within the greyness of Holy Trinity Church was a scene lovely and full of color—for the wedding, owing to Mae having had severe influenza was seven weeks later and it was the first of March.

The stately beauty of the nave was touched with the spring, where mimosa wreathed the pillars and hid the embrasure of the windows. Tania in silver-grey squirrel coat, and jade and silver hat sat in

the third row of pews next to her mother, and at the back of the church Judy Ardwyn stood holding the sheaf of lilies and mimosa that was her bridesmaid's bouquet, dreaming her own dreams, her eyes shining like stars as they watched the sleek dark head of Rodney Blakiston a little way up the centre aisle.

The murmuring beauty of the organ changed suddenly into the blaze of the Meistersinger overture, which Mae with her unflinching sense of values had decided was unusual enough at such a time to be dramatic, and Tania's fingers tightened on the pew-front before her. Up the aisle came Mae on her uncle's arm, very slender, very ethereal, with her shock of pale gold hair glinting through the lace of the veil that was caught about her head by a narrow diamond fillet.

For one terrible moment as Mae took her place at the altar rails and Larry moved to her side, the church with its flowers and lights went black before Tania's eyes. Then the mist cleared and she stood rigid with cold fingers holding the pew-front, face ashen beneath its delicate make-up, and saw the man she loved married to the woman she knew already was her enemy.

She avoided going to the vestry and once again training and habit kept voice steady, manner composed during the low-toned eager conversation of the waiting-time. Then down the aisle Mae came, with her hand on Larry's arm and Tania saw him fully and felt something turn like a knife in her heart. For his face was ravaged and lined, and though his lips smiled, a soul in torment looked out from eyes heavy and bloodshot as if with long hours of dissipation or grief. The powerful lines of his figure were well shown off by the conventional morning coat, his face with its bold modelling of jaw and nose and brow was more nearly handsome than ever before, perhaps because of, rather than in spite of, its defiance and bitter humor.

As Tania, reckless now at this last moment, continued to gaze at him, some subtle chord of the emotions that had existed between them from their first moment of meeting tugged at his heart, and as if impelled by her regard his eyes left the smiling moving crowd over which their gaze ranged and met hers.

The check he gave was not visible to those eager onlookers but Mae's fingers resting upon his arm felt the quiver that ran through him and glanced sideways to see no face among all those faces to account for that stiffening jerk that she had felt. As for Larry that instant seemed at once age-long and infinitesimal. The sea of faces was blotted out leaving only the face of the woman he had held in his arms, the woman who had taken his heart in her two hands and twisted it and flung it away, the woman who had kissed him and told him she loved him and betrayed him. Fury and despair surged through him, mounting in a wave of dark blood to his forehead, swelling the veins in throat and temple and beating thunderously in his brain. At that moment he could have killed both the woman at his side and the woman he loved and as if she read the murder in his heart Tania closed her eyes in intolerable pain to shut out what she saw in his, and Mae's fingers on his rigid arm—the fingers of his wife—tightened their pressure and the crowded church, the lights, the flowers, swung back into his conscious vision.

Outside in the cold spring sunshine Mae floated rather than walked, ethereal in her golden lightness down the grey old pavement to the car. Rodney Blakiston, making his way out of the church before the crowd, came to Judy's side and took hold of her arm above the elbow.

"Well sweetheart. Happy?"

The lazy voice, the careless endearment, thrilled her; she looked up at him the ardor of inexperience in her eyes and he smiled down into them—his revenge would be almost too easy, but it might conceivably be rather pleasant.

"Don't hide away from me when we get back," he said. "Here's the car—mind your

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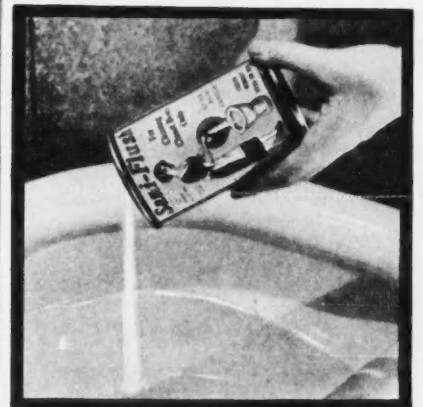
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Advice in April

By Mona Gould

If I heed the voice of the April wind,
The blue of the April sky,
Where are there bonds in all this world
That you can hold me by?

(O! a man's embrace, and a baby's laugh,
The cheer of a small bright home,
Are little enough, if you've Gipsy blood,
And the old desire to roam.)

O the wisest way is to close your ears
When the wind sings loud and long,
And close your eyes to April skies,
And sing a cradle song.

His eyes were blazing, his voice stammering and thick. Tania turned her head away conscious only of those words he had first spoken.

"Please let me go," she said just above her breath. "You are hurting my wrist."

He released her instantly and without a look she turned away and began walking along the shady white road, heard behind her his voice broken and hoarse:

"Tania! Tania! Come back—wait!" saw a taxi and hailing it, got in and told the driver to go on to the Hotel Mirabeau.

THE Duchess, not in the least approving of Mae but having been an acquaintance of the late Mrs. Cardross, was forced to acknowledge the former's arrival at Aix, and issued an invitation to dinner with the air of a Sovereign. Mae, lying against a heap of pillows, sipping coffee and tearing open envelopes glanced at it carelessly, shrugged, was about to throw it aside, then changing her mind called out:

"Germaine!" whereupon her maid came out of the adjoining bathroom.

"Find out if Mr. Cardross is up yet. If he is give him that. If not, put it in his room—stuffy old idiot!"

The last words in English described Mae's attitude of mind to the duchess, and before Larry and she met which was at luncheon an hour and a half later, she had written a polite little note pleading a prior engagement, and dispatched it by hand.

She told him what she had done, later, and he was indignant at her failure to consult him, whereat she laughed.

"My dear Larry I've had enough stupid evenings since I married you! I don't want to be suffocated with Victorian sentiment and propriety. The duchess was your mother's friend, not mine, thank heaven, so you can call on her if you wish."

"I do wish," Larry said shortly. "I'm sorry you find marriage so dull."

"So am I. What on earth made you imagine you were in love with me?"

Larry looked at her curiously. They were sitting in the gardens of the Splendide awaiting the arrival of some guests who were late and Mae's flippant question puzzled him.

"It wasn't imagination when we first met," he said at last. "You were tremendously attractive to me—I fell for you. That's all."

Mae's lips curled.

"Men are all alike. A figure like mine—the art of make-up, my youth and power to dance . . . what else do any of you ask?"

"That's hardly fair. We admire all those things—daresay we make fools of ourselves over 'em, but most of us expect something behind. A home—children—"

"You can cut that out!" Mae said sharply. "I'm not maternal. I hate squalling and bottles and slobber."

Her tone was so intense that Larry sat up and stared at her.

"Do you mean that? Seriously?" he said.

"Or are you posing?"

"I mean it."

"Yes—" he sank back in his chair again still looking at her. "I believe you do. What are you Mae? A shell? An imitation woman?"

"My dear man I'm the product of my age neither better, nor worse and my life is my own even if I have married you. You need not have married me but you did and—that's that!"

He laughed shortly and was silent a moment watching the smoke of his cigarette curl up through the hot still air.

"You've never pretended to love me," he said after a moment or two. "I've realized that ever since the day of our marriage. What was your big idea?"

She looked at him, her eyes narrowing.

"You've got Vicelles away from me," she said slowly. "You have exerted all that charm of yours and he is so in its toils that he will no longer pay attention to me. A friend's wife and all that sentimental slush—no I did not pretend to love you I admit that, but you attracted me, as I attracted you. You were able to afford me and I thought you were amusing, and I might as well marry you as let some other woman. If you'd left Vicelles alone I wouldn't have told you this, but since you've interfered in my affairs you shall hear the truth."

Larry, his cigarette in mid-air, watched it burn slowly down; when at last he spoke his voice was careless.

"The gloves are off," he said. "Perhaps it's just as well. Vicelles is a decent fellow and I don't choose you shall drag either my name or his in the dirt. Satisfied?"

"Enlightened. May I enquire what you intend to do? It sounds like a melodrama."

"Perhaps I'll take you to Canada. You'll find other interests out there."

"Carry me on board the boat if I don't want to go I suppose? Canada doesn't interest me."

He moved with weary impatience, threw his cigarette away and stared at the tips of his white shoes.

"Seems a pity to fight," he said slowly.

"I don't suppose either of us mean one half we say. I feel all raw this morning—goodness knows why. Forget it."

Mae shot him a quick glance.

"I meant every word. However I'm glad you realize what a filthy temper you've been in."

Larry beckoned a waiter hovering round a distant table, ordered coffee and smiled wryly; Mae's idea of an olive-branch was essentially her own, but like most men he hated quarrelling and scenes of any sort, and he had already learned that his wife's temper required delicate handling.

To be continued



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be quiet I'm not. Larry is about as lively as a hearse—we've had endless fights already. There's a man here—he's getting a glass of water for me—Captain Vicelles—adorable. Larry's furious."

"Already?" Tania said lightly for she knew better than to take Mae too seriously. "You mustn't make him jealous quite so soon."

"Jealous? Larry jealous? My dear he wouldn't care if I danced with him all night! I married Larry because I thought he'd amuse me and now he doesn't—and goodness knows why he married me! I was the first attractive woman he'd met I suppose after years in the wilds."

Tania was silent a moment, sipping the clear water.

"But you are married to Larry," she said presently. "So you're surely not going to let it be a failure."

"Oh—who knows? Or cares? My dear Tania don't be Edwardian! We'll make a success of it all right up to a point—but we're neither of us pretending it's a romance. Larry's impossible. To begin with he wants me to live six months in the country—me! Of course it's ridiculous! I told him it simply couldn't, and wouldn't be done. He's got to learn quite a lot of things and one of the first is that I want to be amused."

"What will Larry get out of that?" Tania enquired. "If he does all the things you want, what are you giving in exchange?"

"Me!" Mae's blue eyes opened widely for a second, then she laughed.

"I'm his wife. That's enough," she retorted.

Again Tania was silent, then with a shrug more mental than physical she rose to her feet.

"I must be going back," she said. "How long are you staying here? Is it settled?"

"Two or three days—a week—I don't know. It depends if I like it."

"Hasn't Larry any plans?"

"Larry's plans are mine!" Mae said rather sharply, then added in a caressing tone.

"Don't look disapproving darling! Larry can look after himself and so can I. We shall look out for you at the Villa des Fleurs this evening. It's just open isn't it? I suppose you go?"

"Sometimes. My grandmother has a dinner party this evening so I expect we shall."

"Anyhow we'll meet tomorrow, here, at half-past twelve. Good-by for the moment darling. I'm thrilled to death that you're here."

And Tania went down the narrow street toward the hotel Mae's careless words humming themselves on her brain: "Larry is about as lively as a hearse—we've had endless fights already."

Larry, the three-months-old bridegroom—Larry who could be so gay, so careless—what had happened, what was happening? Her heart began to ache and her soul cried out to him, here, so close—here in the same town not a mile away.

IT WAS the next morning that she met him when she kept her appointment to meet Mae at Phillips Bar, and walking down the hill from drinking the water, found them both waiting for her at one of the little tables by the privet hedge, just under the shadow of the awning.

Larry got up as she approached and her heart stood still at sight of his tall broad-shouldered figure in white flannels and a loose tweed coat—stood still then raced on at double speed for he met her gaze across the intervening space before she reached the table and she saw in his ravaged face and bloodshot eyes only too plainly what these last few months had meant. Then he was speaking.

"Hullo Tania—Mae gave me the surprise of my life when she told me you were staying here. How are you? May I introduce Captain Vicelles? Guillaume—this is Miss Ardwyn."

Vicelles a smart young officer bowed deeply with a click of heels, Mae uttered an effusive welcome.

The conversation was general for a little,

and Tania decided that Vicelles was rather a good type of young Frenchman dazzled by Mae and gallantly endeavoring to behave as if she were old and ugly. Larry laughed and talked rather noisily and Tania unobtrusively watching him was shocked to see the change in his face. He looked ten years older and the lines were deep about eyes and mouth, while the eyes themselves looked out at the world with a new expression of mingled bitterness and defiance which no laughter or carelessness could entirely disguise.

He avoided addressing Tania directly and after the first moment did not look at her, but he was acutely conscious of every moment and every word, and presently when she spoke of going, he rose and waited for her.

"Where are you lunching?" he said, addressing her directly for the first time. "My car's here. I can run you there."

"At the Hotel Mirabeau. Thank you but I can get a taxi. I needn't take you away—"

"Of course you won't get a taxi!" Mae cried. "Don't be so ridiculous. Larry might just as well drive you! He's nothing better to do than sit here!"

Larry made no reply and when Tania had made her farewells he was standing by the open Bentley—the same car in which they had gone to Dodsworth that fatal day six months ago. Did he remember? Did he despise her for responding to his passion as any inexperienced young girl might have done? Had he held her cheap or did he wish undone a thousand times the thing he had done?

The storm that shook her as she took her seat beside him made her realize anew how deep her feeling was for this man, how utterly she had given herself to him and how bankrupt she must always be since that which she had given was in his eyes a thing unvalued and unwanted. Yet he had not acted as a philanderer would act; genuine emotion had held sway over him and her knowledge of men told her that he was not of the type that is transient in affections. So absorbed was she in memory that his voice came as an actual shock to her.

"Did Mae know you were staying at Aix? Was that her reason for coming here?"

Surprised by the question she looked at him, but he was staring ahead down the road.

"No," she said quickly. "Certainly not. Mae and I don't write. It would not give her any particular pleasure to meet me. Why do you ask?"

"I wondered. It struck me as the type of arrangement that would amuse her."

"Amuse her? What do you mean? Why?"

"Mae has a peculiar sense of humor," he said sardonically. "She would find it an exquisite jest to arrange a meeting that would make trouble."

"Make trouble?" Tania's voice was steady like her eyes. "You are hinting something and I don't like hints. Do you mean that it has disconcerted you to find me here?"

He sent the car up the hill with a spurt that was suddenly reckless.

"Yes," he said roughly. "And you know it. Can't you keep out of my way?"

She caught her breath as if he had struck her, for a second too amazed to speak; then, her hands clenching on each other she commanded her voice.

"If you will be good enough to stop the car I prefer to take a taxi. You will recollect I wished to do so but your wife forced me to drive with you. Please remember what you seem to have forgotten, and that is that you have not the monopoly of residence in Aix-les-Bains and also that I do not permit insults. Stop the car if you please."

He brought it to a standstill with an onslaught of brakes that ground the wheels in the dust, got out, opened the door and stood back for her to descend. The next instant she felt his hand like a vise upon her arm.

"Tania—forgive me—I'm mad—starving—that day—you told me you cared—"

enormous difference there would be between her salary and his. It would be awkward, to say the least, to be married to a girl who was earning fifty times as much as he was. His fifty dollars a week, in comparison, would look like a dime! Still, that was pictures, that was part of being married to a star!

A week went by. Tommy wasn't worried at not hearing from Yates. Things in pictures always took longer than you expected and Yates, being a shrewd business man, would wait until the very last moment before taking up his option.

On the tenth morning, however, after they had breakfasted together (that was one of the advantages of having apartments opposite one another) and Tommy was late for the office, Rose picked up the newspaper, glanced at it, and let out an ear-splitting scream.

"Look! Look! Look!" she spluttered.

Tommy looked—and read, with the sense of being suddenly dropped into a bottomless pit:

"YATES GOES 'TALKIE.'" Reginald Yates has decided to 'pioneer' into new movie-fields and will make 'Beloved' his forthcoming mammoth production, a one-hundred per cent all-talking picture."

Tommy gulped—and sat down, speechless.

Not so Rose. The full significance of what this meant to her, to Nadya Jurgsen, to her hopes and dreams, that in an instant had been shattered into nothingness, impelled her to words. Lots of words. Hot, rage-swept, bitter, and not always pretty, words.

Tommy was a fool, an idiot! Now she was done for, entirely and utterly washed-up! Not only so far as Yates was concerned but with the whole picture industry! Nadya Jurgsen, the Danish star! Nadya Jurgsen, who couldn't speak a word of English! What chance had she now?

"How was I to know," Tommy defended himself as best he could, "that Yates would go 'talkie'? He's been saying all along he'd never make a 'Talking' picture in his life!"

"You ought to've known!" Rose screamed at him. "It was your business to've known! You're a fool, Tommy Wynne, and I told you all along I never liked this Nadya business!"

"You liked it well enough yesterday!" he flashed back. "When you thought it was going to get you a lot of dough!"

Hot and heavy they lashed out at one another, in their direful disappointment, until Rose in a frenzy of rage vowed that she hated and loathed Tommy Wynne and never wanted to lay eyes on him again. Whereupon Tommy, white with anger, charged her with being a grasping, gold-digging little beast, said she never would lay eyes on him again, picked up his hat and dashed to his job, which, in the light of this tragic morning, seemed far more precious than it had been during the past week.

When he had gone, Rose wept more tears than she had ever wept before. But later in the day, she took counsel with herself and presently, all traces of her tears carefully removed, arrived outside Mr. Reginald Yates' office.

"I want to see Mr. Yates," she said in her excellent English to Miss Condor.

Miss Condor looked at her, gasped, and announced her to the Great Man, who, despite his greatness, was not exactly impervious to beauty.

So Rose was admitted into that temple-like office, and Yates heard himself being greeted in his own familiar tongue.

"I read in the paper how you're gonno make that picture of yours into a 'talkie'." Rose plunged into the heart of her mission. "and I want to tell you that that Nadya Jurgsen business and me being a foreign star and all is the bunk. Just plain bunk, Mr. Yates. That fool, Tommy Wynne, thought he was pullin' something, but the only thing he was pullin' was a boner, and maybe I didn't tell him so! An' what I came to tell you is that I can talk and talk plenty and if you'll still give me a chance at that part, I'll work my fool head off to give you some

real actin'-stuff. You're sore 'cause of the deal Tommy tried to put over on you, and I don't blame you, Mr. Yates, honest I don't. I'd be sore too, but it wasn't my doing. I swear it wasn't—" Breathless but earnest, she pressed on, stating and restating the enormity of Tommy's conduct and her conviction in her own self as an actress.

Mr. Yates said not a word. He sat back, listening, his face stern. Then his hand stretched forth and he pressed a buzzer. Miss Condor came in.

"Get hold of Mr. Wynne at his office," Yates instructed her, "and tell him I want to see him."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Condor, and vanished.

"And now, young lady," Yates turned to Rose, "let me tell you something. I'm glad you realize at least that the only way to get along in this business—or any other business for that matter—is to go straight. But, so far as playing in my picture is concerned, I'm afraid, pretty as you are, that you won't do because the girl in BELOVED speaks English!"

"Well," gasped Rose, "what—what've I been speakin'?"

Yates laughed. "I don't know, my dear—but it's a long way from—English!"

And the interview was over.

ROSE went home, more dejected than ever, her ire, curiously enough, transferred rather completely from Tommy to Reginald Yates. So she couldn't speak English! But what, she wondered, was he going to say to Tommy? He had looked awfully mad. And no wonder! And that remark of his—"I'm glad you realize at least to get along in this business." She hated to think what he would say to Tommy. Or do. He'd have him fired. Call up Inca and tell them what Tommy had done, and Inca would fire him. He'd be fired out of the industry!

The hours dragged by. She listened for Tommy to come home. She left her door ajar, so that she could see him as he passed down the hall.

But he didn't come. Six o'clock. Dinner-time. Nine. Ten.

A little before midnight Tommy Wynne walked down the hall and stopped short at the sight of Rose's door ajar. His impulse was to tiptoe past it and sneak into his own apartment. But he didn't. He stood there, summoning up more and more courage until, a bit timidly, he knocked and went in.

"Rose," he began at once, "you remember how sore you were at me this morning! Well, Rose, you're going to be sorer even than that now—when I tell you—but—well, I got to tell you and get it over with. It's about Yates. He sent for me—"

"Yes, Tommy—I know."

"He told me about you going there and all—and he was as sore as the dickens at first. Said for a thing like that he could have me fired out of the business. He asked all kinds of questions. 'Who are you working for over at Inca?' 'What do you do there?' 'How much do you get?' 'A hundred,' I told him. 'Well,' he says, 'if you're up to stunts like the one you tried to pull on me, I'd rather have you on my side of the fence than the other!' And he ends up by offering me a job with him at a hundred and fifty!—And I accepted." His eyes fell and he stood there shamefacedly.

Seconds passed, long, dreadful seconds.

Then in her clear voice, Rose piped:

"Well—natchrally!"

He looked at her helplessly. "But Rose—I started to do something for you—to get you a swell job—and I end up by getting myself one!"

"It's better than getting fired, isn't it?" she demanded, and, coming close to him: "And a hundred and fifty, Tommy—well, lots of couples—if they love each other—get along swell on that!"

"Rose!" He was suddenly speechless again. But then what he had to say didn't demand speech.

The End.



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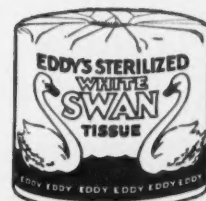
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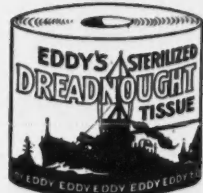
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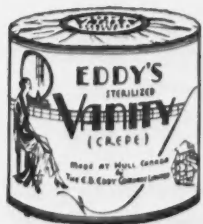
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Shades of Old Barnum

Continued from page 7

"I think, Mr. Wynne, that you have found the little lady that we've been searching for for months. It depends, of course, upon several things—but I saw her test yesterday and she has, I feel sure, that indefinable something that—well—that is indispensable in the girl of my 'Beloved.' And I needn't tell you, Mr. Wynne, what appearing in a production of that magnitude will mean even to a young woman who already has some reputation—on the other side. It's a great chance, Mr. Wynne, a great chance."

Tommy sank deeper in the soft chair, accepted an enormous cigar which the Great Man offered him, and tried to still the terrific pounding of his heart. He tried to remember Barnum.

Yates continued his monologue, glancing now and then at his new "star," who was trying with inordinate success to look dumb, and presently enquired as to Miss Jurgsen's past. Frankly he was unfamiliar with Danish motion pictures. No doubt Mr. Wynne, as her representative, had some scenes from her better-known pictures.

"Well," Tommy returned, "I'll tell you, sir—you see—well—no, I haven't. You see, sir, you see—it's like this. I—I mean Nadya—I mean Miss Jurgsen didn't plan to do any pictures in Hollywood—I mean America. She was going straight through to Honolulu. I persuaded her to stay here. But," he transcended his nervousness and said with conviction, "we could shoot a cable over to Denmark and have some films sent over and they ought to be here in a month or two."

"A month or two! I expect to start shooting in ten days."

TOMMY shrugged. Too bad, he inferred, that Mr. Yates didn't keep up with foreign film-making! But he could rest assured that Nadya Jurgsen hadn't achieved the success that was hers in Denmark without being able to act! And even girls who'd never acted in their lives before had, under Mr. Yates' direction, turned out to be great actresses!

"I see your point," Mr. Yates said, acknowledging the subtle compliment. "No doubt, you're right. But the other thing that troubles me, Mr. Wynne, is this. How am I going to direct Miss Jurgsen if she doesn't speak English—not a word, I understand?"

"Well," Tommy said, "well, Mr. Yates, I see your difficulty—I quite appreciate it—and—" (How had other directors directed foreign stars who hadn't spoken a word of English!) "But you see, Mr. Yates, you see—ah!—while Miss Jurgsen doesn't speak any English, she understands quite a little—almost—almost anything you say to her. Don't you?" he turned to Rose without thinking, and then could have bitten off his tongue.

But Rose didn't falter. Looking at him blankly, she made a curious little noise that sounded like:

"Yah?"

"I said," Tommy elucidated very succinctly, "you—do—understand English—a little?"

Her eyes lighted up with understanding, and she nodded first at Tommy and then at Yates.

"You see," Tommy turned to Yates, dismissing the difficulty, "she understands. She'd understand almost anything you said to her!"

Mr. Yates tried it himself by putting one

or two simple questions to her—with surprisingly good results, and Tommy heaved a sigh of relief.

THAT terminated the interview. Yates rose and escorted them to the door, saying that they'd hear from him in a very few days. At the door, he took Tommy's arm in the most friendly manner and turned back into the room with him.

"Now, Mr. Wynne," he said quietly, "there will be the matter of salary to discuss. You will take into consideration, I know, the great advantage it would be to Miss Jurgsen to appear in my picture and—well, be reasonable. I think she's our girl. I may say I'm practically sure of it. But money is an object. How much does she want?"

Tommy's heart pounded again and almost stopped beating. "Well," he said, summoning his utmost courage, "I'll tell you, Mr. Yates. You see—well—she's high-priced—naturally." (Three thousand, he had decided, three thousand a week, but the words somehow wouldn't come out of his mouth). He forced himself to it however and Mr. Yates exploded.

"Ridiculous! Absolutely ridiculous! Three thousand for a girl who has never been heard of! I won't pay it. I won't pay a cent over fifteen hundred!"

"Fifteen hundred!" Tommy exclaimed, as though it were pennies and not dollars. "Why, that's nothing—nothing—for a girl of Miss Jurgsen's ability and—"

"Well, two, then," Yates broke in. "Two thousand's my limit."

"I'll split the difference with you," Tommy conceded. "Call it twenty-five hundred!"

"Well, we'll see," Yates grumbled. "You'll hear from me in a few days. But," he added, as Tommy reached the door again, "it's understood that I have an option on her—for, let us say, a week or so."

"One week," Tommy made it definite.

"Two weeks," Yates thundered at him. "Oh, all right," Tommy gave in generously, "two weeks—from today."

When he told Rose of the financial arrangement he had made, Rose, in a delirium of excitement, threw her arms round Tommy's neck and kissed him.

"Twenty-five hundred bucks a week! There's not that much dough in the world!" "And for plenty of weeks too," Tommy told her, as excited as she.

"How'll we split it, Tommy—fifty-fifty?"

"I should say not! The most I could take as your agent would be ten per cent—two fifty per. The rest is yours." Then a dreadfully upsetting thought occurred to him: and he said: "As a matter of fact, Rose, I won't be able to take a cent—because—well—because I didn't do it for the money in the first place and—well—a man just can't take money from the girl he—loves."

"Tommy!" she said softly.

"I'll always love you, Rose," he told her. "I loved you from the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Then," she said, "the way to fix things, Tommy, when I get all that dough, is for you and me to get married—'cause I love you too."

"Do you Rose—do you?"

THEY were tremendously happy. Their dreams were limitless. They could afford to be! The only cloud upon their horizon—or rather upon Tommy's horizon—was the

Badly Rundown and Underweight



Mothers, Try This Widely Approved Method of Making Your Little Ones Strong, Sturdy, Rosy and Well

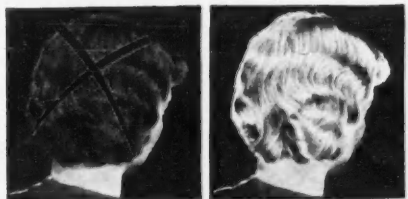
EVERY mother knows what a problem it is to raise her children safely through the growth period from infancy to the teens, ward off childhood diseases and physical setbacks, and send them into the world with the advantage of normal weight, strength, energy and vigor.

So if your child is thin, weak, underweight, backward in growth, put the little one on McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. In 30 days you will be amazed at the improvement.

McCoy's contains, in a form easy to take and digest, a rich abundance of health growth and strength imparting elements obtained from the healthy livers of hardy codfish.

And the same elements in McCoy's which prove so valuable in putting puny, sickly youngsters back on their feet, have also proved of great benefit to thousands of anemic, rundown, underweight men and women, feeble old folks, invalids and convalescents.

Be sure to ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, sold by all druggists, 60 tablets 60 cents.



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"HOW much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

Make dresses bright as new!

DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; make dresses, drapes, lingerie look NEW. Never a trace of that re-dyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes owe their superiority to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make? Surely. But you pay no more for them. All drug-stores—15c.

Diamond Dyes
Highest Quality for 50 Years

Chatelaine Styles for the 'Teen Age Girl

And Her Little Sister



No. 573—Little sister will be adorable in the flower-like frock that's so easy to make. The yoke and hem are fringed with a narrow ruffle, and a tiny bow perks on the shoulder. In sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plaiting.
Price 25c

No. 187—Any girl in the teens, as well as her older sister will revel in the chic of the gay little frock and matching hat. The frock has dress pattern and blouse pattern complete, with the new sports hat everyone is wearing. Designed for girls 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and in 34, 36, 38 inches bust. Size 8 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for dress and hat, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for blouse.
Price 25c.

No. 140—And wouldn't the little girl who is thinking about school like to wear this frock on weekdays? It has the straps attached to a smart pleated skirt, and blouse with Peter Pan collar. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch plain material with 1 yard of 4-inch ribbon.
Price 25c

No. 807—There's a swagger and grace to this spring coat with cape collar and flowing scarf that every girl likes. Designed in sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material without nap, with 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch lining.
Price 25c.



NUGGET

SHOE POLISH

*The
finishing touch
of
Elegance*

TO GREET THE APRIL SUNSHINE

WITH NEW GRACIOUSNESS



The Cape Silhouette

No. 426—There is grace for the larger figure as well as Miss Slim, in this smart frock for street and home wear. The graceful cape is cleverly inset, and the slightly flared skirt is very smart. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. Sizes 16, 18, 20 years, and 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Price 25c.

The Tweed Skirt

No. 502—The tiered skirt is fashion's favorite for spring. Here it is introduced with a perky bow on the shoulder and at the waistline. This frock is particularly becoming for younger women. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, and 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting for bows.

Price 25c.

For Larger Figures

No. 135—Here is a style designed for the larger figures, but which is extremely smart in smaller sizes. The graceful folds of the front, the circular lines and flared skirt make it a popular favorite. Sizes 16, 18, 20 years, and 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material, if made with long sleeves and $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material for vestee.

Price 25c.

Thousands of Women Have Proved Chatelaine Patterns Every Month

A TRIO OF POPULAR SPRING IDEAS

FROM CHATELAINE PATTERNS



A Street Costume

No. 564—With spring in the air, the street ensemble becomes important. Thus the interest in the gay little frock and coat, which might be made in plain and printed fabrics in the new light-weight tweeds and woollens. Sizes 16, 18, 20 years and 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for dress and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for coat, with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of binding.

Price 25c.

The Tunic Frock

No. 138—The tunic frock has swept into popular favor, and is a graceful style for everyone. This might be developed with printed tunic and plain skirt, or in one color throughout. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35 or 39-inch material, if made with long sleeves and 2 yards of 35-inch lining.

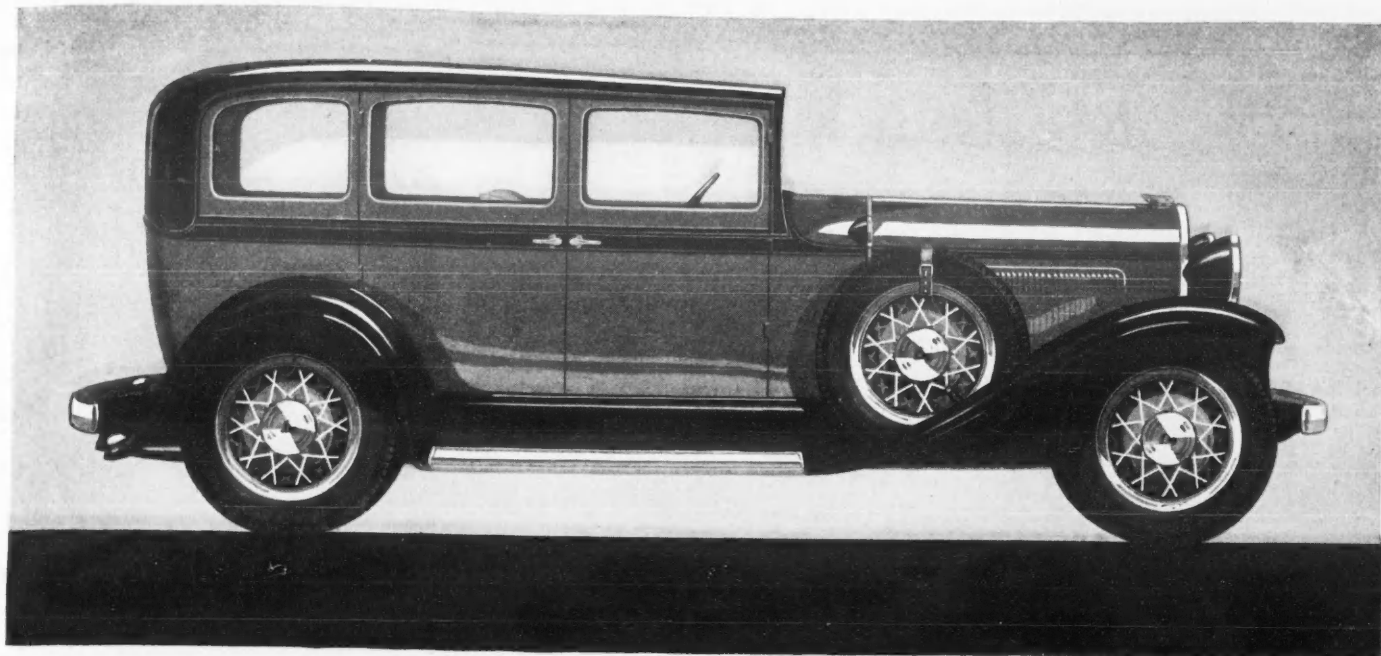
Price 25c.

For Larger Figures

No. 738—There is always grace for larger figures in tailored lines and unusual hems. This frock is designed for the stout figure and is a proven success. Sizes 18 and 20 years, and 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 40 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting for front and vestee.

Price 25c.

All Chatelaine Patterns are Guaranteed Perfect Cut and Perfect Fit



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MORE QUALITY . MORE FEATURES

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● THE DE SOTO SIX always has had smooth, powerful, flexible performance . . . The New De Soto Six has a perceptibly smoother engine. The De Soto Six has always been a handsome car . . . The New De Soto Six has a double-drop frame—permitting exceptional lowness without sacrifice of interior roominess—a longer hood and a narrow-profile radiator and a single-bar bumper, all adding to the rakish, swagger appearance characteristic of De Soto. The De Soto Six always has been a safe car . . . The New De Soto Six has a lower center of gravity, an improved Steelweld body and the same quick, positive internal hydraulic brakes—self-equalizing and weather-

proof. The De Soto Six has always been an economical car to maintain and operate . . . The New De Soto Six is built even more sturdily. The De Soto Six always has had "personality" . . . The New De Soto Six has an added measure of this indefinable but very apparent quality. The De Soto Six always has been priced extremely low for a car of such fine quality . . . The New De Soto Six is the lowest-priced Six that De Soto ever offered.

THE NEW DE SOTO EIGHT, companion car to the Six, also has been improved in performance, appearance and riding qualities. \$1230 and up, f. o. b. Windsor.



"CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS"

THE NEW SIX

\$965

And up, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra). Artillery wood wheels standard; wire wheels at slight extra cost.

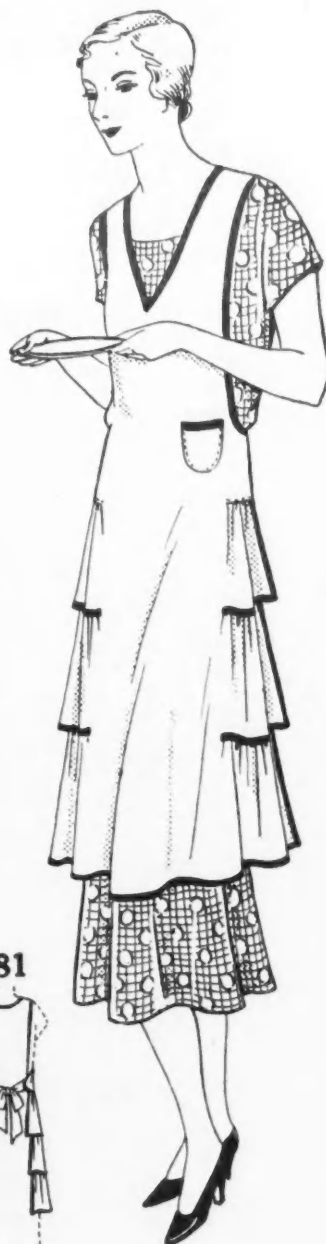
DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

No. 640—An attractive pair of lounging pyjamas which may also be worn for the beach. The flowing trousers are full enough to give the effect of a skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents



640



181

No. 181—A charming apron which in addition to being particularly dainty, is also very practical, since it covers a large surface. Sizes small, medium and large. Size medium requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material.

Price 25 cents



612

No. 612—A gay, chintzy house frock with altogether different lines. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with 11 yards of binding.

Price 25 cents

FORESTALLING SUMMER

With Styles which are Fresh and Cool
for the House and Beach

Price 25 Cents

Chatelaine patterns are guaranteed perfect fit



904

No. 904—Smart, practical and colorful is this house frock which should be carried out in gay print. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards of binding.

Price 25 cents

Simply marvelous in cooking!

This new, "cave cured" flavor
in cheese



EVERYBODY likes the full-bodied flavor Kraft Cheese gives to cooked dishes. You'll be delighted with the *difference* it makes—the added zest it brings to even the simplest cheese dish!

Kraft Canadian Cheese has the richness, the time-mellowed flavor, that only "cave curing" can give. And it's so smooth, so tender—simply marvellous to work with in cooking! When you melt it, in a double boiler, it flows into a golden cheese sauce. Guiltless of lumps . . . velvet smooth. When you toast it in the oven it softens on the instant, browning a trifle, with just a hint of bubbles.

Use Kraft Canadian in all your favorite cheese dishes. For luncheon, try Shirred Eggs blanketed with fragrant melted cheese . . . or nourishing Macaroni and Cheese. For an entrée, or a supper dish, Toast with Cheese Sauce, bacon garnished.

Kraft Canadian with the "cave cured" flavor—comes in half-pound packages. Or, if there are real cheese lovers at your house, in anything up to five pounds, wrapped in silver foil.



Kraft Cheese, because it is rich in vitamins and body-building proteins, is a healthful food for old and young. Serve it often in nourishing, tasty cooked dishes.

Tuck a half-pound package or two into the ice-box to-day. Keep another ready on the pantry shelf. You're missing something if you don't serve Kraft Cheese dishes often. For variety's sake, familiarize yourself with other Kraft products, too. It's a big family—

and a tempting one. You'll especially like Velveeta and Kraft Salad Dressing. Get them from your grocer to-day.

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CHEESE MAYONNAISE SALAD DRESSING

All food products advertised in this issue—Tested and Approved

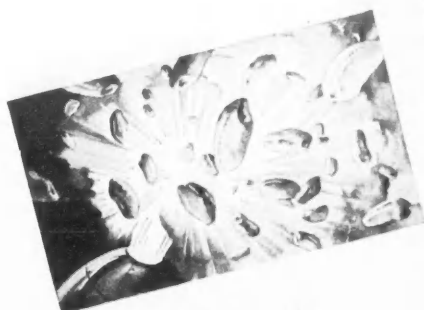
Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for April

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1	Cornflakes with Stewed Fruit Toast Bacon Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Waldorf Salad Crackers Cheese Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Peas Caramel Custard Tea Coffee	16	Rolled Oats Scrambled Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Creamed Chipped Bee Sweet Pickles Canned Plums Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Hard Sauce Gingerbread Tea Coffee
2	Cream of Wheat with Raisins Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Salmon Croquettes Brown Rolls Canned Peas Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa	Sausages Apple Rings Scalloped Potatoes Cold Slaw Apricot Whip Tea Coffee	17	Sliced Bananas Puffed Wheat Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Salmon Salad Rolls Plum Turnovers Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Steamed Rice Cabbage au Gratin Diced Carrots Chopped Spinach Floating Island Tea Coffee
3	Grapefruit Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Corn Pudding Head Lettuce with Russian Dressing Fresh Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Steamed Codfish Egg Sauce Baked Stuffed Potatoes Spinach Rhubarb Tart Pie Tea Coffee	18	Apples Cornmeal Porridge Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Parley Omelet Brown Bread and Butter Canned Blueberries Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Chocolate Bread Pudding Tea Coffee
4	Stewed Prunes Grape-nuts Jam Coffee Cocoa	Scrambled Egg with Onion Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Carrots Mixed Fruit Salad Wafers Tea Coffee	19	Stewed Rhubarb Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Cocoa	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Rolled Lettuce Sandwiches Fruit Ice Cream Cake Tea Hot Chocolate	Roast Veal Brown Potatoes Scalloped Onions Cocoanut Cream Pie Tea Coffee
5	Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Asparagus and Hard-cooked Egg Salad Rolls Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Tea Coffee	20	Cornflakes with Canned Fruit Cream Fish on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Bean Soup Crackers Banana and Nut Salad Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Veal Mashed Potatoes Lima Beans Blueberry Cup Cakes Tea Coffee
6	Orange Slices Oatmeal Jam Rolls (heated) Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Preserved Raspberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Turnips Trifle Tea Coffee	21	Tomato Juice Farina Jam Coffee Cocoa	Casserole of Veal with Vegetables Baked Apple Tea Cocoa	Hamburg Steak Fried Onions Potato au Gratin Carrots Steamed Ginger Pudding Tea Coffee
7	Bran Flakes with Chopped Apple Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Pepper Relish Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	Roast Lamb Riced Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Raisin Tapioca Pudding Tea Coffee	22	Grapefruit Shredded Wheat Graham Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Peas on Toast Fresh Pineapple Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slices French Fried Potatoes Cabbage Orange Custard Tea Coffee
8	Stewed Figs Shredded Wheat Graham Gems Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Lyonnaise Potatoes Canned Peaches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spare Ribs Creamed Potatoes Beets Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Tea Coffee	23	Stewed Prunes Broiled Ham Toast Coffee Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Canned Peaches Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Upside-down Cake Tea Coffee
9	Red River Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Pork and Beans Brown Bread Stuffed Celery Iced Cake (Left-over Cottage Pudding) Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Peach Souffle Tea Coffee	24	Oatmeal with Chopped Dates Toast Honey Coffee Cocoa	Baked Eggs in Potatoes Vanilla Junket with Chopped Almonds Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Creamed Potatoes Peas Rhubarb Tapioca Tea Coffee
10	Orange Juice Cornflakes Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Prune and Cream Cheese Salad Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Salmon Steak Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Pudding Tea Coffee	25	Sliced Oranges Bran Flakes Coffee Cake Jam Coffee Cocoa	Fish Patties (left-over fish) Lemon Jelly Whip Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Broiled Potatoes String Beans Caramel Blanc Mange Tea Coffee
11	Bread and Milk Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Salmon (left-over) on Toast Baked Apple Cream Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Scalloped Potatoes String Beans (canned) Cherry Pie Tea Coffee	26	Fruit Cup Puffed Rice Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Chicken (canned) Salad Hot Biscuits Wild Strawberry Jam Tea Cocoa	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Franconia Potatoes Creamed Celery Angel Cake with Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea Coffee
12	Grapefruit French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Cold Sliced Tongue Molded Spinach Jam Tart and Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Peas Carrots Banana Shortcake Tea Coffee	27	Bananas Grape-nuts Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Catsup Fruit Trifle Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Cream of Celery Soup Spinach with hard-cooked Eggs Diced Beets Stuffed Onions Scalloped Apples Tea Coffee
13	Tomato Juice Cracked Wheat Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Casserole Warm Muffins Left over Shortcake Cherry Sauce Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Corn Creamy Rice Tea Coffee	28	Cornflakes Bran Gems Honey Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Souffle Toast Sliced Orange and Banana Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Tea Coffee
14	Apricots Rice Krispies Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Pear and Jelly Salad Saltines Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Creamed Potatoes Turnips Apple Betty Tea Coffee	29	Stewed Apricots Scrambled Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Club Sandwich Sweet Pickles Preserved Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Pork Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Tea Coffee
15	Oranges Farina Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Potato Croquettes Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Creamed Celery Fruit Jelly Tea Coffee	30	Orange Juice Cream of Wheat Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cabbage and Celery Salad Muffins Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Baked Stuffed Potatoes Tomatoes Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Tea Coffee

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine every month.



Different because Shot from Guns

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.



Now.. "twice-crisped"* to more than ever tempt wayward childish appetites

WHAT youngster does not adore Puffed Grains, those crunchy, toasty morsels of wheat and rice? Last year a poll among mothers showed that, when given their choice, children always put Puffed Rice and Wheat first on their list of favorite cereals.

That was good news to mothers... confronted with the often difficult problem of child feeding. These delicious foods, they learned, are highly nourishing.

Nourishing? You ask, surprised perhaps that these

Delectable as toasted nutmeats. These Puffed Grains are richly nourishing, too, because they're shot from guns.

their food value is made readily, immediately digestible.

Now comes more good news! A new process seals in every ounce of freshness. Keeps Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice absolutely oven-crisp till they reach your table. Twice as crisp. Doubly good. More than

tempting foods should be good for you as well as good to eat. Well, consider: these are rich wheat grains, selected, plump white grains of rice, steam-exploded to 8 times their normal size. Thus every ounce of

ever a temptation for wayward breakfast appetites.

It's not only the children who vote for Puffed Grains. Grown-ups like them, too. With milk or cream, sugar, fruit—you have a wholesome, well-balanced meal. Do, for variety, for deliciousness, serve Puffed Grains tomorrow. Be sure you get the new seal-crisp package. It's so different it's like a new cereal coming from this new box! The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

* A new process, greatly increasing the crispness, makes Puffed Grains a really new cereal.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company, makers also of Quaker Corn Flakes, Crackels, Muffets and other Highest Quality cereals.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat



EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director.*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*

WHICH brings us, my friends, to the last page in the largest issue of *The Chatelaine* that has ever been published.

Since it is an April issue, I found myself tapping the keys of my typewriter aimlessly, trying to recapture the "feel" of an April morning. For there is something about the very name of this magic month that sets one a-dreaming.

There is such infinite promise in April. The blossoms hidden in shrub and tree, and shining, pointed bulb tips; the sound of running water; the misty tree-tops greening against the sky—even in the most workaday office, there's a haunting beauty to the memory and the hope of April.

But I felt again the journalist's blind groping for poesy, and so turned to my friendly book of quotations to hear how poetesses had expressed the glamor of April.

Listen to Susan Coolidge:

Every tear is answered by a blossom,
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blossoms upon the breezes toss them.
April knows her own and is content.

And here is a lilting bit from Mary Mapes Dodge,

Now the noisy winds are still,
April's coming up the hill,
All the spring is in her train
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun and clatter patter!
All things ready with a will—
April's coming up the hill!

Harriet Prescott Spofford sings:

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.

As a last glimpse, listen to the lyric Lucy Larcom—

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing,
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

BUT let us get down to the business of this page, and look behind the published magazine at the artists and writers who have prepared this issue for you.

The winsome lady on the cover was painted by Marie Cecilia Guard, a young Canadian artist who is still in the neighborhood of twenty, and who lives just outside Toronto. She brought in this gay spring cover, on a dark wintry morning, when the wind was moaning and tugging at the window panes, and it seemed impossible that April could ever really come!

It is with particular pride and pleasure that we present an exclusive interview with Lady Bessborough this month during the excitement of her arrival in Canada. There was just time, as soon as the appointment of the new Governor General was made, to cable Eustella Burke, our London and Paris representative, and ask her to interview Lady Bessborough. The interview was graciously granted, and rushed across the At-

lantic, with the result that you can read a personal story of the wife of Canada's new Governor General at the moment she is arriving. Miss Burke, who is a sister of Desmond Burke, of Bisley fame, is well-known to readers of *The Chatelaine* through her Paris Letters—there is one in this issue. Her home is in Ottawa.

"Silk Stockings and Sapphires" is the first appearance of Ellen Evelyn Mackie in *The Chatelaine* as a fiction writer, although she has written fashion news for us before. Miss Mackie was for some time associate editor of *Mayfair*, but has been devoting herself to fiction for a year or so.

The children's story "The Cookery Kitten" is by Anne Elizabeth Wilson, who, as you know, conducts the Home Bureau Department in this magazine every month.

SOME of you will probably be surprised to see "The New Woman of Russia" in this issue, as we have always restricted our articles to those on Canadian subjects. But I hope you will think that we were right in making this exception, and giving you a first-hand picture of Russian womanhood. For everyone is talking about Russia these days, and when we had the opportunity of presenting a Canadian's impression, we accepted it with alacrity. Mr. Prichard is secretary of the Canadian Silver Fox Association and lives in Prince Edward Island. He recently returned from an eleven months visit to Russia, and his story of what he saw makes absorbing reading.

I hope you will write to me and let me know how you enjoyed it yourself.

THE journalist who paints such an amusing picture of the "Woes of a Society Editor" in this issue, was for many years women's editor on one of the big Canadian dailies. I expect that every society editor from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on newspapers of every circulation, will heartily endorse this writer's presentation, although, for obvious reasons, she preferred to remain "incognito."

When I was in Edmonton last year, a vivacious young person came to see me. She appeared to be very excited at the prospect of a trip into the farthest northern reaches of Canada. "Would you like a story about it, if I go?" she asked.

The dream has come true, and in "When I Flew Down North" by Helen Mattern in this issue, you will learn how the writer was suddenly called from her cooking to follow the adventure through. Whether you long for an opportunity to fly—or whether you vow that you will never set foot in a plane while you are conscious, you will enjoy this article, I hope. There are other stories of Canadian women who have explored the Dominion waiting their turn at future issues.

IT LOOKS as if there is just room enough to tell you of one or two highlights of the May issue.

Occasionally something absolutely unique comes to the editor's desk—such an article for instance as that by Dr. Anne Ludlow, of Montreal, on her memories of child life in the royal palace in the seventies. Dr. Ludlow's father was a "Queen's Messenger" and during his trips abroad, his little daughter, by the kind permission of Queen Victoria, shared the studies and daily life of some of her grandchildren. The picture of the up-bringing, training, fun, and discipline in the palace under the rule of Queen Victoria, is an absorbing one, and will appear in *The Chatelaine* for May.

There is no more romantic story in Canada today than that which lies behind the Hotel Dieu, the old, old hospital in Quebec. Blodwen Davies, one of Canada's noted writers on history, catches all the adventure, romance, and color, in the stories of the women who came from France to nurse the Indians, and her article will also appear in May.

But I must not give too many secrets away!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, APRIL, 1931

Number 4

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by Marie Cecilia Guard

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
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